The Saturday Evening
POST
July 19, 1958 — 15¢

JUL 1 5 '58

My Own Story

By DAVID NIVEN

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Thornton Utz

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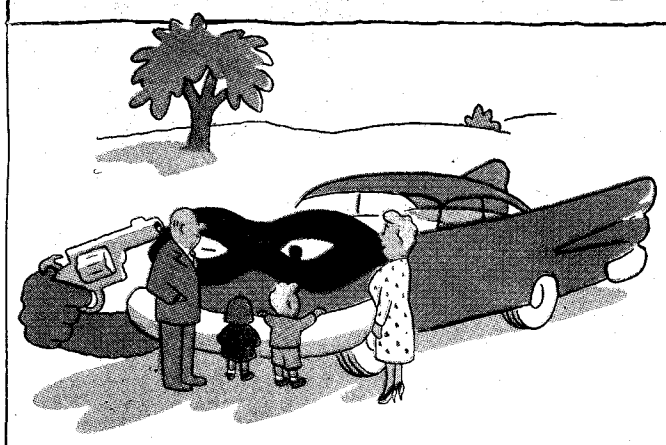
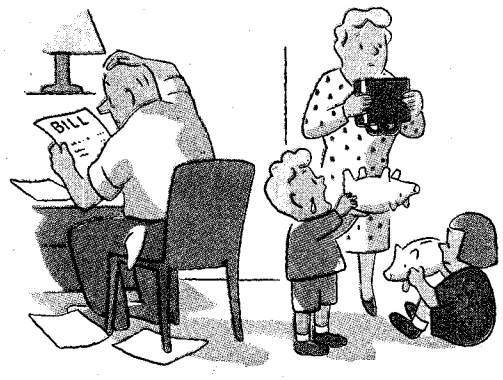
Rambler Foils Bank Robbery

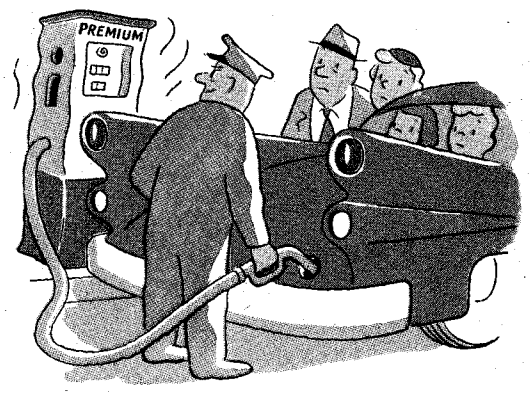
by Chon Day



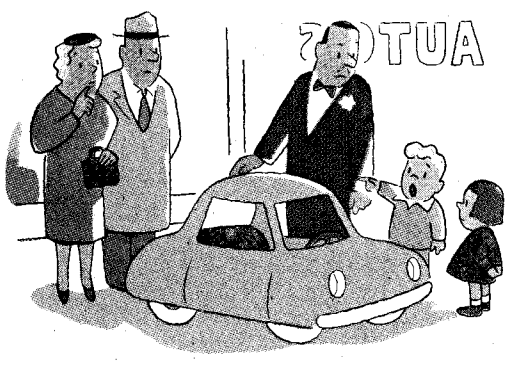
Once a four-wheeled bandit kidnapped a family. The family didn't realize this because the bandit was really a big new $4,000 car, and they thought *they* owned *it*.



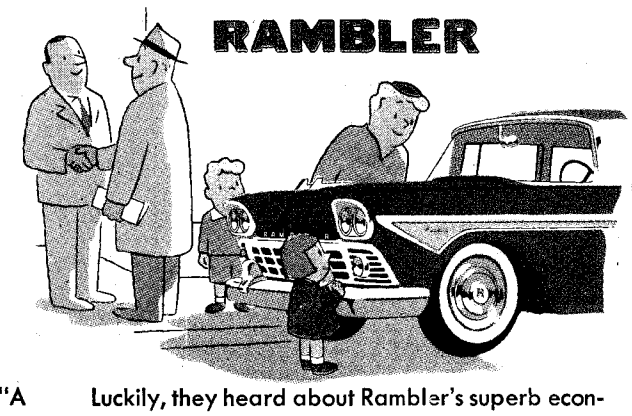
Then the children complained. "Somebody is robbing our piggy banks." And the parents said, "Someone's robbing *our* bank account, too."



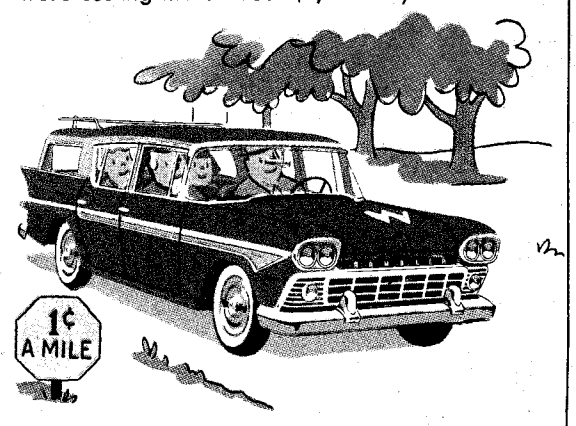
Finally they realized the bandit's 10-miles-to-the-gallon appetite, depreciation and other expenses were costing them about $1,500 a year.



"We'll end up in the poorhouse," cried the man. "A little European car, maybe," said the wife. "Boo-hoo," cried the children. "Where would we ride, on the roof?"



Luckily, they heard about Rambler's superb economy and top resale. They tried it for size. "Why it's as roomy as our $4,000 car," said the wife.



So they traded the bandit for a Rambler 6 with overdrive. Now the children's piggy banks keep overflowing. Yours will, too, with Rambler.

1 Get American big car room and comfort **2** Get European small car economy, handling ease

Get the Best of Both—Go Rambler!

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You join America's smartest car buyers when you switch to Rambler, fastest-growing of all in popularity with sales up 73% over last year. Because Rambler is America's *only* true economy car. See the new jet-stream-styled Ramblers with all the new features—Air Coil Ride, Airliner Reclining Seats, pushbutton driving. Three wheelbases, four engines—90 HP "6" to 270 HP V-8. Save money every mile you drive! Choose your Rambler today.

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100-INCH-WHEELBASE RAMBLER AMERICAN

$1789

Suggested factory-delivered price of Rambler American at Kenosha, Wisconsin, including federal taxes.

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35.39 M.P.G., 2837-MILE OFFICIAL NASCAR RECORD

Los Angeles to Miami, with overdrive.

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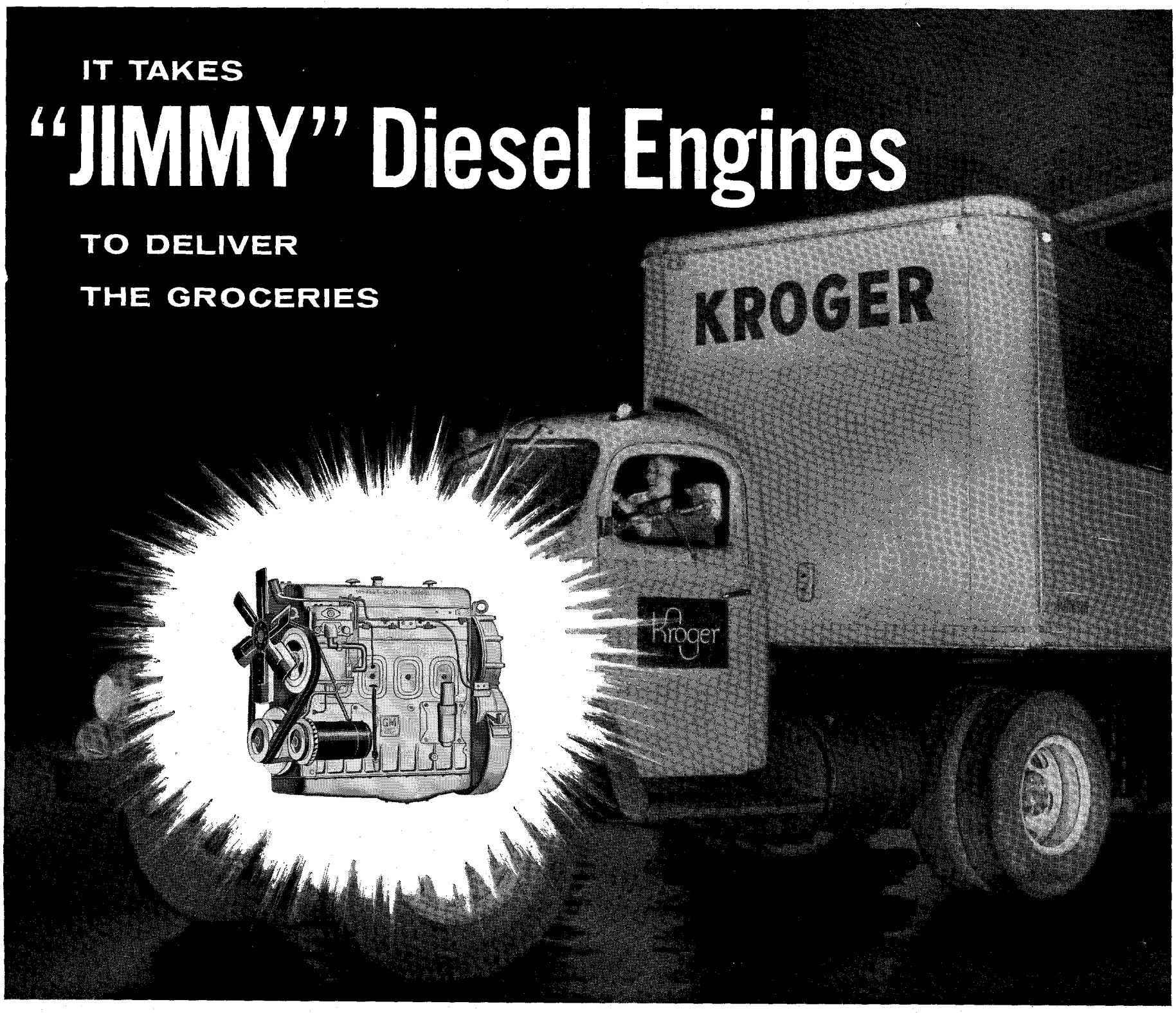
IT TAKES

"JIMMY" Diesel Engines

TO DELIVER

THE GROCERIES



Kroger Company's Diesel fleet now 90% GM Diesel Engines as a result of more than 10 years' successful service

ROUGHEST, toughest schedule in trucking is the delivery of food products. Strawberries must be fresh—meats, butter and produce must get to stores *on time!*

Check with a leader like Kroger and they'll tell you *it takes "Jimmy" Diesels to deliver the groceries!* Here's the record for their fleet of 235 GM Diesels —many in steady service since 1948:

Penny-a-mile maintenance—Working round the clock, six days a week, these "Jimmy" Diesels have averaged only a fraction over one cent per mile for maintenance (.0113)—including both labor and parts.

225,000 to 250,000 miles between overhauls is the rule for these sturdy 2-cycle engines. One has run more than 536,000 miles *with only one major overhaul* and is still in the pink of condition.

50% Savings on Fuel—Pulling loads up to 56,000 pounds GCW, these 4-cylinder "Jimmys" average 6.44 miles per gallon of fuel that costs less to buy than gasoline.

No better way to slash your hauling costs than the new GM "71E" Diesel. With *four exhaust valves per cylinder*—and new high-economy injectors—this freer-breathing, cleaner-burning "Jimmy" is rolling up the best fuel-mileage records in Diesel history. And unique simplicity of maintenance—with lower-cost *interchangeable* parts—*gives you lowest costs over the engine's long life.*

These new, more efficient GM "71E"* Diesels are available for any make truck—26,000 GVW and up. Ask your dealer for them. And if the truck you choose isn't immediately available with a "Jimmy," turn it over to the GM Diesel distributor for a "71E" installation. See for yourself—*the best deal in Diesels is a "Jimmy"!*

*Truck and bus engines: "4-71E"—140 h.p.; "6-71E"—210 h.p.

New Turbopower models: "4-71T"—171 h.p.; "6-71T"—236 h.p.

Now—more than ever—it pays to standardize on GM Diesels—available in 1485 applications of power equipment built by more than 175 manufacturers. Parts and Service Worldwide.

Write for brochure on new lightweight aluminum version of "6-71E" GM Diesel—up to 690 pounds *lighter* than other 210-h.p. Diesels!

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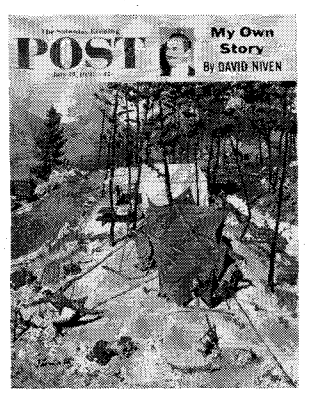

THE COVER

John J. Camp and family are putting up the big top, but they aren't exactly having a circus. They will come out better if they fold the thing up and start all over again, if they can dope out how to fold it up. Let's hope that before papa Camp falls on the hatchet, Mrs. C. solves the puzzle chart and shows them how to put up old Easy Up; let's also hope that her superior know-how won't make her husband any madder than he already is. Later, if he can do a few chores without her help (such as light the lamp), his wrath will dwindle; and his composure will be fully restored by the serenity of the everlasting mountains massaging his soul. Artist Thornton Utz successfully installed one of these swell tents in his back yard, but his neighbors say that his early struggles were pretty funny.

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

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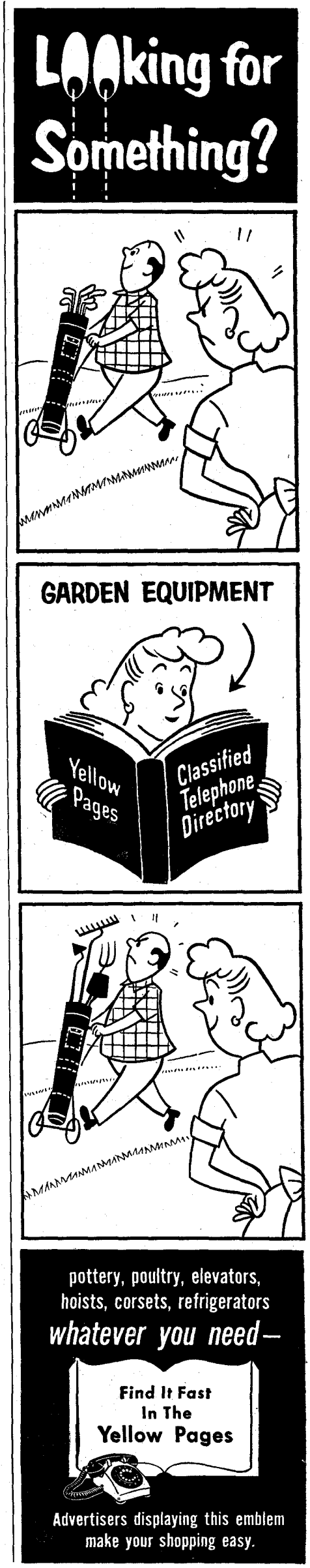
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Letters

Out of Step

Dear Sirs:

Re your caption under the photograph of ballet dancers at Edinburgh Castle [WE DANCED 300,000 MILES, by Joseph Levine, June 7]—we Scots may be a

"dour" lot, but please don't describe us as "glum"!

H. IAN LAIT
Wrexham, Wales, U.K.

Dear Sirs:

I have been flying down here many years and I was quick to notice that the picture labeled Lima airport on page 35 was actually taken at Quito, Ecuador. The hat being tried on Miss Eaman is one of the famous Panamas which have always been made in Manta, Ecuador.

WALLACE A. BELL
Quito, Ecuador

● *Panagra pilot Bell is correct.*
—ED.

Adventure in Religion

Dear Sirs:

It is true that many men today have sold out to materialism, worldliness, physical science, and shallow religion, but Tillich's swing to the other extreme is hardly more desirable [Adventures of the Mind 6: THE LOST DIMENSION IN RELIGION, by Paul Tillich, June 14].

He assumes that in order to find depth or meaning in life we must sacrifice our absorption with the real, daily, bread-and-butter world. . . .

But Tillich misses the heart of the message of Jesus Christ. . . . There is no true meaning except that which has a bearing upon the real world.

WILLIAM CARSON LANTZ
Fuller Theological Seminary
Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

A penetrating and inspiring interpretation of the present religious situation.

REV. ALFRED GRANT WALTON
Flatbush-Tompkins Congregational Church
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Only science can give us . . . this dimension in depth that theologian Tillich cherishes so much. The bitter truth is that religion has utterly failed.

J. M. MARTINEZ
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

He leaves out of his article the central figure of all Christian religion, Jesus Christ, from Whom, as Paul says, "Nor height, nor *depth*, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us."

F. M. MORROW
Canonsburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

[His] smoke screen of words has almost obscured the simple truths of the Christian religion.

REV. DWAYNE MADSEN
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

No tragic debasement in all the globe's history stands out so starkly as the twisting and Procrustean torture of spiritual allegory into the crabbed . . . literalism of today.

EMERSON FARWELL
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I disagree with Mr. Tillich when he says that Dr. [Norman Vincent] Peale does not raise the question of the "lost dimension in depth." Perhaps we begin studying Dr. Peale on the horizontal plane—how can *I* be happier, handsomer, richer, etc. But most of us, through re-aroused interest and meditation, become aware of that lost depth and begin, however feebly, the quest.

Perhaps I'm labeling Dr. Peale a "pump-primer"—but let's not deny he's serving his God magnificently.

MRS. HOPE PLENTY
Kent, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Paul Tillich's abstruse philosophy left me admiring more than ever Billy Graham's clear, consistent, convincing, Christian fundamentalism.

S. E. ANDERSON
Northern Baptist Theological Seminary
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

His evaluation of Billy Graham and Norman Peale could not be better. . . . A gem of clear thinking.

AXEL B. GRAVEM
Orleans, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

At last an article in a widely read magazine to explain why many of us with a sincere interest in religion do not attend church.

MRS. CECIL F. JOHNSON
Philipsburg, Mont.

Roll Call

Dear Sirs:

Re EISELEY AND EVOLUTION in your June 7 Letters, you printed a letter from Frederic D. Clancy who said in part: "I'd like to know how many Fundamentalists are still around."

Let me assure Mr. Clancy our number is legion.

LOUIS T. TALBOT, *Chancellor*
The Bible Institute of Los Angeles
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Millions, brother.

THADDEUS WAY
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

It is such a joy to be counted present, I couldn't resist. Mr. Eiseley and Mr. Clancy and other fine minds (God-given) may hammer at Genesis or the rest of Scripture, but long after the hammers are gone, the Anvil will still stand, with transformed lives the shining proof of its truth.

MRS. M. L. OLSON
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Tell Mr. Clancy that there was only one family of Fundamentalists at the Flood, and only one Fundamentalist in Sodom, but that I think he is mistaken about the number today. Stand up and be counted, Fundamentalists. You are a mighty host!

JAMES MCD. CRAVEN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Same Old Babe

Dear Sirs:

I would like for R. Ross Annett to know that I think his stories about Babe, Little Joe and Uncle Pete [and Big Joe] are delightful.

I've followed them through the years and was afraid they were no longer being written. Was glad to see one published in your June 7 issue [BABE'S SURPRISE].

MRS. J. N. FISHER
Decatur, Ga.

● *Indestructible Babe has made 64 appearances in the Post since her debut in 1938—and Amos Sewell has illustrated all 64. (See below.)—ED.*

Babe, 1942.

Babe, 1958.

Dear Sirs:

May I extend my sympathy to the Post. You certainly must have been desperate when you published another of those revolting Babe and Joe stories.

ELIZABETH DUPUY
Greenup, Ky.

Horrified

Dear Sirs:

Today I settled down for a nice relaxing time with the [June 7] Post. But this is the selection that confronted me!—CHAINS OF FEAR; ARSON, INCORPORATED; NIGHT OF HORROR; PROWLER ON THE PLACE; and TYRANT OF THE PLAINS, which looks more gruesome than any of the rest. I enjoy a detective story once in a while as much as anybody, but don't you think this is overdoing it just a bit?

MRS. DAVID M. ROBINSON
Coleharbor, N.D.

● *Perhaps. But that issue also contained Babe's Surprise, Connemara, We Danced 300,000 Miles, Garden Full of Brides and Why Wives Make Funny Faces.* *—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Have you ever tried to explain a photograph of charred remains to a persistent four-year-old?

MRS. CLARK J. SMITH
Inglewood, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

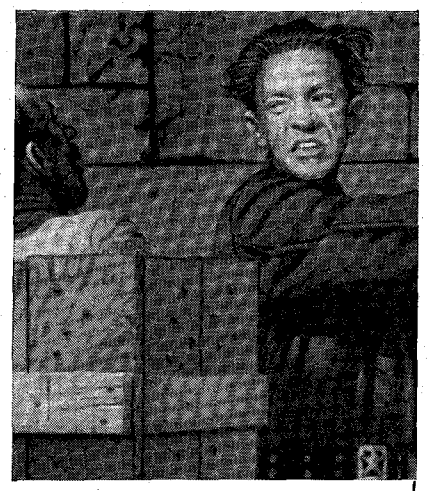
Be a sport, will you, and tell us honestly how many complaints you receive over this issue. It'll move you up from bottom place in my popularity poll, where you're now wallowing.

MRS. JOHN E. BREWSTER
Wheaton, Ill.

● *Twenty-seven.* *—ED.*

"REMARKABLE"

Knotts as Knotts.



Knotts as Zhorka.

Dear Sirs:

I thought you might be interested in seeing the remarkable resemblance between Don Knotts of The Steve Allen Show and the Soviet interrogator in Part III of THE CHAINS OF FEAR [by Nikolai Narokov, May 24–July 12].

Don . . . is a very talented comedian who can portray many different types of characters. He could also have posed for the illustration.

ERNIE OTTO
New York, N.Y.

● *He did, for artist Stevan Dohanos, who picked Knotts as a model after seeing him on television—as Steve Allen's Press Agent Ernie Otto knows very well.* *—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Two by Amos Sewell; Sy Friedman; Stevan Dohanos. • 11–Gene Lester. • 12–From David Niven; Gene Lester; London News Agency Photos, Ltd.; The Grand Studio. • 13–Penguin; United Press International; Wide World. • 14, 15–Lynn Buckham. • 16–Jim Burns; Bill Shrout; George Burns. • 17–Two by Bill Shrout; United Press Int. • 18, 19–Ken Riley. 20, 21–Joern Gerdts. • 22–Kurt Ard. • 23–Two by Arnold B. Crank (Kansas City Star); two by John V. Colt (Kansas City Star). • 24–Nat. Archives; Wide World; from Mrs. Peyton C. March. • 25–From Mrs. Peyton C. March; Harris & Ewing; from Mrs. March; Nat. Archives; from Mrs. March. • 26, 27–George Hughes. • 28–Hugh Ferriss; Hans Knopf. • 29–Harold Von Schmidt. • 30, 31–Larry Keighley. • 34, 35–Edwin Georgi. • 80–Two by John R. Wells; Barnett Laschever; Wide World.

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This is what we work for at Parke-Davis

. . . the better health and longer life that come with better medicines

Most of us look forward to summertime as a season for pleasant, outdoor living. But for some people summer brings little pleasure. For allergy sufferers, the delights of out-of-doors are dampened by itches, wheezes and sneezes. And many people, summer or winter, cannot enjoy certain foods without setting off an allergic "storm."

Fortunately, a new group of drugs, developed in research laboratories of pharmaceutical houses such as Parke, Davis & Company, goes a long way in relieving the agonies of allergies. Because there are many types of allergic reactions—caused by a variety of substances from ragweed to rugs, tree pollens to milk or eggs—diagnosis of each individual situation by a physician is a "must." Once the cause is determined, treatment under a physician's directions and prescription for antihistaminic medicine often will temporarily bring complete or partial relief.

Better medicines from great research laboratories, plus advanced medical understanding of allergic conditions, contribute greatly to the better health and longer life of allergy victims.

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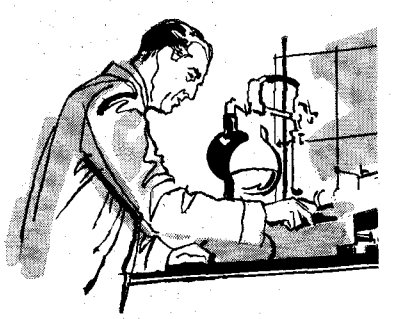
. . . PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES SINCE 1866



Parke-Davis scientists were studying hay fever as early as 1912, and the company was first in America to make available an effective antihistaminic drug. Research in the field of allergies is still a major project in the Parke-Davis laboratories.

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How about you: are you ready for your next promotion?

Tomorrow may be your big day. Will your appearance work for you . . . help you get ahead? Will you look neat and trim and ready to step up in the world? When your competition is keen, you've got to look as good as you are. Your clothes never stop talking about you . . . make sure they say the right things!

American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear ®

Dress Right – you can't afford not to!

For help and advice on how to Dress Right, visit stores that display this American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear symbol.

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There's never any frost to defrost

with new Frigidaire Frost-Proof freezing!

Whee! No more defrosting ever again!

NOW — a Freezer Compartment that never needs defrosting. No more scraping, dripping, spill or mop-up — or frost-locked packages and trays. In this revolutionary new Frigidaire Refrigerator-Freezer, there's *never* any frost to defrost.

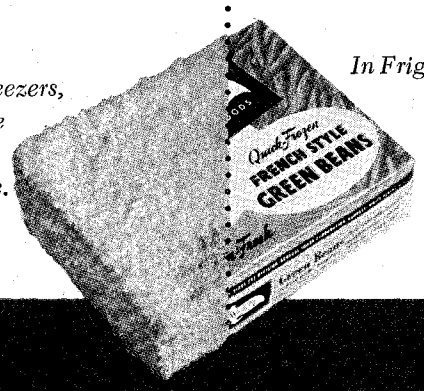
An entirely new kind of cold whisks away heat and moisture — out of the freezer forever — so frost can never form. Food flavors and vitamins are locked in by sub-zero cold.

And up in the refrigerator compartment, all foods are super-chilled with Frigidaire Flowing Cold—and *never* any frost to defrost.

It's the world's finest foodkeeper—from Sheer Look beauty to mammoth 133-pound Freezer Chest, with In-a-Door Ice-Ejector that serves up sparkling-dry ice cubes by the score. It all sounds too good to be true—but you'll believe it when you *see for yourself* at your Frigidaire dealer's today.

Featured during Frigidaire *"Golden Anniversary Days."* Your Frigidaire dealer's super sales event, featuring many new Golden Anniversary values.

In ordinary freezers, food packages and ice trays are soon covered by frost and ice.



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Editorials

How Many Communist Murders Do We Need to Wake Us Up For Good?

After the tragic Hungarian uprising of 1956 there was considerable brave talk in the West about how the Soviet Union hadn't changed much since the death of Stalin and that there was little use talking about negotiating with the Red dictatorship because it couldn't be trusted. In an incredibly short time, however, hope began rising again in the Western breast. Ambassador Menshikov came over to smile our fears away. A young pianist from Texas wowed a Moscow audience. And Mr. Khrushchev actually had the nerve to suggest that we might like to sell him some heavy machinery, presumably to help "bury us."

And then, just as things were working up to a crescendo of synthetic good will, came the news that the Kadar regime in Hungary, presumably under orders from the Kremlin, had cruelly and treacherously executed former Premier Imre Nagy, Gen. Pal Maleter and others who had participated in the 1956 effort to snatch Hungary away from its Communist masters. That ended the honeymoon, or at least interrupted it. President Eisenhower said he thought the prospects for a summit conference had run into a "very great obstacle." The country was back where it started as far as the cold war was concerned, and the forward-looking appeasers had their work to do all over again.

It is amazing how long it takes people to learn that the more the Communist conspiracy changes, the more it is the same thing. We have, as the President said, "clear evidence that the intent of the Soviets is to pursue their own policies of terror and intimidation in any way they choose, to bring about complete subservience to their will." But how often must this "clear evidence" be repeated before we accept its import and face the hard fact that, as long as the Soviet Union and its chain of satellites remain under the control of the Communist conspiracy, negotiation will be treated by the Kremlin only as a maneuver in a war of conquest?

Just before the shocking news from Budapest, The New York Times printed a discussion of the prospects for a summit meeting, citing the possibility that Moscow was becoming more tolerant and seemed "to be negotiating in good faith on the arms question." Toward the end of the story appeared the statement that in South Vietnam "the Communists have been murdering local officials at the rate of about twenty-eight a month" in an effort to eliminate "local officials who co-operate with the central government."

Does any sane person believe this campaign of assassination is not supported by the Kremlin, which some Western leaders have been pressing for a summit meeting?

Negotiate with the Kremlin? There is enough "clear evidence" of Red treachery to steer us away from that trap for good—no matter how many orchestras and ballet troops are shunted back and forth.

Our Food Surplus Could Turn Into a Permanent Shortage

By ELMER T. PETERSON

Something extraordinary is going to happen to the United States which never happened before, say high authorities. It will be a permanent food shortage.

For thirty years there has been a terrific uproar about crop surpluses, which constitute the major part of the "farm problem." Farmers have been paid for not raising crops. The prodigal flood of cereal and feed crops has dulled us to the historic truth that the critical factor in all decay of empires has been the shrinkage of fertile acreage coupled with increasing population. We Americans think "it can't happen to us." We are in for a shock.

The nonsensational National Association of Soil Conservation Districts recently issued an arresting leaflet with the following calculation:

In 1950 we had 150,697,361 people, 12.5 acres per capita and 3.1 acres of cropland per capita. In 1975, according to trends and indices, we shall have 228,000,000 people, 8.3 acres of land and 2.2 acres of cropland per capita. In 2000, less than half a century away, we shall have 335,000,000 people, 5.7 acres of land and 1.6 acres of cropland per capita.

A few years ago Oklahoma State University issued a pamphlet saying that it takes three acres of good cropland to supply each average person with adequate nutrition. The late Louis Bromfield, famous farm expert, said that as acreage dips below that three-acre mark we shall have to reduce the meat diet and eat cereals. This is because it takes about seven pounds of grain protein to make one pound of meat protein.

Optimists say that with scientific management yields will increase enough to counteract this dread shrinkage. Granting all this, experience shows that we dare not depend too much or too long on it, especially since the N.A.S.C.D. had generously included as cropland 50,000,000 acres now in swampland or other difficult terrain.

Cities, parks, airports, reservoirs, highways and other special uses have absorbed 1,000,000 acres of cropland a year. Oklahoma people are worried about a Federal project to expand a military reservation and condemn nearly 300,000 acres of good crop and grazing land for a missile range. The total area for large Federal reservoirs, present and programmed, is over 600,000 acres in Oklahoma alone. Soil conservationists say that we annually lose 400,000 acres by erosion.

Adding these and other factors together, it is obvious that Congress ought to take immediate, vigorous steps to guard what remains of our once magnificent and seemingly limitless heritage of foodland. Former Gov. Alf Landon, of Kansas, has strongly urged a land-use survey, asserting that we are already not far from being a "have-not" nation in land capable of producing food.

They Wouldn't Let Beethoven Teach Music in Indiana!

One would have to look to our more bureaucratic trade-unions, with rigorous rules governing such endeavors as which painter can paint on wood and which can paint on iron, to find a comparison to the regulations under which teachers in many American communities are supposed to operate.

We have immediately in mind the case of Dr. Otto Miessner, former head of the music department at the University of Kansas, former professor of music at Northwestern University, founder of the State Teachers College of Music at Milwaukee, former head of a music publishing house, and inventor of a spinet-type piano.

Doctor Miessner retired from the University of Kansas position in 1945, but soon tired of retirement and took a job teaching music in the Fairview Township School at Connersville, Indiana. He took the job on a permit.

Being "on a permit" is what makes Doctor Miessner a case. The Indiana State Board of Education has ruled that Doctor Miessner's permit to teach in the Connersville school cannot be renewed unless he takes five more hours of courses on education! Doctor Miessner says he won't take the five hours because "it's silly." But Robert L. Pabst, director of teacher training and licensing of the State Board of Education, is adamant. "There are college teachers and there are school teachers," he said. "After all, you wouldn't let an architect pull your teeth."

That is the classic "educationist," trade-union-type argument. It is easily disposed of by asking: Would you have your plans for a house drawn by a man who had taken endless courses in How to Get Along With the Folks Upstairs, but was weak on design, strains and stresses and cost estimating?

The Connersville school board, teachers and pupils want Doctor Miessner to go on teaching, according to the Indianapolis Star, and, by the time this gets into print, they may have prevailed on the shop stewards in the State Board of Education to "evaluate" Doctor Miessner's record and give him another chance. In the meantime, it looks as if the Star said a mouthful when it blamed the people of Indiana for "permitting a bunch of doctrinaire educationists to make and enforce their self-serving rules."

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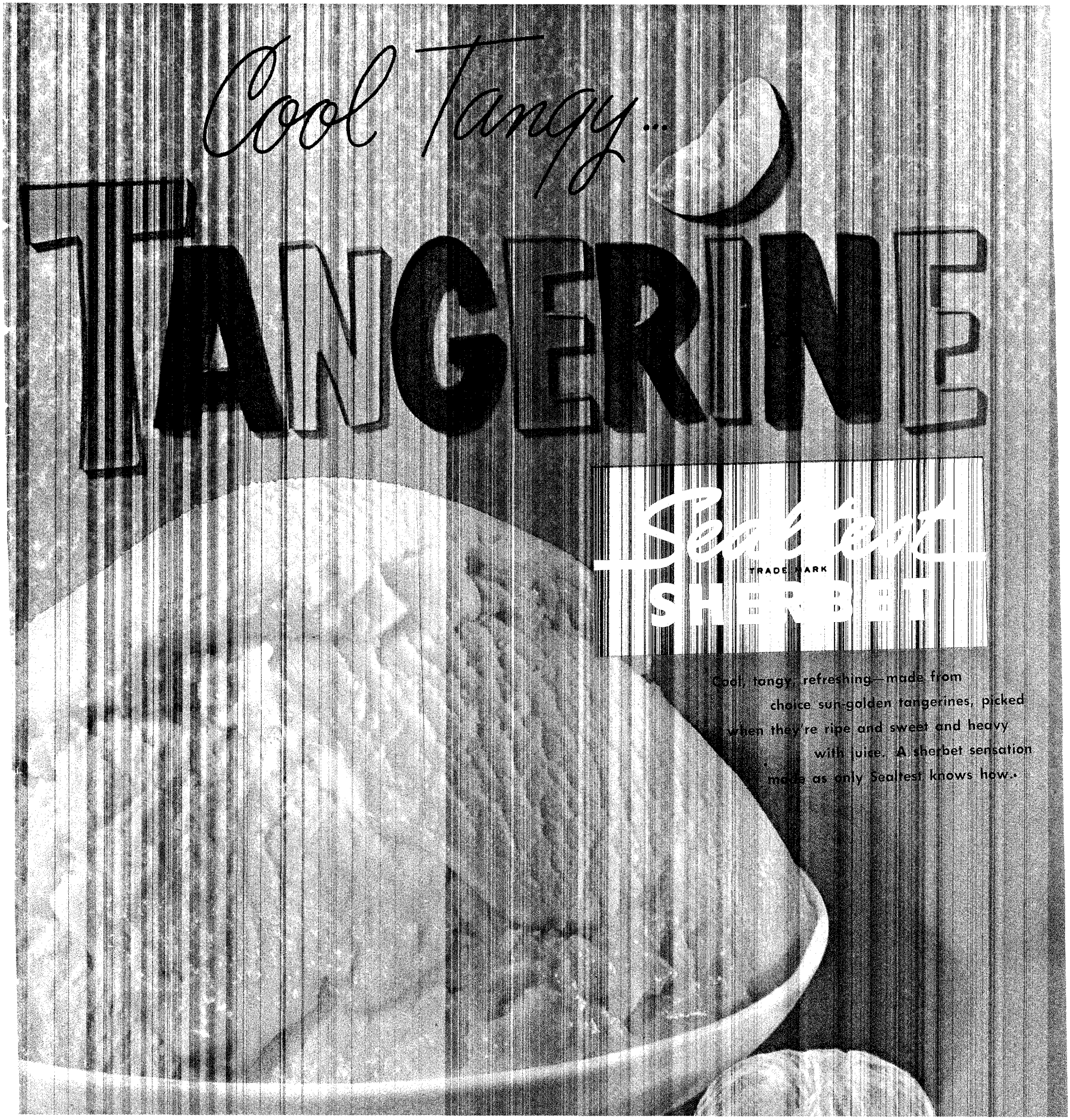

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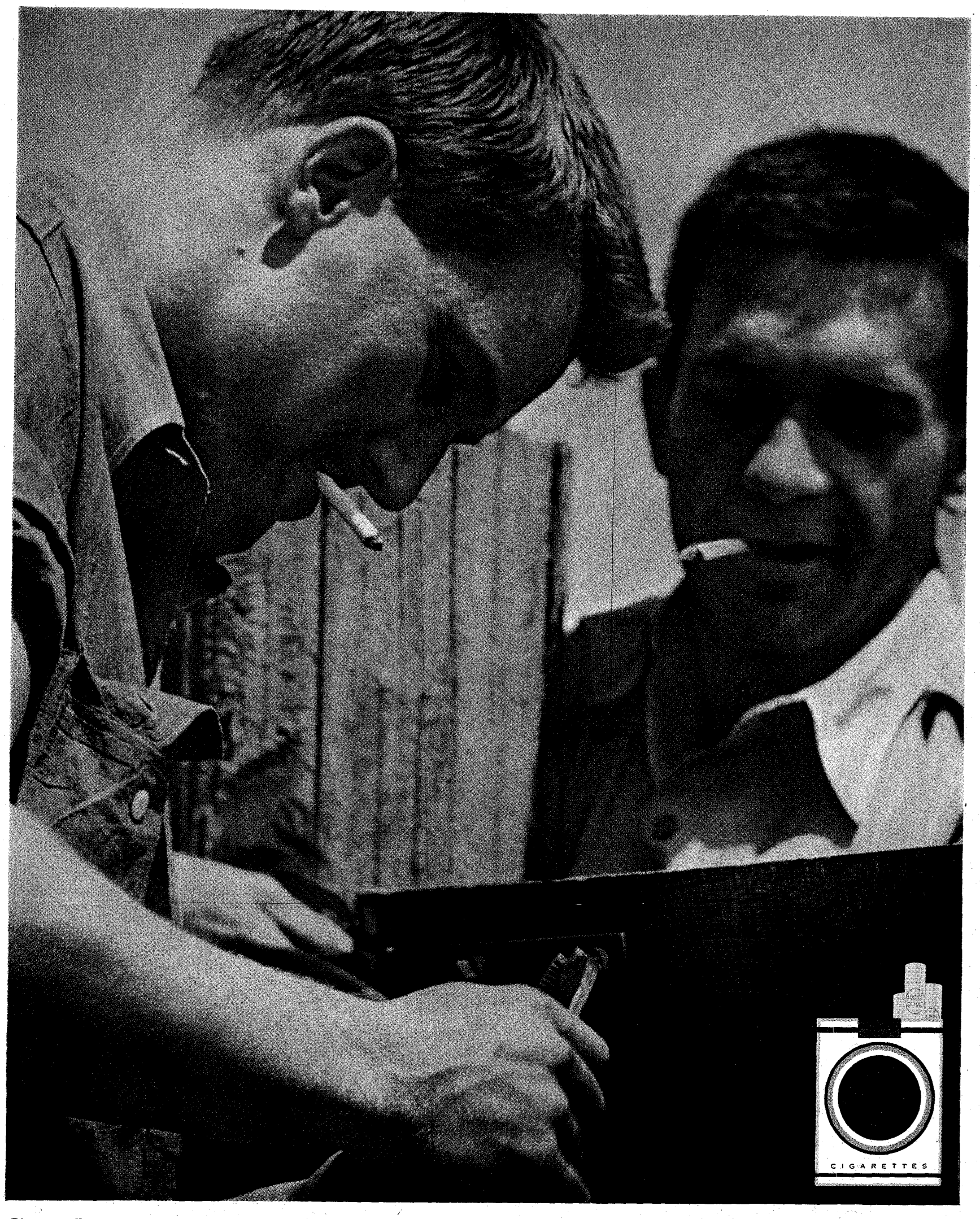

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I'm Alwa
Surprisin

One of Hollywood's jauntiest hero
and 100 other films, tells his own

and gave him a flippant reply because I modestly thought I had something of a reputation in my native land, and that he should have known I had

"My whole life has an improbable quality about it."

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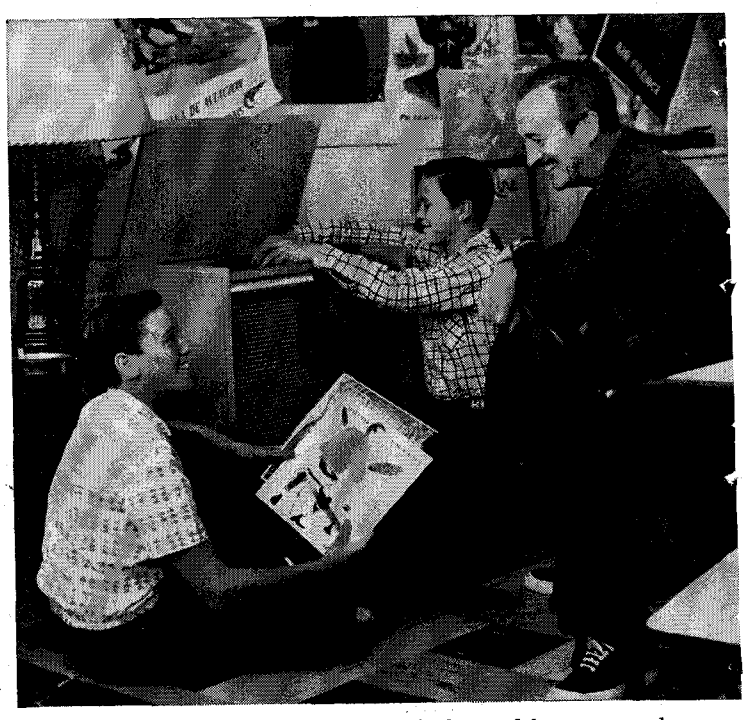

"I only pray that these boys will be as lucky, and have as much fun as their father had," says Niven of David, Jr., (left) and Jamie.

long since abandoned the British Army for a much more hazardous career as an actor.

I have told this story often in Hollywood, and invariably my listeners think I'm kidding. It is inconceivable to them, I suppose, that real-life Colonel Blimps do exist and that they don't watch television or go to the movies, and thus—perish the thought—have never heard of David Niven. But my whole life has had this same improbable quality, and I don't believe some of it myself.

Who would believe, for instance, that a janitor came to me in a London studio a few months ago and said, "Mr. Niven, there's a bloke on the phone who says he's Prince Philip at Buckingham Palace and wants to talk to you. Silly, what?"

I went to the phone and it really was Prince Philip. "Just wondered what you're doing, David," he said.

"Nothing," I said.

Who would believe that once, when I was unknown and couldn't afford the price of a sandwich, I sat stark naked on a marble slab in a private steam bath with the giants of

A young Stockholm model named Hjördis Tersmeden met Niven while visiting a British studio lot for the first time in 1948. She had never heard of him then but 10 days later she became the second Mrs. Niven.

1932: Lt. Niven (second from right, rear) marched with the Highland Light Infantry at St. James's Palace in London. He was a graduate of Sandhurst (England's West Point).

This 1931 photograph shows Niven (second from right) living it up on his twenty-first birthday with members of his regiment and friends in Malta.

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Hollywood—Joe Schenck, Darryl Zanuck, Sid Grauman, Bill Goetz, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and Charlie Chaplin? I traded quips with them for thirty minutes, fainted from hunger and the heat, and was carried out. But none of them gave me a job. I can still hear Fairbanks, who knew my financial situation and wanted to impress the others on my behalf, turning to me just before I passed out and saying, "Niven, you playing polo this season or are you going to bring the yacht around?"

It seems especially unbelievable that I have appeared in more than 100 movies and television plays, and that I played the lead role of Phileas Fogg in Around the World in 80 Days. The film has already grossed so many millions that it will inevitably break the all-time box-office record. Since I am a Scotsman, these figures impress me, for I remember when that cyclonic genius, the late Mike Todd, was scraping up cash here and there so he could finish the picture.

I went to see Mike, knowing nothing about his astronomical budget for the film. "Mike," I said, "I'll work for nothing if you'll give me a little piece of the picture—say three or four per cent."

"You're a real sweetheart, kid," he said. "Do that, and write me a check for a million bucks and you've got a deal."

I was properly humbled, and happily drew my weekly salary instead. But what an operator he was! Many months later, when Todd desperately needed 2000 souvenir books for opening night in New York, he gave Bennett Cerf a big check to make sure the books would be delivered on time. The books got there, but Mike's check bounced. The next morning he was worth a colossal fortune.

The late Mike Todd, producer-extraordinary of Around the World, with stars Cantinflas and Niven in Paris.

Perhaps I should do a monograph, as the old colonel suggested. There may be other hermits here and there saying, "Niven? Niven? Never heard of him."

My biography in the above-mentioned souvenir book says I was a lumberjack, a gunnery officer for Cuban rebels, a seaman on a Japanese freighter and that I was born in Canada. None of these things are true, but publicity men are not always concerned with facts.

As long as we are sticking to the truth here, I will say that I was once a bartender in a Mexican pub, worked as the mate on a charter fishing boat, promoted indoor pony racing at Atlantic City, sold liquor in New York and delivered the first case of legal Scotch after Prohibition to a friend named Woolworth Donahue on Park Avenue. I presume he drank it.

I have even been a travel agent, in an unprofessional sort of way. I recall helping Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., plan a European itinerary for the late humorist, Bob Benchley, and making special arrangements for him to visit some friends of mine who were staying in Venice. The day Benchley got there he sent us a cable which read: STREETS FULL OF WATER. ADVISE.

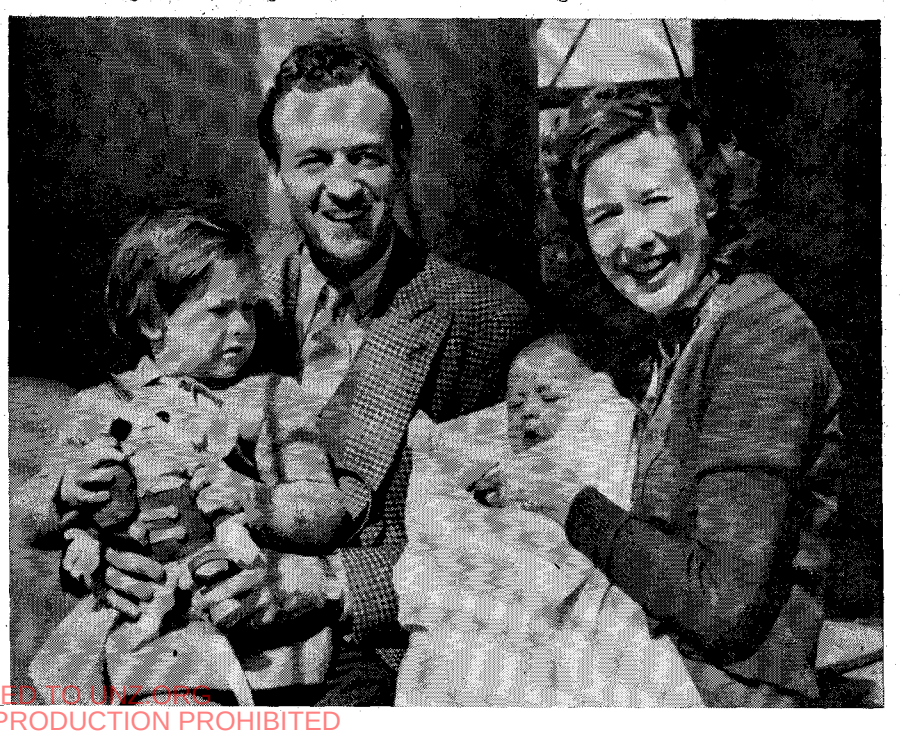
I am wondering, naturally, whether my monograph will be in keeping with the times, or the trend in show business today.

I have had no feuds with Ed Sullivan or Walter Winchell. I don't have insomnia, and my digestion seems to be in order. I've had no divorces, and I have never sprawled on a psychiatrist's couch. When I'm tired, it seems less complicated to lie down on a bed at home.

I have not been exposed by a scandal magazine, because luckily those magazines weren't being published in my oat-sowing days. I have never been in jail, and I shall confess no crimes unless the statute of limitations has expired. I love my agent, my business manager, my wife, children and mother-in-law—not necessarily in that order. (Continued on Page 51)

In World War II, Niven returned to England as a volunteer. This picture shows him with General Sir Bernard C. T. Paget, commander of the home forces in 1942.

In 1940, Niven married Primula Rollo in London. She survived the Battle of Britain, bore David, Jr., (left) and Jamie, but was killed in a tragic accident in 1946 in the U.S.



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The crowd stared at the monstrous apparition as it swam from the island of Lure toward Castle Point.

The Secret of Loch Lure

The lady's assignment: To prove the existence of the most outrageous sea serpent ever to haunt a Scottish loch.

First of Two Parts by DAVID WALKER

Colin McLure and Jock Dunblane came off the moor. The valley was before them. The loch sparkled and the hills of Argyll were fair. They walked in dejected, if companionable silence, until Colin said, "Let's have a smoke." They sat. "Not a beast on the hill," he said. They had stalked all day.

"Not a fish in the river," said Jock Dunblane. "Not a trout in the loch. Not a grouse on the moor." These statements were not literally true, but they were true enough. "And who is the laird aye after blaming?"

The laird ignored the challenge of his temperamental henchman, mentor and companion of his youth, now fellow bachelor. "Wool prices have gone to bits," he said. "Timber prices ditto. Oats crop failed."

From here, a thousand feet above Loch Lure, Colin could see a sizable proportion of his thirty thousand acres. What he saw was beautiful to his eye or to a stranger's. But Colin knew the story underneath.

The salmon, the grouse, the deer stalking, the loch fishing had been good sources of revenue and employment in the past. But all had been steadily going off, until this year he had not had a single tenant. There had been an unprecedented spell of cold in February; result: his mother's tender hybrid rhododendrons killed, that market lost. The gale in March had reduced a thousand acres of young conifers to a shambles. Colin catalogued the tale of woe in silence to himself. No wonder the people were emigrating. It was an old, old story. He watched a solitary motorcycle creep along the narrow road beside Loch Lure.

"If only we had a decent road," he muttered, "we might at least get tourists. But look at that blasted cart track. I've asked the county council umpteen times."

"Don't take it too hardly, Master Colin. We all ken fine you've done the best you could. But I would wonder to myself: Is there no way at all? Is there not some drastic action we might be after taking, short of murder, or including?"

"You tell me it," Colin said. They reached the road and turned along Loch Lure. They passed one deserted, unworked field; a second, and then they came to Glenlure Shop and Post Office, where the widowed Bella Graham was digging potatoes in her garden.

Bella Graham was a cheery soul and bonny. She put her basket down and smiled at them. "No luck?" she said.

"You're about the first living thing we've seen," said Colin. They continued on the potholed road.

"Take Bella now," said Jock. "If we had yon fine broad road the laird was speakin' of, and buses and cars and bikes, Bella in her pop-and-sweetie shop would make a grand tourist attraction."

"True," the laird agreed. They came to the boat. Colin settled himself on the forward thwart. Jock started the outboard motor and headed for Castle Lure, which stood on a wooded point across the loch. It was a mile by water, four miles round the shore.

Colin looked at his gray old house. Home had never looked so good to him as on this evening of September.

Will I? he said again to himself. *Or won't I?* Would he accept the timber merchant's offer of sixty-five thousand pounds? It was his only hope of selling at a reasonable price, his only hope of finding the cash to buy himself a workable farm elsewhere. But Jock and his other employees—what about them? He imagined Castle Lure in ghastly nudity after the timber merchant's ministrations.

He grunted. "I've got to sell," he said. "I will." It is often the most painful image that steels a man to hard decision.

Something caught his eye. He turned to Jock and held up his hand. The motor petered out, a rocking and a lapping. He put the telescope onto three birds. "Great northern divers," he said. "Now that's unusual."

Colin forgot his many troubles. The diver, the common loon, did visit Lure occasionally in winter, but this was September, and there were three of them. The leader gave a wild wail or melancholy laugh and dived. The second followed suit. The third did likewise. Suddenly no loons. They would have to range far and wide and deep to find trout for supper in Loch Lure, thought Colin McLure morosely.

But it seemed that the divers were not seeking trout. They still played a loonish version of follow-the-leader. The first emerged. Up bobbed the second, close behind him. No sooner did No. 3 appear than No. 1 submerged again.

"Remarkable," Colin said. "Like a string of porpoises. Like a sea serpent or some such Loch Ness monstrous beast." He watched the birds until they (Continued on Page 62)

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

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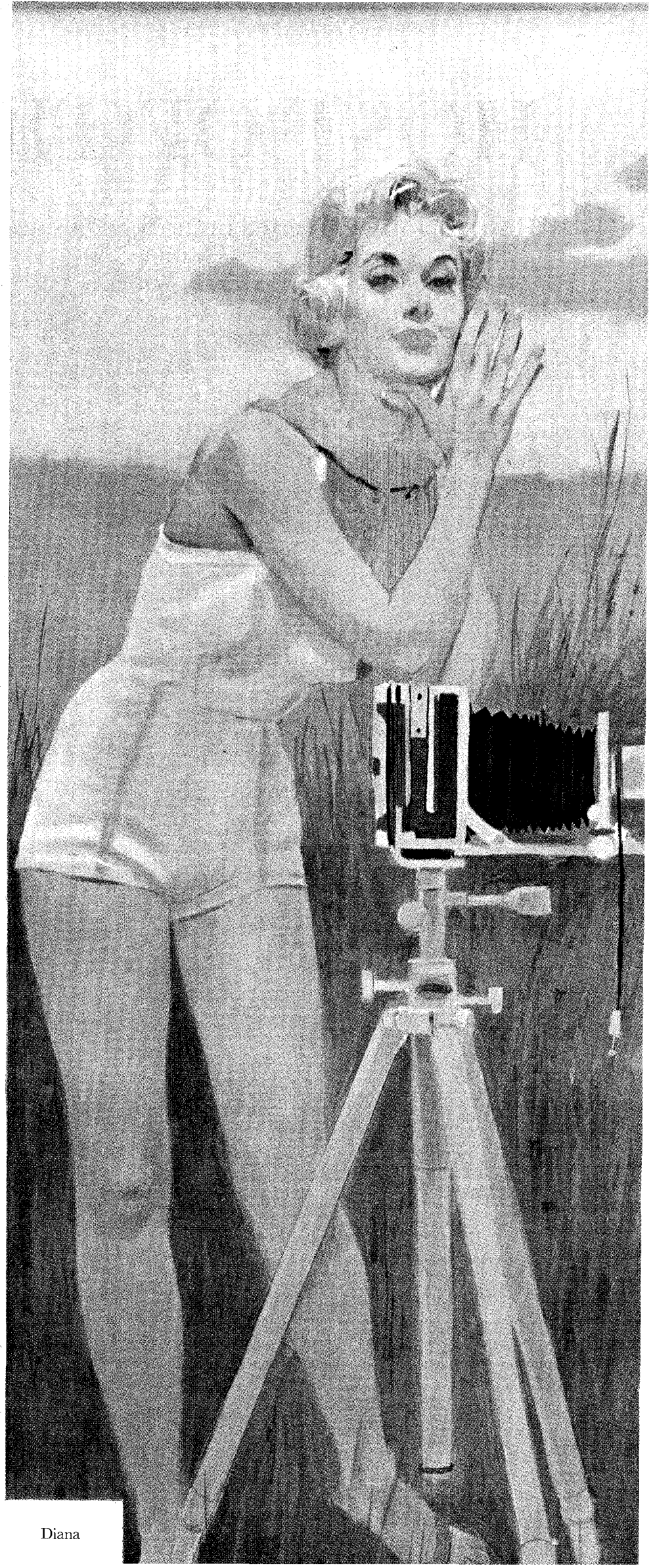
Colin McClure,
Laird of Lure



Diana

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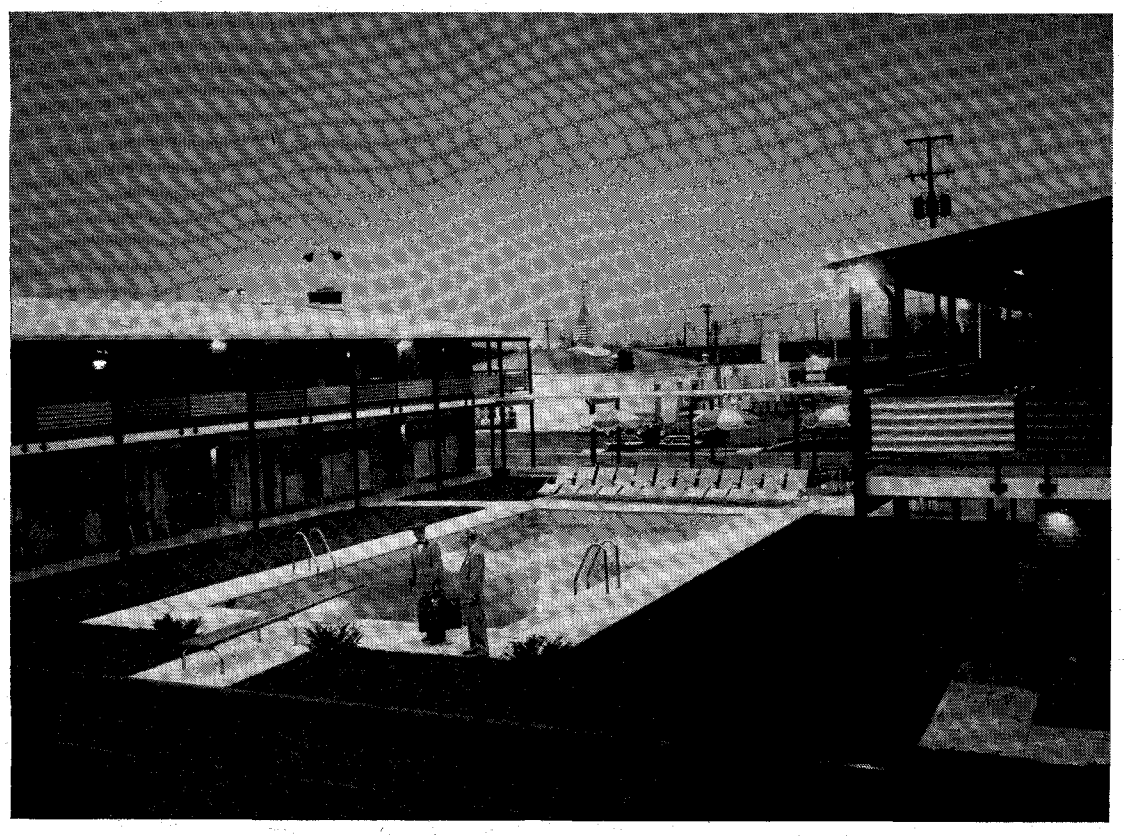
HOST OF THE HIGHWAYS

Howard Johnson started in the food business at the age of 27 when he was $40,000 in debt. Today he sells $150,000,000 worth of vittles each year to Americans on the move.

By Jack Alexander



Maumee, Ohio: Swank "motor lodges" like this are Howard Johnson's latest project. There are 35 of these air-conditioned money-makers, with 12 more under construction.

By the scientific child-raising tenets of our day a rugged Bostonian named Howard Dearing Johnson, who is probably the best-known of American restaurateurs and is certainly the biggest, should be a fumbling neurotic, incapable of making simple decisions. His formal education, in an era when a college degree was beginning to be regarded as a necessity of life, ended with grade school. His family's fortunes fluctuated unstably between prosperity and insolvency. He was an only son and he had four sisters, all but one older than he, and the mode of his upbringing was the subject of recurrent conflicts between his parents.

Johnson's mother tried to shield him from all kinds of physical and emotional injury. She was not often successful, and the reason for her failure lay in the personality of her husband, John Hayes Johnson, a Boston cigar merchant. The elder Johnson, a big and abrasive man, was a stanch Teddy Roosevelt Republican. The high point of his life was his selection as spokesman for the small businessman during trust-busting Teddy's 1904 visit to Boston in search of votes. They spoke from the same platform, and the cigar merchant never forgot the exalting experience.

Like his political idol, John Hayes Johnson was a strong believer in the ultravigorous way of life. Systematically, he castigated his son as

Asheville, N.C. (above): Half-pint patrons of Howard Johnson's can choose from meals such as the "Humpty Dumpty" and the "Peter Piper"—at half price.

Lee, Mass. (below): Johnson's 75 turnpike eateries offer a variety of take-out and take-home foods. The favorites: clam chowder, baked beans.

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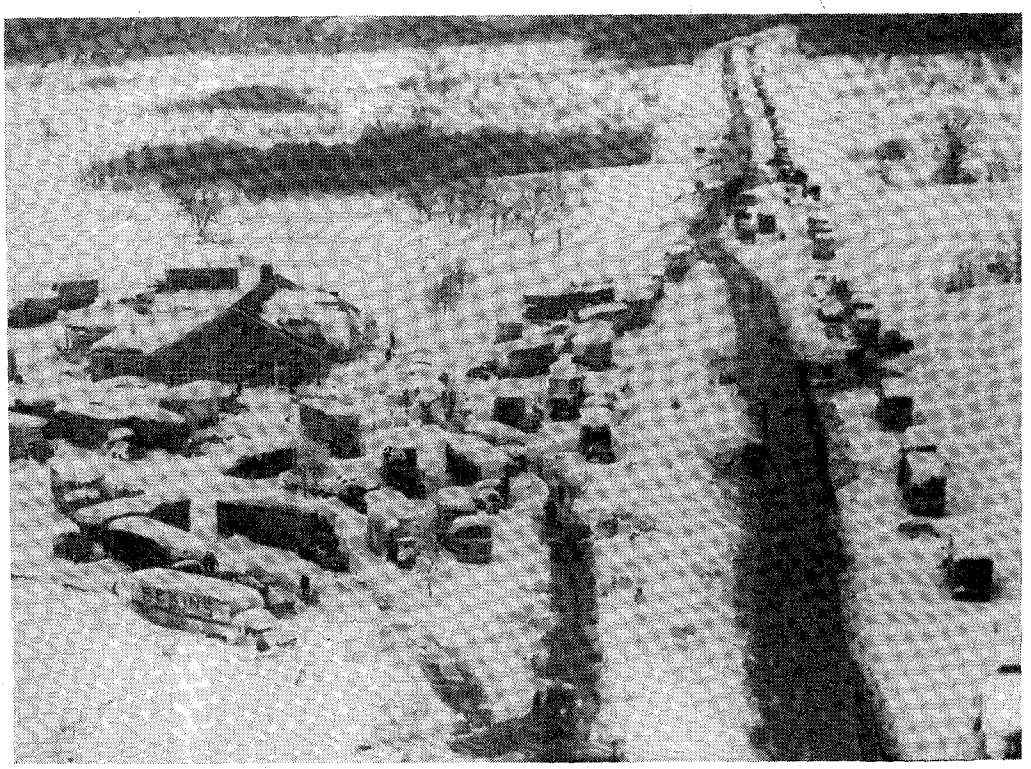
a dunce and a disgrace to the clan, varying this presumably ego-stifling treatment with outbursts of extreme generosity. Had a psychiatrist been available at the time he would have bitten his fingernails on checking over Howard Johnson's case history. Many years passed before Howard understood what lay behind the rough knocks his father dealt him. "I was coddled by my mother and sisters," he explained recently, "and that made my father afraid that I would develop into a sissy. His big ambition was to raise a great athlete, an all-America fullback, and I was his only chance. I guess I disappointed him."

Because of his father's Spartan concept of how to raise a boy properly—or, just possibly, in spite of it—Howard Johnson grew up into a sturdy competitor and, after some false starts in business, into a shrewd planner and strategist and a highly capable leader of men. His name today is prominently affixed to about 550 establishments, most of them roadside restaurants. He sells fried clams to midlanders who may never have seen the sea—but he has failed to get New Englanders interested in chili con carne—and he sells to all comers twenty-eight flavors of his own make of ice cream. The combined gross of all his enterprises is estimated by him at $150,000,000 a year. His restaurants reach from Maine to Florida, and westward and southwestward as far as Chicago, Kansas City, Oklahoma City and Fort Worth. At the present rate of expansion they should break through to the West Coast inside a few years, barring war and pestilence.

When Howard was eight years old his father introduced him to boxing gloves. After getting him used to gentlemanly sparring, the elder Johnson twice cut loose with adult punches that sent him bolting to his mother with blood streaming from his nose. Each time this happened the elder Johnson pursued him, gesticulating with gloved hands and shouting, "No whimpering (Continued on Page 48)

Johnson (above) is a stickler for neatness. He insists that litter be picked up constantly, and "can explode like a firecracker" when he feels that his standards are not maintained. Here he tidies the grounds himself.

Vero Beach, Fla.: Johnson's "28 Flavors" of ice cream have earned him millions. He bought the basic recipe from a pushcart peddler 34 years ago for a few hundred dollars.



Morgantown, Penna.: 800 motorists on the Penna. Turnpike were stranded for 36 hours in this Howard Johnson's during the snow of last March 21. The food held out.

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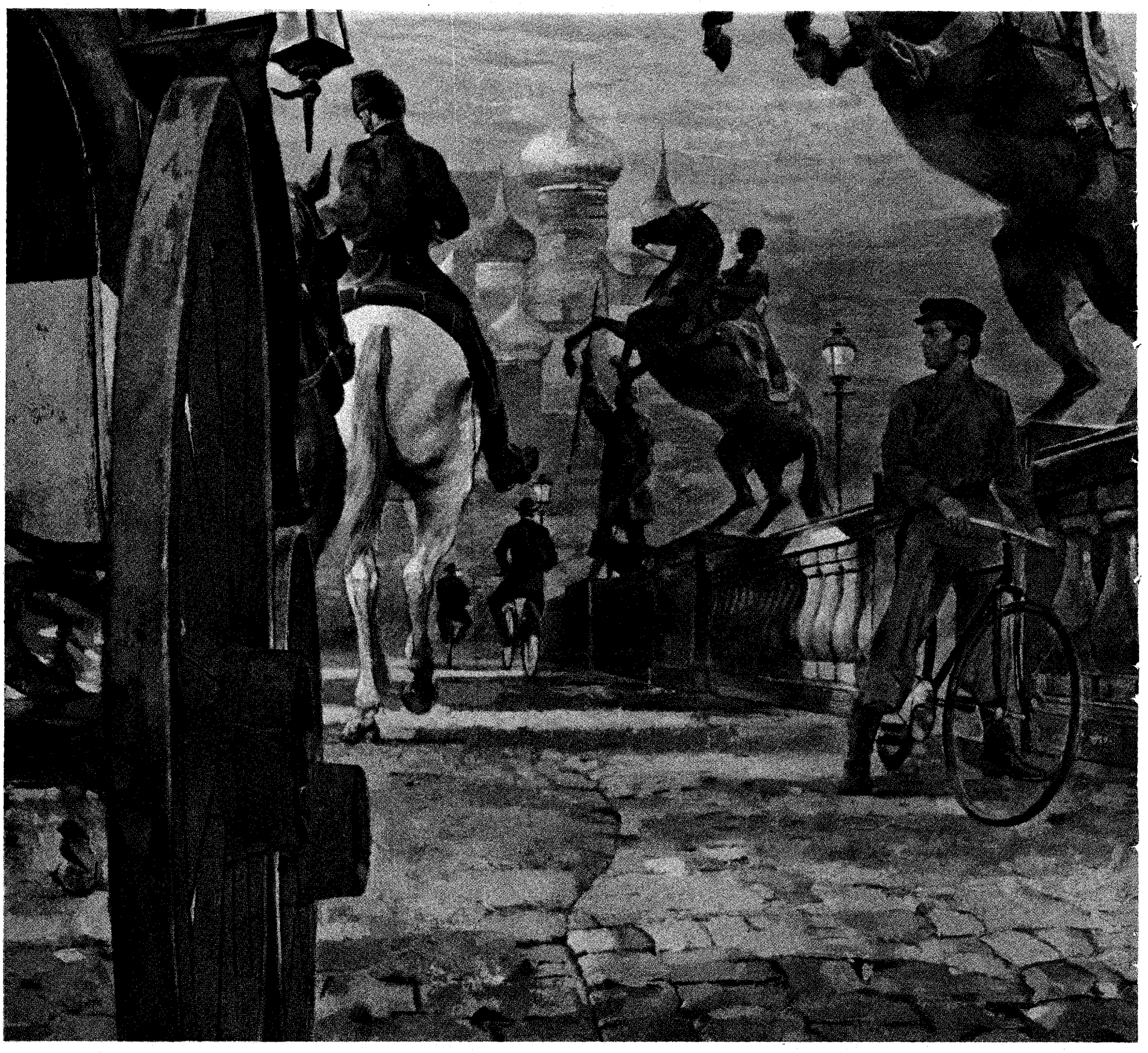

The Apprentice Assassin

Inside the elegant-looking box of chocolates he carried murder.

By GERALD KERSH

The most arresting face I ever saw had no distinguishing marks or characteristics. It belonged to an elderly jeweler who was known as Old Gold, and was interesting to a connoisseur of faces much as disjointed fragments of ancient parchment are interesting to an antiquary; it was a little heap of disconnected expressions, somewhat blurred by time and fate, and impossible to read in its entirety.

You felt that if only you could arrange it in its original order, there would appear something of vast significance.

His was a Dead Sea Scroll of a face.

I met him first when, idly window-shopping in the West Forties in New York City, I saw in his window a scarf pin that attracted me. When I went into his tiny shop, Old Gold was playing, left hand against right, with a pair

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As the carriage started past, he prepared to throw the bomb.

of dice which he was throwing on a green baize tray. I had never seen such dice, nor such throwing.

His every cast turned up a natural—6 and 5, 6 and 1, 4 and 3 or 5 and 2, when he threw with his right hand. But when he threw with his left, only the losing numbers came up—double 6, 2 and 1, and snake-eyes.

Without appearing to look at me, although I could feel his scrutiny, he said, "You are interested in my dice? I amuse myself with them, like the Emperor Claudius, playing left hand against right. It keeps the hands supple and clarifies the intellect. They are part of a set of six dice made for some nobleman, probably Russian, a couple of hundred years ago, for the game of hazard. I wish I had the set.

"They are made of mammoth ivory, and the spots are of inlaid gold. And there is the trick—some of the inlays go deeper than others, so that they are in fact loaded dice, gold being heavy—unless you have the knack of handling them, which, no doubt, the gentleman had who caused them to be made and which I have learned. . . . But what can I do for you?" he asked.

I pointed out the pin which had caught my fancy. Old Gold picked it up contemptuously and said, "Junk. This is not a gentleman's pin. It is half a pair of earrings, mounted on a pin. Try this."

And he handed me a pin mounted with a half-opaque gray-white stone, in the heart of which was embedded something like a tiny tree.

"Genuine moss agate," he said. "It came out of an old brooch. You can have it for eight dollars. Play your cards right and you can make thousands out of it."

"How?"

"Excuse my answering a question with a question. How many people are there in New York? Say, ten million. How many of these wear a tie pin? Say, ten thousand, at the most. The odds are about a thousand to one against anybody you meet wearing a pin in his tie. Of these, about ninety-five hundred will wear a pearl or a horseshoe, perhaps.

"You eat in company, in restaurants, no doubt. Lead up to it; complain of the vegetables, which, you will say, are not fresh. Eventually, safely wager—pretending to be drunk—that you (Continued on Page 68)

Illustrated by Ken Riley

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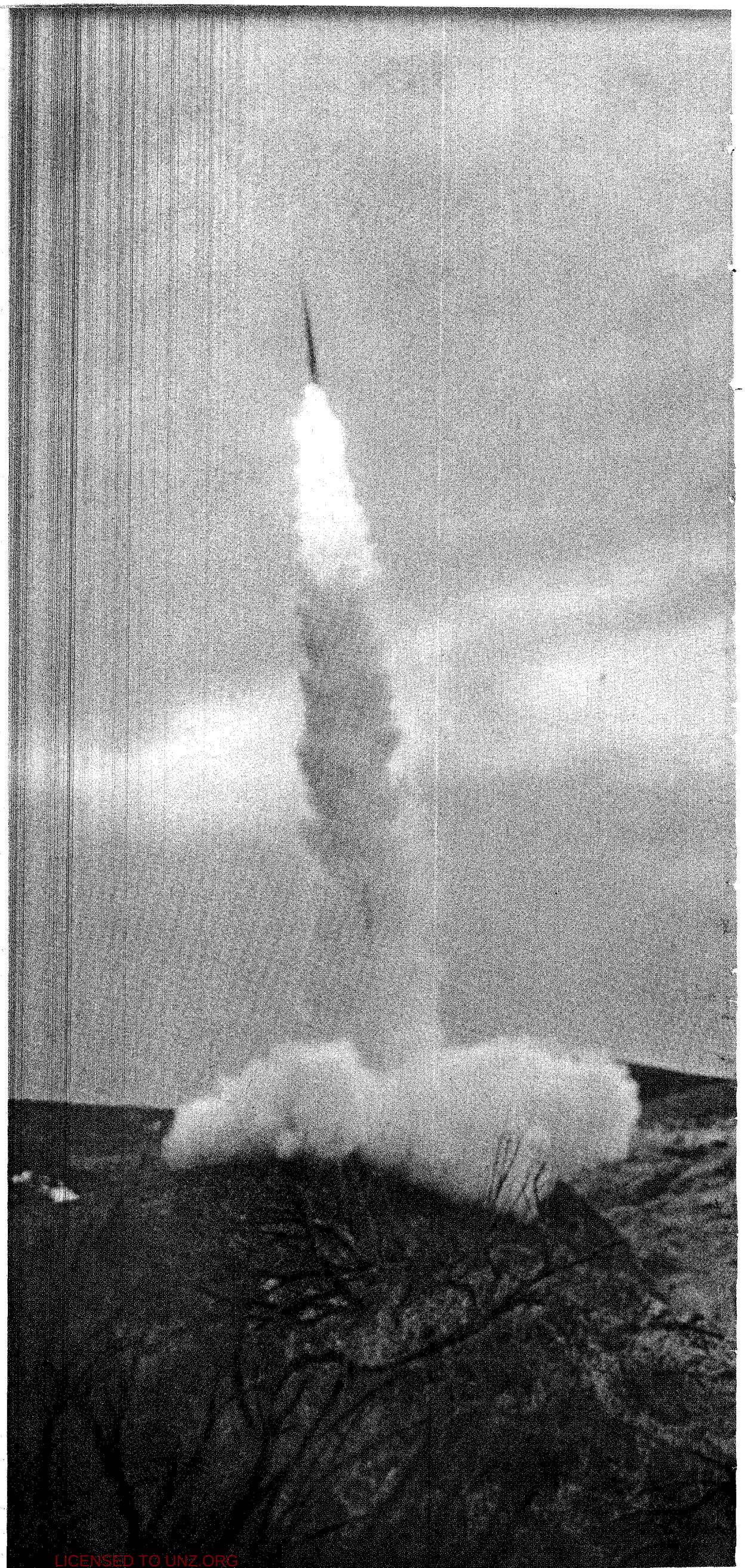
The Face of AMERICA

The Young Rocketeers

The youngsters behind the rocks are not snooping on a Government missile firing. The rocket is their own, made of a four-foot exhaust pipe crammed with powdered zinc and sulphur. Fired electrically, it went up almost a mile. Since it cost only fifteen dollars, the boys felt well repaid. Luckier than most of the nation's estimated 10,000 young rocket experimenters, they had adult guidance: chemistry teacher Roy Swartz (foreground, red cap) and mathematics teacher David McDonald (right). They also had a safe place for rocket firing: The Wyoming Badlands, sixteen miles east of Worland. Most young missile makers lack both supervision and launching areas, and experimentation has already killed or maimed dozens. Many, including 159 clubs in New York City alone, are troubled by two questions: Will it go up? Where will it come down? Neighbors share their second worry. ● Photograph by Joern Gerdts



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"But, honey," Nick protested, "I can't even afford him for you."

THE WELL-ADJUSTED HUSBAND

A psychiatrist was the one luxury her husband didn't need—or so he said.

By EDWIN A. PEEPLES

It was a brawling evening at the Sloats'. A fire hot enough to melt steel roared in the big fireplace. Although the time was late August, the night was quite cool.

Martinis strong enough to etch diamonds had been passed around twice, and everyone felt fine. Ginnie and Nick Sloat, both immense and comfortable people, felt particularly fine. Their party was warming up to success.

Their living room was a cramped and inadequate room, overfurnished with nondescript furniture, littered with books and casually strung together units of hi-fi equipment, and tousled by children. But people could have fun there.

X. Fargo y Basset, an urgent little man led about by a huge Roman nose, a man who wrote for the sexy magazines the police like to keep off the newsstands, held the floor. He had a fruity voice and the humorless manner of an executive secretary of a scientific institution.

"y Basset makes this point," said y Basset, who never referred to himself, if he could avoid it, in other than the third person. "Sex is here to stay. And you can sell it!"

"It always was, and you always could," Jackson Saddle said. Jackson L. Saddle wrote sports articles. "The debate," Saddle went on, "is the amount of taste and propriety that's decent."

X. Fargo y Basset ignored Saddle. He was in his element. His wife, Amanda, who rejoiced in her neuroses and allergies, beamed on him. Saddle's wife drank in his words. Maude Blotz, a wistful, washed-out blonde, who wrote unpublished stories under the name of Diana Sunrise, melted before his glance. Ethel Cooling Weir, a brevet brigadier of a woman, who wrote stories about men in action under the by-line, E. Cooling (Continued on Page 60)

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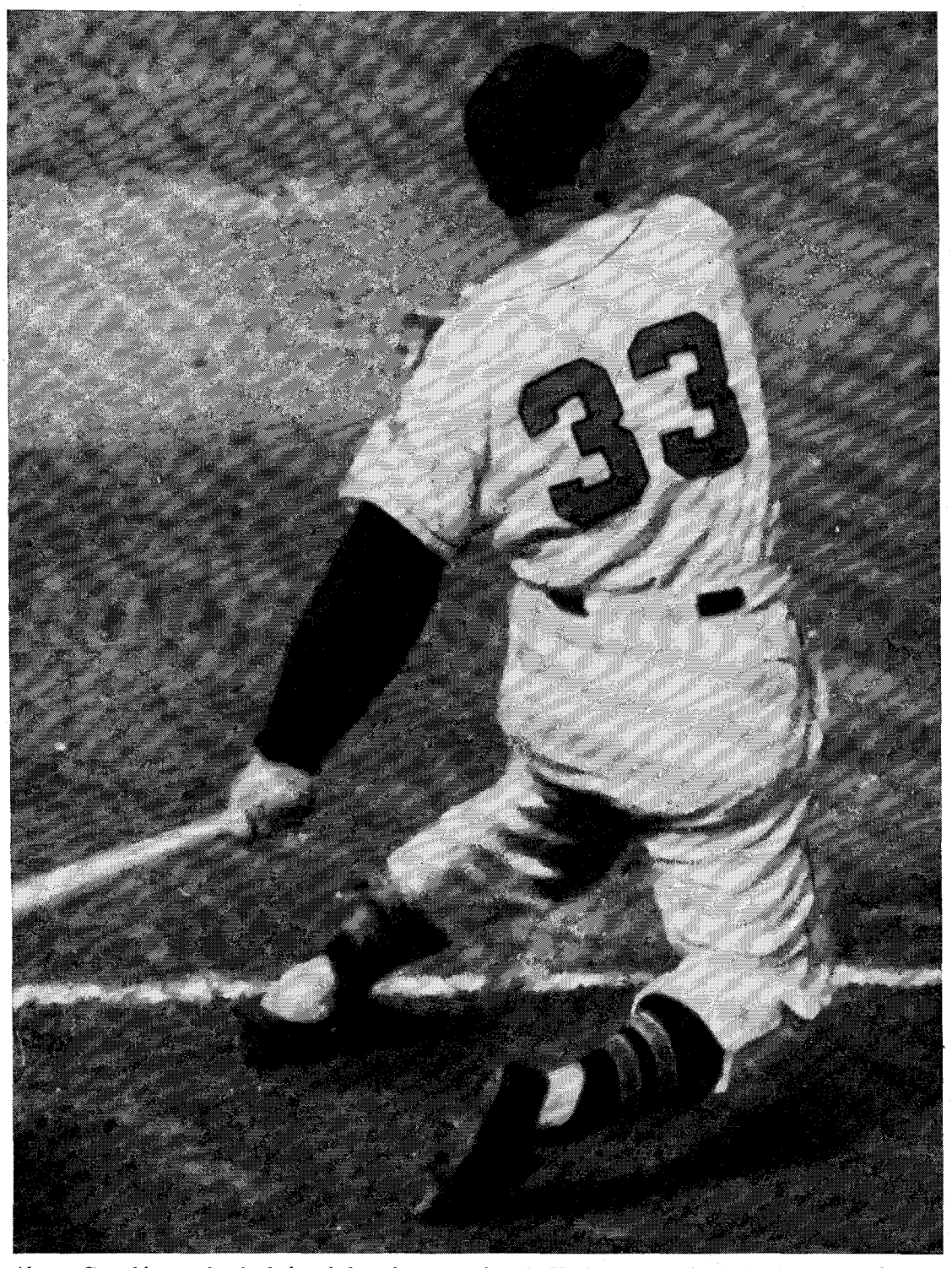
I Played Without Eating



Above: Cerv, his mouth wired shut, belts a homer against the Yankees, one of six during his month of agony.

The Kansas City Athletics' blockbuster, who refused to be benched by a broken jaw, tells how he played 28 excruciating games despite a fantastic injury.

By BOB CERV
as told to Al Hirshberg

When for a whole month recently I played ball with a broken jaw, I wasn't trying to be a hero. I was only trying to keep from going out of my mind. With my teeth wired together so tightly that I couldn't open my mouth, I had to live on a liquid diet. I couldn't chew, talk clearly, breathe properly, cough, laugh, yawn or even sneeze like a human being.

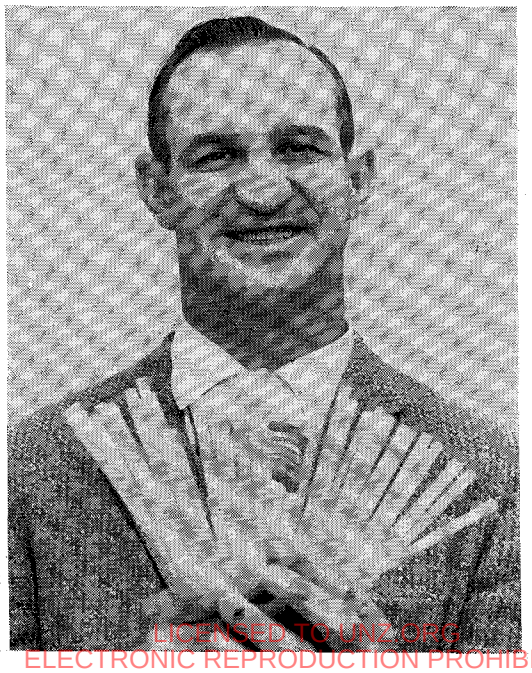
I could assume only two facial expressions. One was a square-jawed dead pan. The other was a weird grimace. If you try to talk with your teeth clenched tight together, you'll get some idea of what I mean. Every time you part your lips, your face goes into a sort of snarling smile. You look the same no matter how you feel.

You get so frustrated that your nerves are screaming, which is more than you can do. You dream about solid food, and go wild thinking about the nice, big yawn you can't have when you're tired. You can't even grind your teeth. They're practically cemented together.

No matter how healthy you feel, you know your life might be in danger at any moment. If something tickles your throat, you could choke. If you get sick to your stomach, you could literally drown. If your nose gets blocked up, you could (Continued on Page 56)

Below: The author (right) fractured his jaw in this home-plate collision with Tiger catcher Wilson.

During his month as a prisoner of wire clamps, Cerv fed himself through a gap in his teeth with straws.



Free at last: Cerv could open his mouth, but sore jaws forced him to forgo the sirloin steak he craved.

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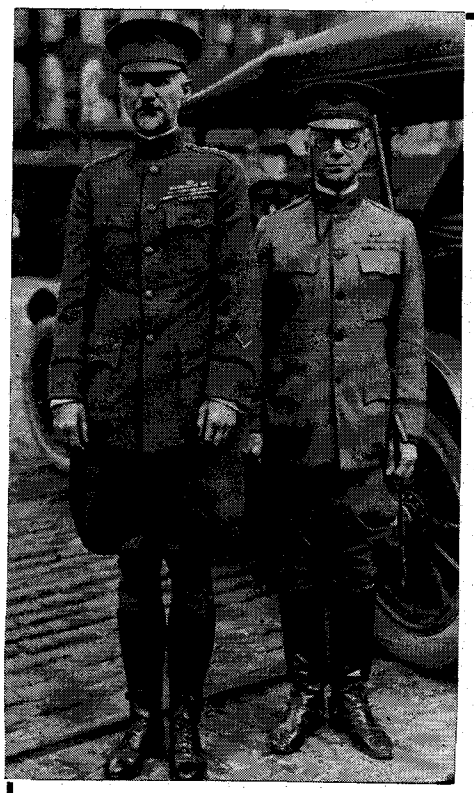
The author (at far right, with sword), then a lieutenant, drilled his recruits here on the Astor estate in the Bronx before going overseas in June, 1898.

Mr. Astor Outfits the Army

The fascinating true story of what happened when John Jacob Astor gave the U.S. Government a battery of artillery to help win the Spanish-American War.

By GEN. PEYTON C. MARCH



Gen. March (left) as chief of staff, 1921.

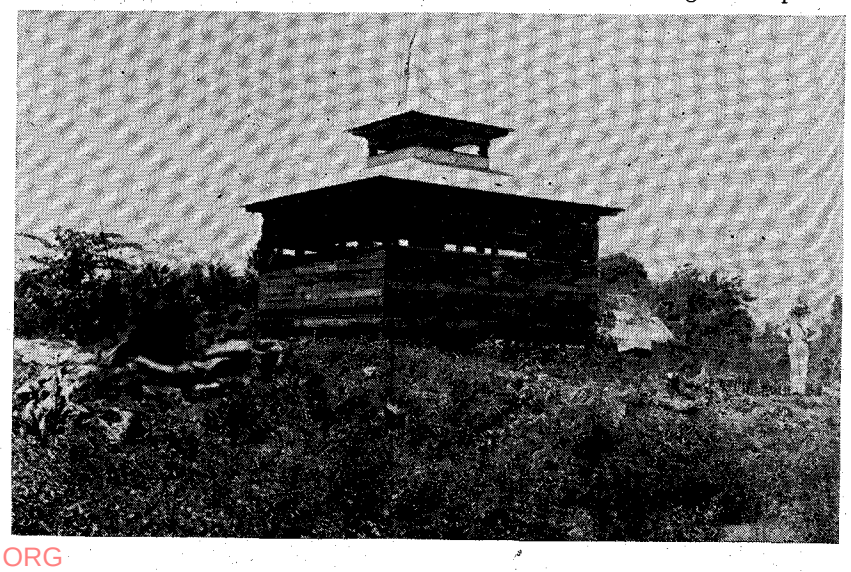
EDITORS' NOTE

This article is quite different from any other the Post has published in recent years. The author died three years ago at the age of ninety; the article turned up among his papers and was sold to the Post by his widow. The action General March describes began just sixty years ago this month.

But sixty years isn't such a long time, and many thousands now living will recall having read in their newspapers about the capture of Manila. Indeed, what struck the editors' fancy was the fact that only six decades ago a private citizen, John Jacob Astor, could buy a battery of artillery, smuggle the guns out of Europe, then present them to the United States Government. Hardly any individuals have gone shopping lately for atomic bombs in Uncle Sam's behalf.

Peyton C. March went on to become Chief of Staff of the United States Army during World War I—and to carry on a monumental feud with his Expeditionary Force commander, Gen. John J. Pershing. John Jacob Astor perished in the sinking of the Titanic in 1912; his first wife, who became Lady Ribblesdale, died last month, aged eighty-nine. But not all the characters in the drama are yet dead. Emilio Aguinaldo, leader of the Filipino rebels against Spain, recently observed his eighty-ninth birthday.

After shelling a blockhouse like the one below, March's men charged with pistols.



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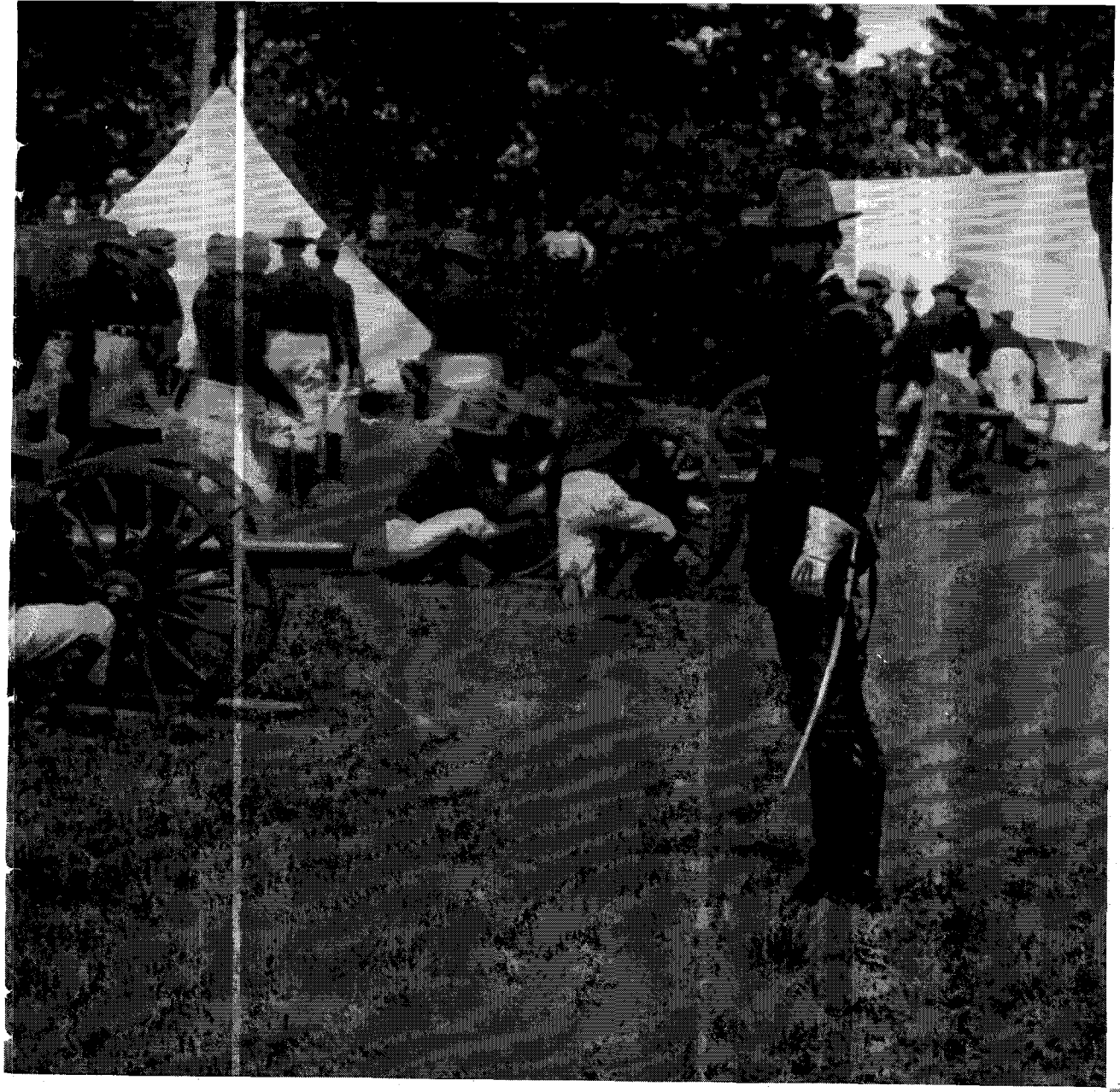
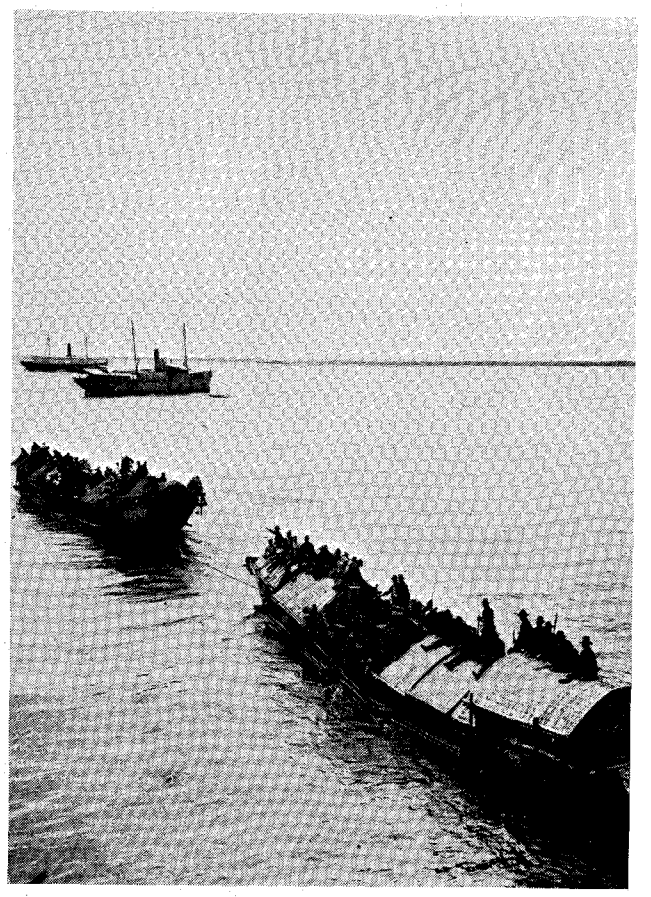




Heading for the beaches: The Astor Battery, in these makeshift landing craft, went ashore from their transport 3200 yards from the Spanish lines. Their only losses then—some wave-soaked ammunition.

In April, 1898, when our war with Spain began, I was a first lieutenant attending the Artillery School at Fort Monroe, Virginia.

The class was graduated without formality, and the officers were sent to various artillery commands and forts along the Atlantic seaboard and the Gulf of Mexico. It hardly seemed possible that I would ever hear a hostile shot. I tried to get an assignment that might take me to Cuba, Puerto Rico or the Philippines, but without success.

Then, one morning in May, I was called to the telephone; Washington was on the wire.

"Captain Davis speaking, from Headquarters of the Army at the War Department."

I identified myself, and the voice continued:

"Mr. John Jacob Astor, of New York, has presented to the Government a battery of light artillery, and has requested that it be put in command of a Regular Artillery officer. You have been selected for this assignment, provided you want it. You may have twenty-four hours to decide."

"I don't want twenty-four seconds," I replied. "I accept the detail at once."

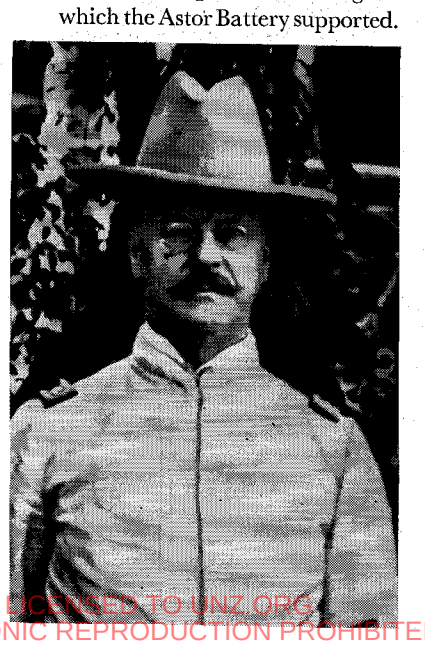
"Very well," said Davis. "Orders will issue in due course."

I hung up, executed a Highland fling and began to pack my field equipment. Since graduation from (Continued on Page 53)

Maj. Gen. Wesley Merritt, commander of U.S. forces in the Philippines, was a Civil War hero.

Rebel leader Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo. He kept the enemy trapped until U.S. troops arrived.

Brig. Gen. Arthur MacArthur, father of Douglas, led the brigade which the Astor Battery supported.



Col. John Jacob Astor IV. After equipping Lt. March's unit for the Pacific, he fought in Cuba. He died in 1912, leaving a $100 million fortune.

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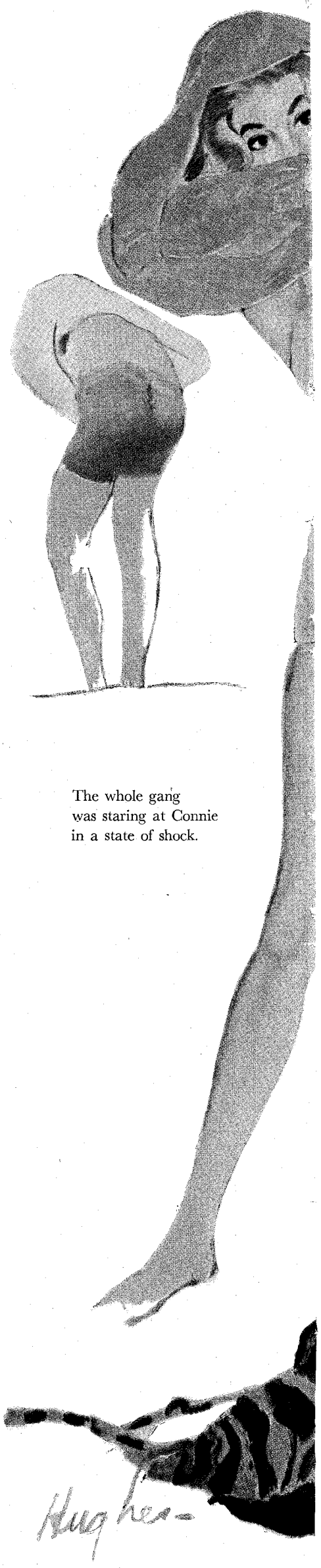
The Girl Who Did Everything Wrong

Everything she did was a mistake—even the way she dressed.

By HUGH B. CAVE



The whole gang was staring at Connie in a state of shock.

Illustrated by George Hughes

Johnny Farnham was thirty minutes late getting to the airport and suffering from the jitters as he steered the family car into the terminal driveway. The girl was sure to say something when he got her home, and his folks would be wild.

"Remember now," his father had warned. "Everything will seem strange to her, so mind your manners. And whatever you do, get there on time! We don't want her sitting around the airport wondering if she's come to the wrong place."

He'd left the house early enough. Where he'd fouled the thing up was in stopping at Dunc Andrews' to borrow Dunc's Latin-American records, thinking the girl might get a bang out of them. How was he to know the whole gang would be there and would insist on riding to the airport with him? Or that it would take them so long to cut out the clowning and get organized? Or that the thirty miles to the city would be one long tussle with traffic?

He braked the car to a quick stop between No Parking signs and flipped open the door. "Move it if you have to," he said breathlessly, and made for the entrance at a run. He had legs for running. He was the fastest man on the college basketball team even if, at a mere six-one, he was the shortest.

He spotted the girl at once. There hadn't been a plane in since hers and none was leaving, so, except for that stiffly proper figure on the first bench, the waiting section was empty. *Brother*, he thought, aware of the hollow sound his heels made on the hard floor as he hastened toward her, *here's where I get the freezer treatment. When she travels at home, they probably turn out the palace guard and a brass band.*

She stood up as he approached. She wore a tan suit of some stuff like chamois, and her eyes were dark chocolate, and her hair, under a little tan hat, was black and glossy as a starling's breast. She was about five-five and every bit as beautiful as in the color slides his father and mother had brought home from Manigua. She looked younger than eighteen, though.

"Miss—Miss Vecino?" Johnny stammered.

The dark-chocolate eyes looked past him toward the door, as though expecting someone else, then returned, confused, to his face. "Yes, I am Consuela Vecino," their owner said with a frown.

"I'm Johnny Farnham. Professor Farnham is my dad. A meeting came up tonight that he and mom couldn't squirm out of, so I'm standing in for them." That was the wrong way to talk English to a foreigner, he supposed, but he was nervous. "I—I guess I'm late," he added with a weak grin.

"Oh," she said, still frowning. Then, with what seemed to Johnny a mechanical smile that had to be dug real deep for, she added, "How do you do, Mr. Farnham?" and her hand was out, encased in a small tan glove, waiting for him to clasp it.

He did so. He let it go again and reached for the suitcase on the floor beside her right leg. "The car's outside. I'll take your bag. Is this all you have?"

"Yes, only this. My trunk was sent on ahead."

"Oh, yeah, sure. It got here three-four days ago." He gave a little start as she stepped to his side and took his arm. Good grief, what did she think he was? An usher at a wedding? Walking the length of the terminal with her hanging onto him, he felt a little foolish.

The car was still between the signs. When she stiffened at sight of the gang in it, Johnny said guiltily, "They all wanted to meet you. I couldn't make 'em stay at home." He put her suitcase into the trunk, the only place there was room for it, and made a place for her on the front seat, introducing her as she got in. He introduced her as Consuela Vecino, but said with a grin, "What do we call you? Connie?"

Again she seemed startled. "That—that would be nice," she said. "I'm sure."

She sat between him and Dunc, who was probably the biggest fullback in the history of Wendell College. With four in

(Continued on Page 70)

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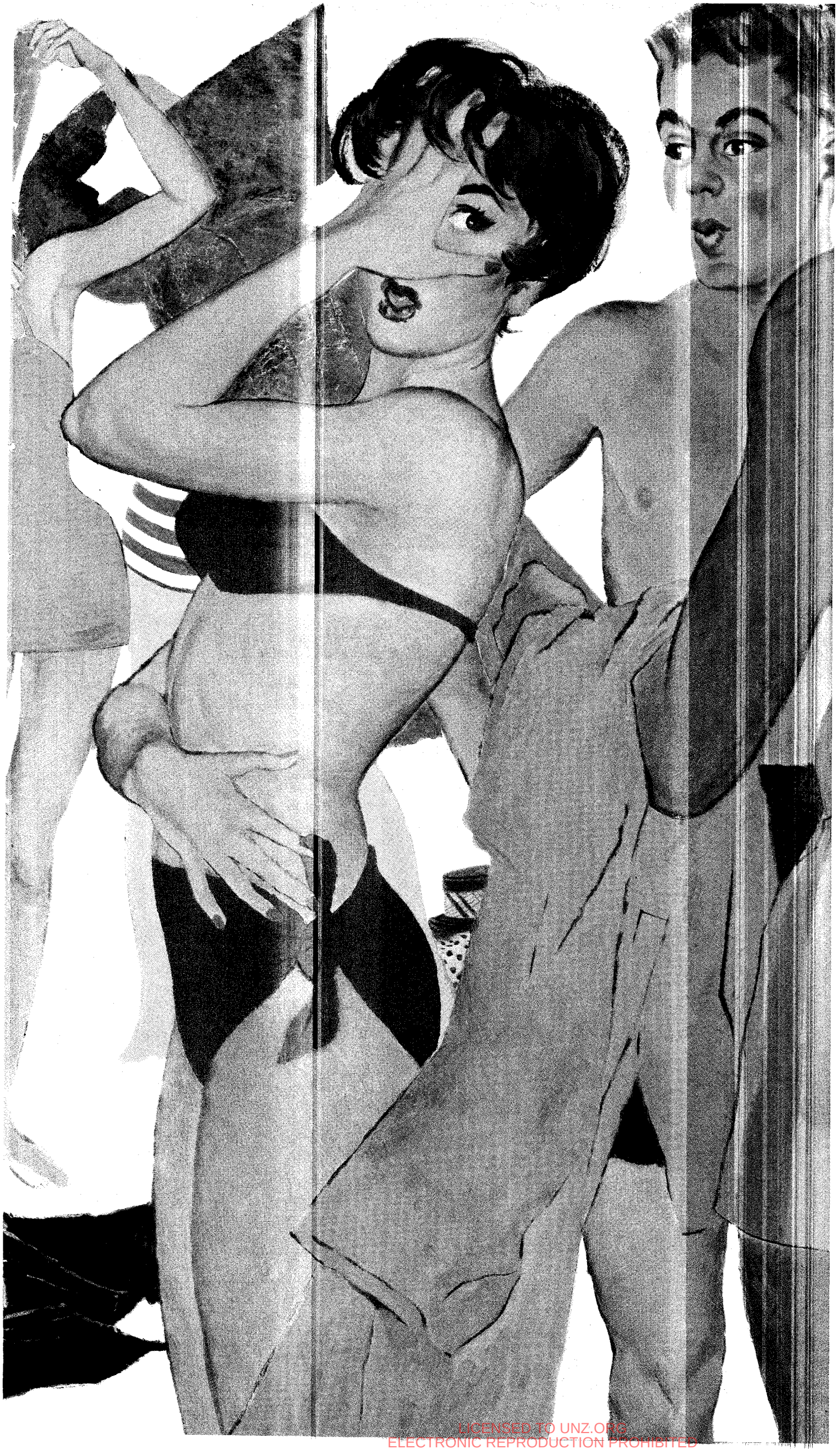

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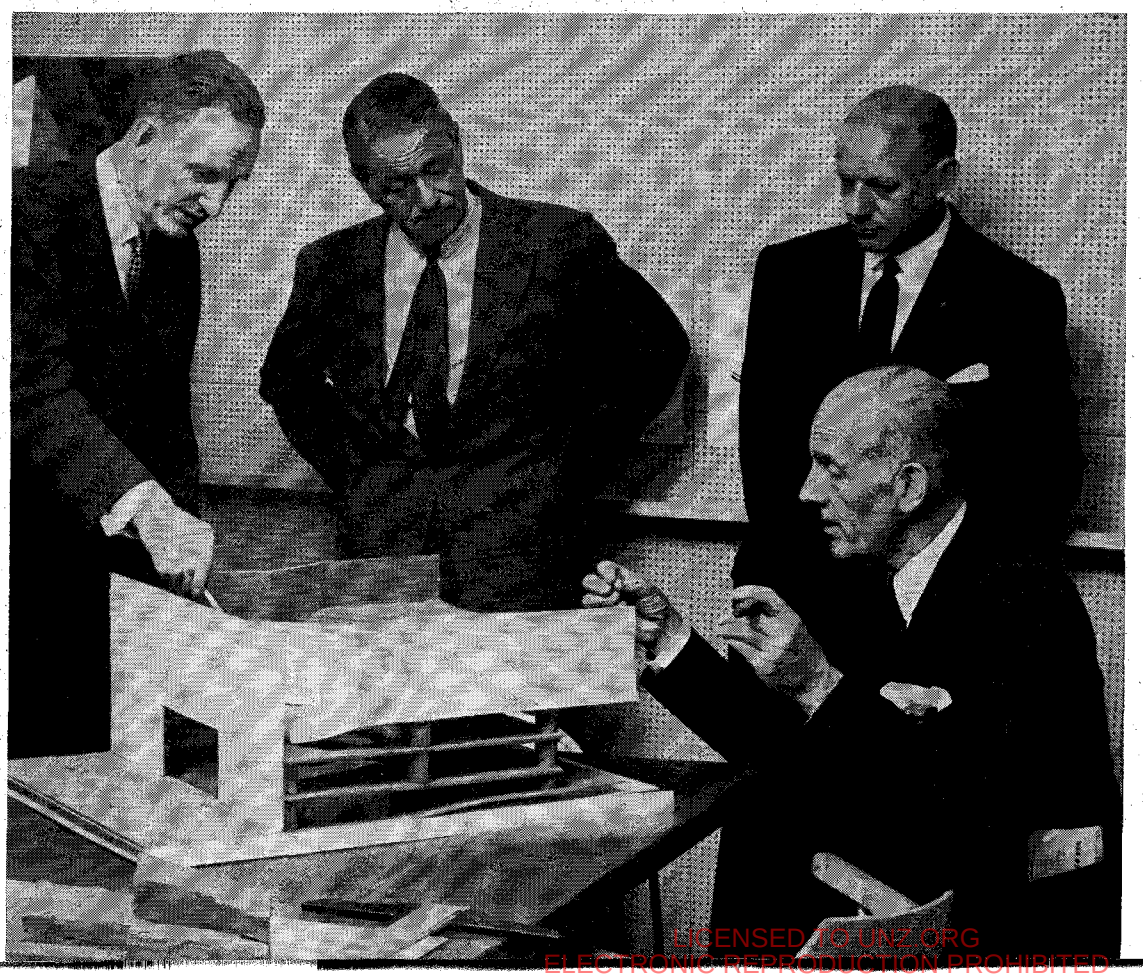
This drawing shows what the center will look like. At left, with eight-story glassed arches, is the proposed opera house. The building at right will be the Philharmonic's new home.

COLOSSUS on BROADWAY

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

Unparalleled in theatrical history is New York's new Lincoln Center project. Here is the story behind the $75,000,000 effort to establish a world center of the performing arts.

Below from left: John D. Rockefeller III, president of Lincoln Center, Charles M. Spofford of the Metropolitan Opera Association, William Schuman from the Juilliard School of Music, and Wallace K. Harrison, architect.



A sentimental saying along Broadway is that "there's no business like show business"—meaning that any guy or any doll with a song or a dance can dream of success on the street of bright lights and slightly broken hearts. It may seem preposterous, therefore, that the newest and most promising recruit to Broadway is John D. Rockefeller 3rd, who can't carry a tune, doesn't dance the rumba and was once suspected of suppressing a yawn while seated in the Golden Horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera House. But Rockefeller does have a dream—a multimillion-dollar dream that may prove more exciting than anything that has happened in show business since Good Queen Bess split her gloves applauding the *première* of Romeo and Juliet.

A lanky, retiring man, Rockefeller got into the entertainment world at the age of fifty as president of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Inc., a nonprofit corporation dedicated to establishing in the United States a unique focal point for the finest talent in music, dancing and drama. To achieve this immodest goal, the corporation expects—with the help of philanthropic organizations, of labor, business and civic groups and of the public generally—to raise approximately $75,000,000 for an American cultural center without parallel in history.

The realization of any ambitious civic plan obviously requires an organization dedicated to overcoming formidable and complicated difficulties, and Lincoln Center's brief corporate history already is studded with trials and tribulations. Lincoln Center, for example, is one phase (Continued on Page 75)

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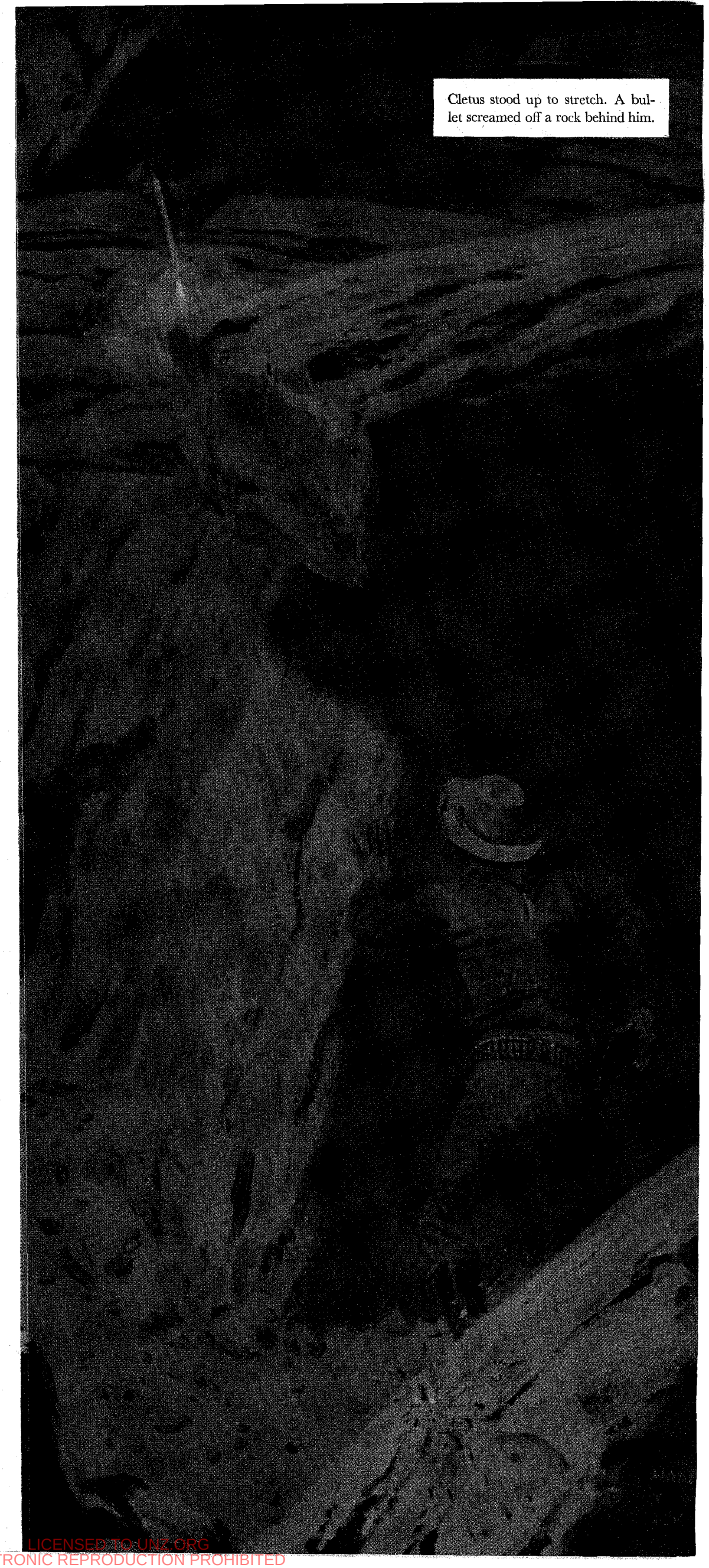
SHOWDOWN IN DEATH CANYON

By CHARLES A. STEARNS

His most dangerous enemy turned out to be the man who was once his friend.



Cletus stood up to stretch. A bullet screamed off a rock behind him.

The trouble had started, for Special Agent Clete Weber, on a payday evening. First off, he'd had a fight with old Bucknell, the superintendent, early that morning, and then the regular payday argument with Effie in the afternoon.

The latest idea that Effie had hatched in her lovely chucklehead was that they sure needed a new rig and a gaited horse like the one the division engineer's wife drove. No talking her out of it, and so he had tried to holler her out of it, and worked her up into a crying, door-slamming fit, and had to go without his supper. He was plenty mad, all right, about the time the big, silver-gray horse with the fancy rigging came up the road and turned in at the gate.

It was Billy Ashbold. He was whistling. It was all very well for Billy to whistle, for he had an easy job, a fine *remuda*, and he was a wealthy man once every two weeks. The women were crazy about him.

"Howdy there, Cletus," Billy said, taunting him. "I expected you would be all dolled up and ready to go into town."

"It seems quite a while since you worried about where I was going," he said.

"Now the fact is, Cletus, I don't get around much these days," Billy Ashbold said. "I tell you what, though. You come into Eagle City with me this evening, and we will throw one that'll make up for lost time."

"You know dang well I can't."

"Suit yourself," Billy said. He took a fat roll of greenbacks from his pocket and tossed it to Clete. "That there is my going-away money, which is my pay for the last four months, and I don't mind telling you it seemed more like four years. I am kissing this place good-by in the morning, and I'd be obliged if you'd hang onto my stake until then, for the fact is, I intend to wet my whistle this night, and I might give it all away."

Well, sir, the bitter taste in Clete Weber's mouth was envy. Once it had seemed the most natural thing in the world for Billy to (Continued on Page 44)

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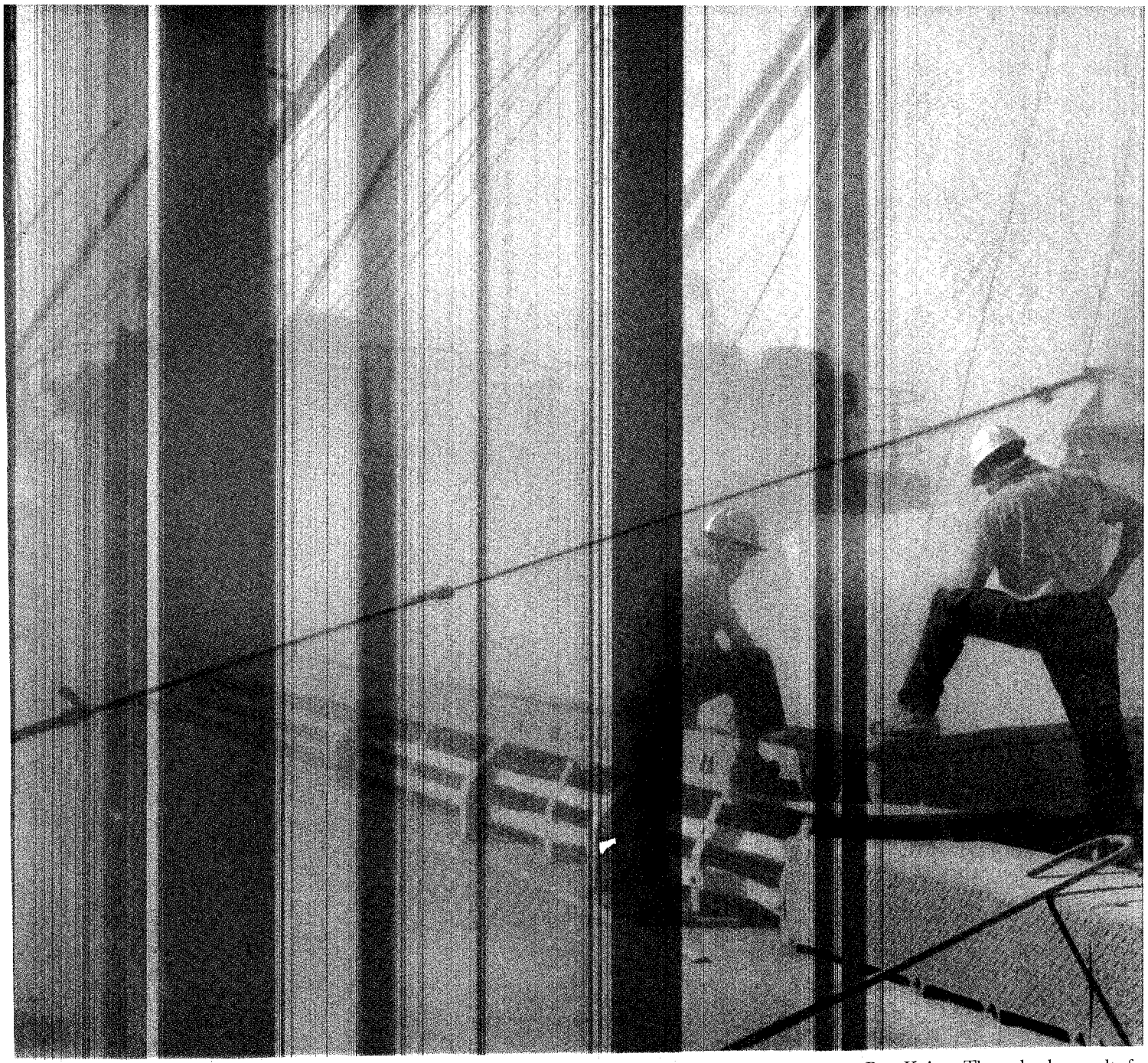
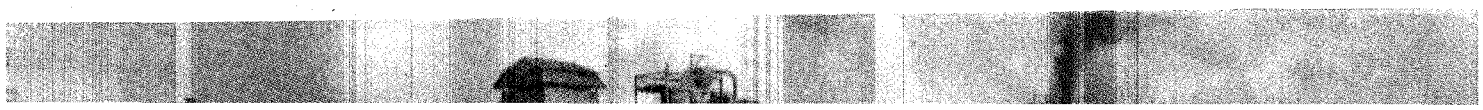


Powder-fine bauxite (aluminum ore) dust causes the eerie fog that envelops these workmen at Port Kaiser. The red color results fr



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This Dirt is Worth Millions

Powerful U. S. aluminum companies encountered many problems when they undertook to mine the valuable bauxite on the racially complex island of Jamaica.

By J. C. FURNAS

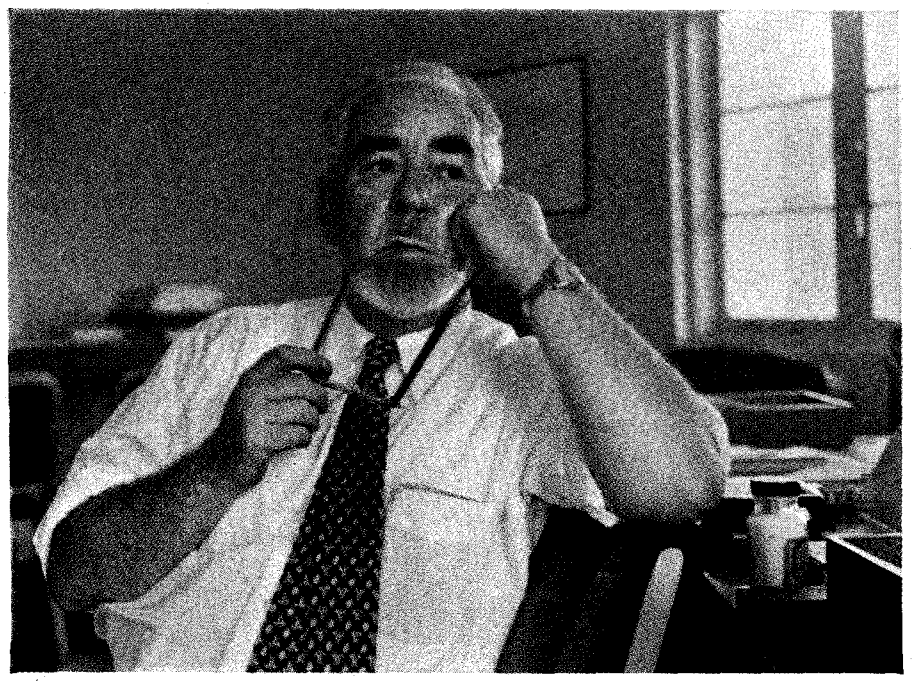
Visitors driving along the North Shore of Jamaica, largest island in the British West Indies, usually follow a highway passing through a colossal henna-red structure that looks partly like a steel mill, partly like a railroad bridge. Against the blue of Ocho Rios Bay and the deep greens of the tropical highlands, its red sheds and silos stand out—a Sunday painter's delight.

This is the port installation where the Reynolds Metals Company loads ships with bauxite—aluminum ore—for processing plants in Texas and Arkansas. Since most Jamaican bauxite is high in iron content, it is as red and clinging as lipstick. The captain of a bauxite ship told me that, after two Jamaican trips, he gave away the ship's cat because she was going crazy trying to lick the red dust off her fur. The dust is important stuff. Jamaica has lately become the world's largest single source of bauxite; every six tons makes a ton of aluminum, essential to the economic health of North America, and of Jamaica too.

Large, rich, foreign companies moving into small, poor countries can stir up trouble. By luck and good management, Jamaica has confounded pessimists by developing warm cooperation between the Socialist-flavored government of this essentially Negro island and three bauxite-mining companies—the Reynolds Metals Company, Aluminium Limited (of Canada), and the Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical Corporation. The companies have learned respect for the dark-skinned political leaders who make and administer island law. And Jamaican leaders of most political persuasions speak well of these alien, white-dominated, capitalist outfits.

"Jamaican" is used down here to mean local-born, without reference to race. Every government official with whom I talked bauxite, from the Chief (Continued on Page 73)

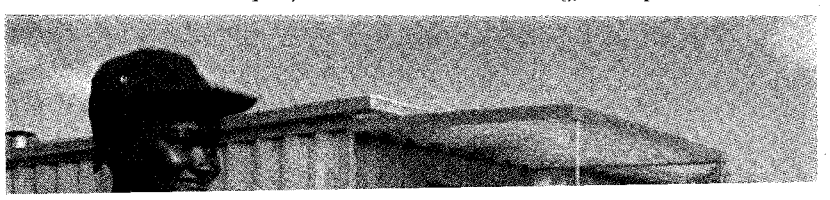
Photographs by Larry Keighley



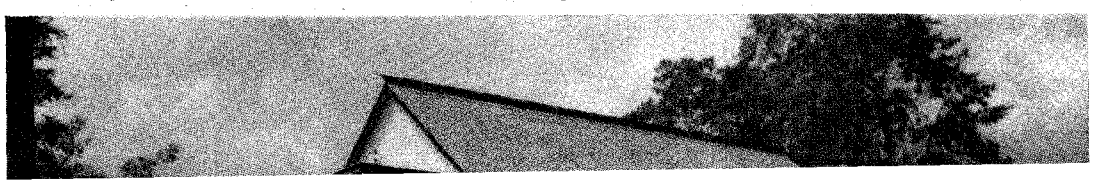
Dr. D. A. Bryn Davies, a Welsh geologist, helped prod Canadian interest in Jamaican bauxite. He is now president of Alumina Jamaica, the island's pioneer mining firm.

Above: Calypso singers entertain Reynolds executives and their wives. These men are Americans, but many of the plant's key personnel are natives.

Below: Kaiser resettles many native laborers in these prefabricated houses, made of the company's own aluminum sheeting, with privies to match.



Below: The company-provided home of an AlJam foreman. Many of these dwellings include servants' quarters; the womenfolk, conscious of prestige, often insist upon household help.



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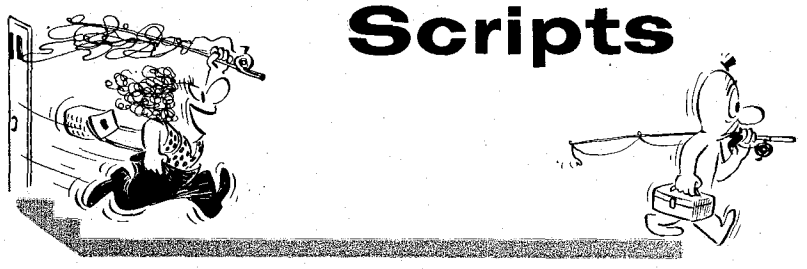
Post Scripts



Little Glimpses Into My Life

"No, thanks, Marty. I've been trying to give up smoking, and I haven't had one for nearly a week, so ——"
"Sure you wouldn't care for one?"
"Well, O.K. Maybe just one."

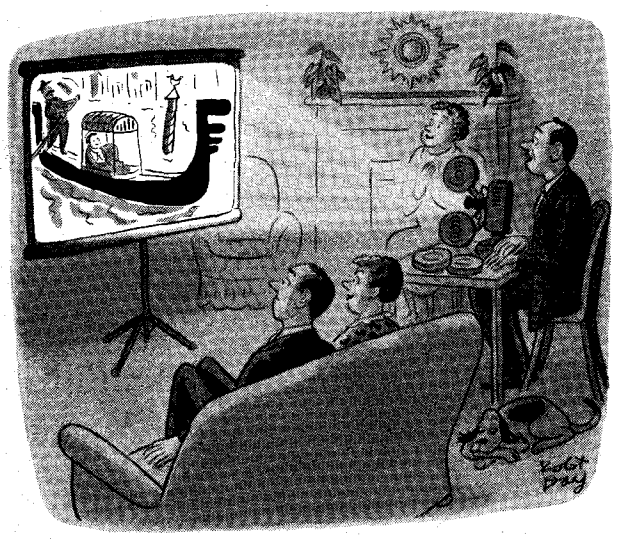
"Sorry we couldn't fit you in the $10.95 shoes, sir. However, here's a pair I think you might like. I'll put them on for you. . . . There we are."
"Say, those feel pretty good! How much?"
"Just $29.75."

"What say we choose up sides?"
"O.K. I'll choose Wendy."
"And I'll take Bob."
"Donald."
"Sarah."
"Barbara."
"Well, that leaves just Vern, so ——"

"Would you like to buy a box of Beaver Girls' cookies, sir?"
"No, little girl, I don't believe I'd ——"
"They're just fifty cents, sir."
"I don't believe I'd ——"
"They're real good, sir."
"Well, O.K.; give me a box. Let's see if I have some money here in my wallet. . . . There."
"I'm sorry, sir, but I don't have change for a dollar. Would you like to buy two boxes?"
"I —— Well, O.K.; give me another."

"And the winning number, ladies and gentlemen, is Two-eight-nine-zero——"
"I have it! I have it! I've won! I have it! I've ——"
"——four."

VERNON H. KURTZ

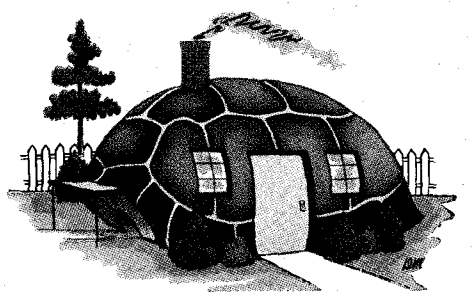


"——and so we say a fond farewell to four thousand six hundred eighty dollars and fifty-five cents."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

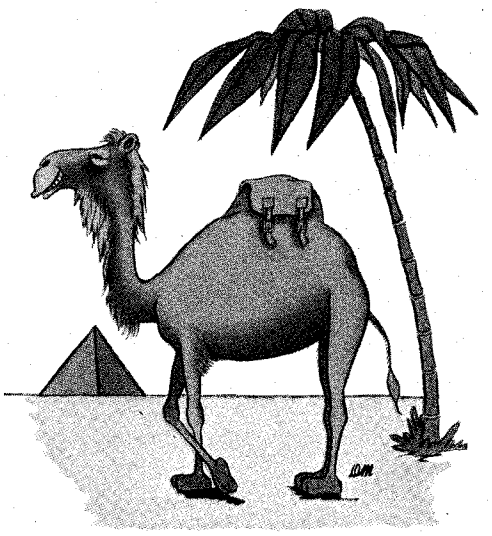
Rhymers Mein Grossfader Made

By Dave Morrah



Der Turtle

Mit flooren beneathen und roofen ontoppen,
  Ein turtle ben housekeepen sooner mit stoppen.
Der turtles insiden der housen ben stayen,
  Und never ben steppen outsiden mit playen!

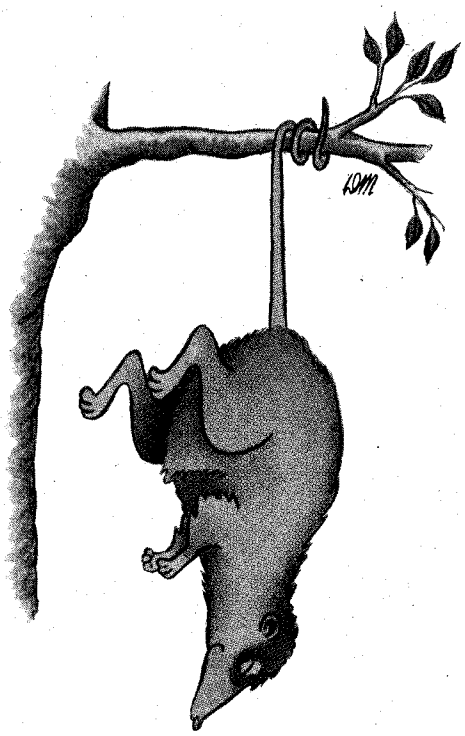


Der Camel

Der camel ben wearen acrossen der backen
  Ein humper resemblen ein grosser knapsacken.
Und vas ist insiden ist nicht ben outspillen,
  Becausen das hump ben mit camel upfillen!

Das Anteater

Das anteater snifflen mit tonguer outflicken
  Ben eaten der ants mit der quickisch uplicken.
Der ants mitout chewen ben downer gesliden;
  No doubten, das eater ist ticklen insiden!



Das Possum

Das slicktailen possum gefaken der sleepen
  Ben loaden mit youngischers crawlen und creepen.
Das possum der family nicht ben afforden,
  Excepten mit insiden roomen und boarden!

Identical Letters to Horseback Haven, Skindiver's Paradise and Huntsman's Haunt

Dear Sir: We went to Vista View
Last year and found it foggy;
We spent two weeks at Sundrench Beach,
Drenched daily until soggy;
We took a trip to Fishing Rock
And never got a nibble;
When we dropped in at Dripping Springs
They wouldn't even dribble;
At Skier's Slope "Who stole the snow?"
Was everybody's question;
We found our stay at Gourmet's Grove
A fortnight's indigestion;
I'm sure your place is justly famed,
But this year (can you blame us?)
We're searching for a spot without
A thing for which it's famous.

LOYD ROSENFIELD

Chanteuse

She sings in French,
  Night clubs demand her,
And all pretend
  To understand her.

BETTY ISLER

It Figures

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
  But he, with a chuckle, replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
  Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in, with a bit of a grin
  On his face as he kidded and spoofed,
And he started to sing, as he tackled the thing
  That couldn't be done ——

AND HE GOOFED.

HAL BLOCK

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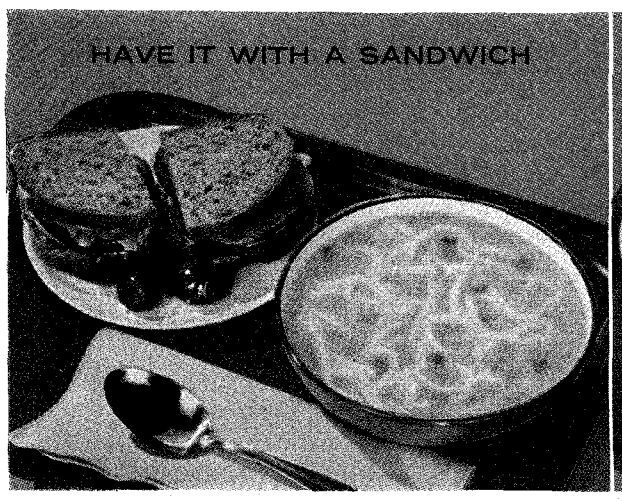
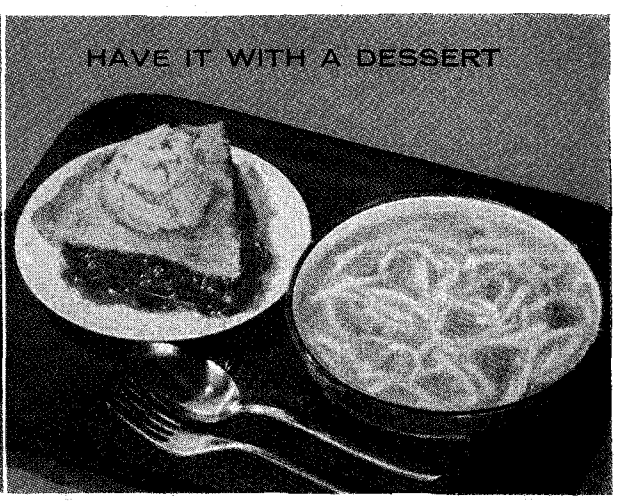
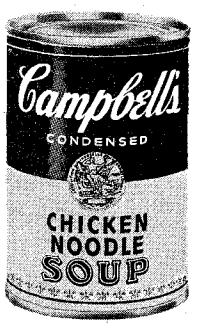
Have you had your soup today?

M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good!





Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup just "goes good" with everything! It's so delicious, so friendly to other foods. Taste that fragrant, golden broth . . . those tender pieces of chicken — both light and dark. And those enriched egg noodles that almost melt in your mouth. Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup adds warm pleasure to any meal. Enjoy it often, as the main dish at lunch, the appetizing first course at dinner. It takes only 4 minutes to prepare — costs less than 7¢ a serving!



Once a day... every day... SOUP— *Campbell's*, of course!

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I MARRIED MURDER

A sickening suspicion overcame me. What secret was my wife hiding?

By EDWIN LANHAM

"Murder Will Out" was the charade someone gave Stella Stewart to act out at a party welcoming her and me, Mike Stewart, back from our honeymoon. I was furious that someone should try to smear my wife's reputation.

A year ago, Jim Prescott—Stella's former husband—returned home unexpectedly from a business trip, surprised a burglar—according to Stella—and was shot.

George Duncan, an old classmate of mine and a business associate of Jim's, successfully defended Stella, who was suspected of the murder. However, the newspapers made a big play of two incidents: First, a gun her deceased husband had owned was missing ("I haven't seen it for weeks," she told the D.A.) and second, an orchid corsage was found in her icebox even though her husband had been away ("It belonged to my sister Mousie, who was visiting over the weekend").

I fell in love with Stella, despite her past, and we were married quietly in New York soon after we met. After a secluded honeymoon aboard my sailboat we returned to my home in Connecticut. Now in a game with my "friends" someone had played a cruel trick on Stella. I was determined to find out who.

II

It was one of the six on the opposite team who had chosen "Murder Will Out" for Stella, and I studied their faces. It was neither my mother nor Mousie, I was sure; they could be ruled out on grounds of family loyalty if nothing else. Elaine Wharton was a girl I did not completely understand, but her detachment and her keen interest in the progress of the game tended to eliminate her. Loyal, agreeable Joe Downs, who was as engaging as a toy bulldog, was also out of the question, I thought. That left Phil Hunter and Gladys.

As a Wall Street broker, Phil Hunter must know the story of Jim Prescott's death. When one of one's own kind is killed, a man generally takes an interest; there must have been plenty of discussion of the case at the lunch tables and bars of Wall Street, and Phil was a man who made a point of getting at essential facts. But was he vindictive? Was there any reason for him to make Stella miserable?

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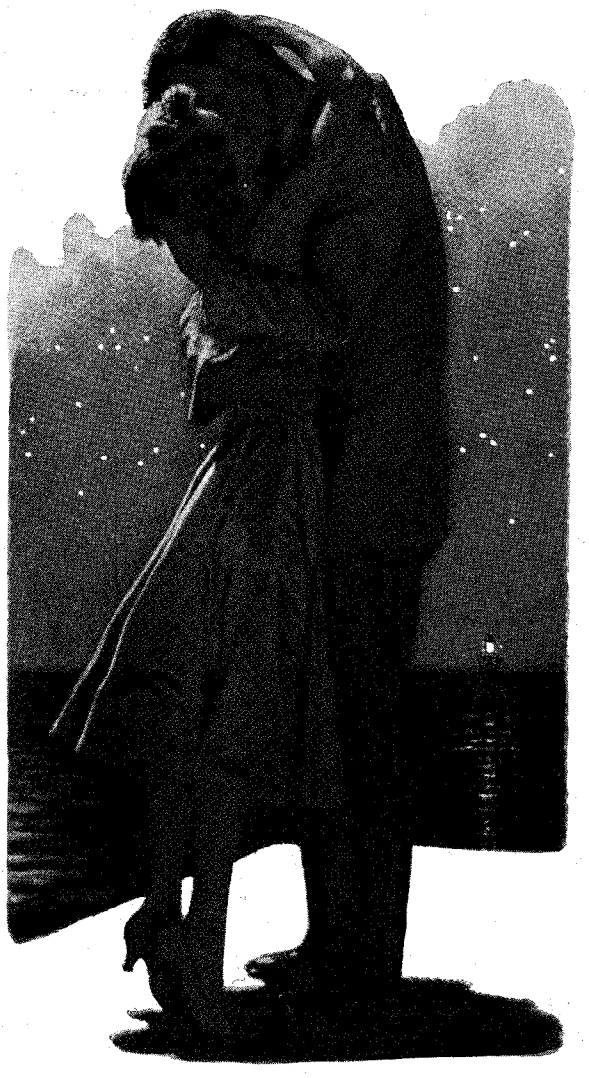
It left Gladys Bevans. Here was a charming, normal girl I had known since our teens. When she was thirteen, I had been a condescending eighteen. When I was graduated from Yale she had not yet been out of boarding school, and it was only when the bridge of years had narrowed that I took her one Saturday night to a dance at the yacht club. She had been twenty then and I twenty-five, and all at once we had become contemporaries—the five years meant nothing. I kissed her that night and she clung to me and murmured, "Mike, at last you've noticed that I'm a grownup."

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi



I took Mousie in my arms, lifting her almost clear of the ground.

But the Bevanses went abroad that summer and I was learning all I could about brass. It was the year my father died and I took over as head of the firm, and for me it was a time of trial and study. Gladys had another year at college and meanwhile I had become interested in a girl from Boston whose face now remained only a fading image in my memory. In fact, there had been a succession of girls, and I know that it came to be whispered about that I had remained a bachelor because I was so close to my mother. A man with such a reputation is a challenge to some girls and a stop sign to others, but the truth was that my mother never criticized any girl I introduced to her, never sought to influence my life, although I did suspect that she favored Gladys.

Now I was twenty-nine years old and near enough to thirty, and Gladys was twenty-four. In the past year we had seen a good deal of each other. The pressure of work at the foundry had slackened, and I felt that I had made a respectable record as my father's successor; I had squired Gladys about and I had often thought that it was time I got married, but nothing had come to a head. I simply had not been in love. I hadn't the faintest notion of what the emotion was until I met Stella.

Gladys had always been a casual, cheerful companion. Some girls might have forced the issue, but not she, and possibly it was because of my mother; possibly Gladys also had exaggerated my mother's influence and was waiting for the proper time to arrive in its own due course. But even granting that I had let Gladys down, I did not feel that I had hurt her so much emotionally as materially, practically. I had upset her plans and left her in an embarrassing position in the eyes of the community; no one likes to be the object of general sympathy. But for heaven's sake, I thought, if Gladys had been deeply in love with me I would have known it. I was not that obtuse.

It began to make sense to me. If Gladys had sincerely loved me and had been deeply wounded by my marriage, she still would not have taken recourse to venom and a desire to do injury to the girl I married—not a girl brought up as Gladys had been. If she did not love me, but had only made calculations for a future life built around me, her reaction might be bitter in a more self-willed way, with no purifying emotion to help her. I was no psychologist, but I knew something about competition, in life and in the brass business. What had been done tonight had been cruel and retaliating. A girl in love would not have done it; no nice girl would have done such a thing. I felt very much upset about Gladys, but I wanted to be fair. I was jumping to conclusions, I thought. I had no proof that it was Gladys who had done it.

The ill-chosen game was over at last and my mother said, with a graceful gesture of her hand, "I'm going to leave the field to you young people now. It's really past my bedtime."

"Listen to her," Sam Bevans said. "She's younger than I am, but look at her. How the devil does she manage to look twenty years younger?"

(Continued on Page 36)

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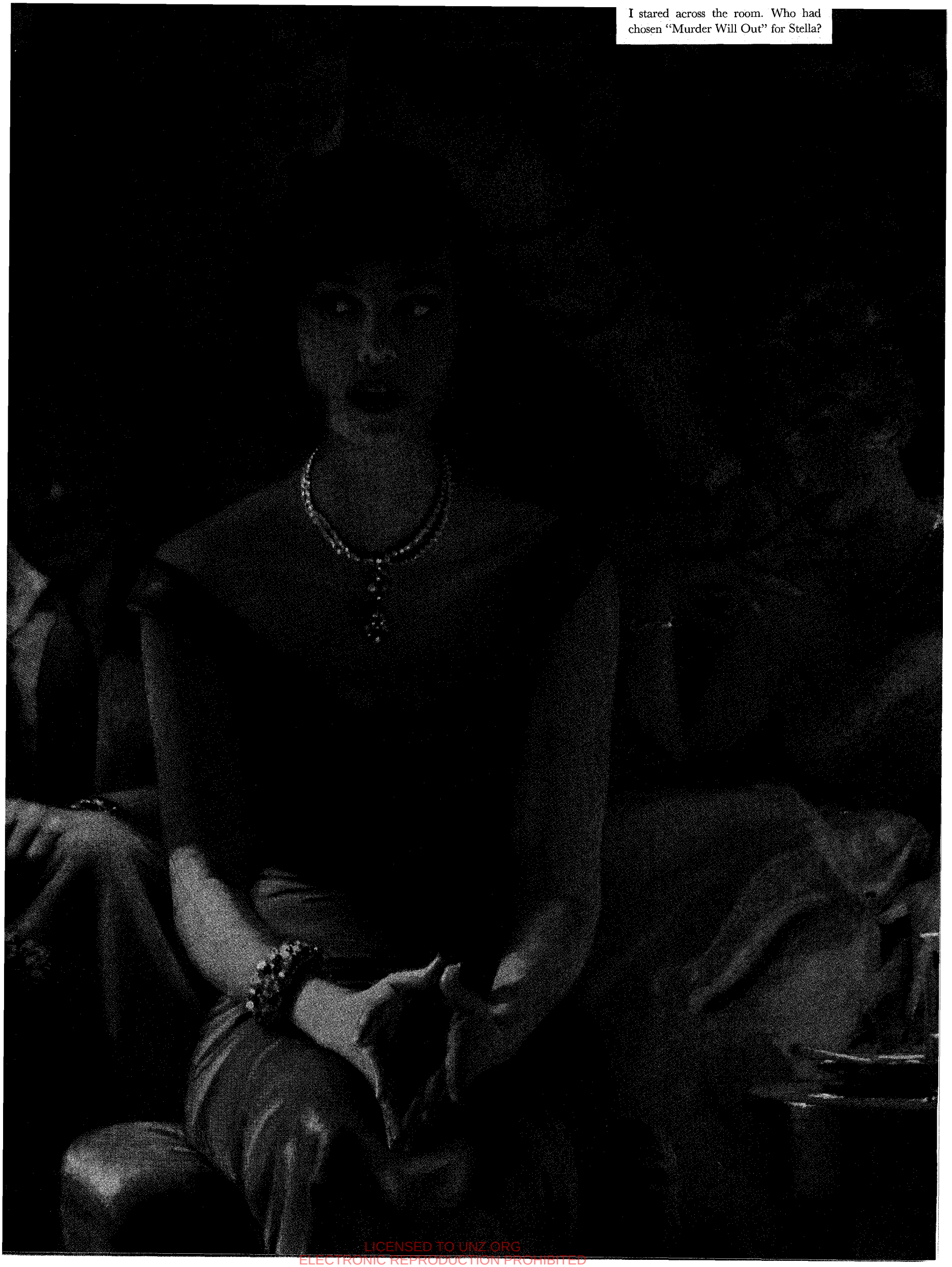

I stared across the room. Who had chosen "Murder Will Out" for Stella?

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(*Continued from Page 34*) My mother smiled and gave him a mock curtsy. She was fifty-one years old this year and she looked hardly forty. Her hair still was lustrous and her face was unlined, although the bone structure was somewhat more pronounced than it had been ten years ago; her eyes were still clear and youthful. I had always been proud of her good looks and her enduring bloom.

"I'll walk you home, mother," I said.

Out on the lawn in the night she took my hand and said softly, "It's hard to believe that you're married now, Mike, and starting a new life there in that same house."

"I only hope we can do as well as you and father did," I said.

The lights of the yacht club glittered across the water, and higher against the night sky were the quiet, dim riding lights of the boats at anchor. The breeze was still blowing from the southeast, but gently. It had carried us safely home and left us to emotional tempests ashore.

"Mother, who did it?" I asked.

She gave her head a slight shake. "I have no idea, Mike. We all wrote out suggestions and passed them to Elaine. I was talking to Gladys and Mousie—you know, I'm very much taken with that little Mousie—and I really wasn't paying much attention. I don't recall whether Elaine read out the list or not. I think not, because Sam Bevans was hurrying us, remember? If I had heard that one I certainly would have had it eliminated." She patted my hand. "Don't take it too hard. There was bound to be some little unpleasantness."

"But these are all my friends," I said.

We had climbed the steps to the broad porch of her house. The door stood open and a night light in the hall illumined my mother's face as she said gently, "Don't let it prey on your mind, Mike."

"It gives me an empty feeling," I said. "It's not the kind of thing you expect in the circle of your close friends."

"You're attaching entirely too much significance to it, dear," she said. "All right, someone gave Stella 'Murder Will Out,' to act out, but for heaven's sake, nobody thinks she murdered anybody."

"Good Lord, no," I said, stunned.

"She was an innocent victim of circumstance," my mother said. "My heart goes out to her. She seems such a fine girl, Mike. I'd say you've done well."

I nodded glumly.

"Now please don't worry about it any more," she said. "Stella has had a very hard time. We all know that. We're going to try to help her. It hurts me to see her looking so sad and tortured. An experience like that is enough to scar a girl permanently, and it's up to us to help her."

"Thank you, mother," I said.

"To begin with, we'll keep her busy," she said. "I'm planning a bridge party for Wednesday, and then there will be the dances at the yacht club and all that."

"I imagine Stella will want to take it sort of easy," I said.

"But don't you think we ought to bring her out of herself and get her solidly on her feet? If everybody pitches in, I think we'll bring that poor child around in no time."

"How do you mean, bring her around?"

"Don't you want to see her smile? Don't you want to hear her laugh?"

"She does smile, mother. She does laugh. There wasn't much to laugh about tonight."

"You're in love," she said with a wisely maternal air. "Mike, you don't see her as others do. Remember that little phoebe?"

"No, I don't," I said. "Phoebe who?"

"The bird, silly. You found it on the ground with a broken wing when you were just a little fellow, found it fluttering and helpless, and you made it a nest of cotton in a shoebox and dug worms for it to eat, but it wouldn't eat. It wasted away and died of shock and fright. You couldn't believe it was going to die. You couldn't believe it was badly hurt."

"I don't think much of that analogy," I said.

"You remember it, though?"

"Yes, I guess I remember it."

"Let's not put Stella in a shoebox full of cotton," she said. "Let's help her spread her wings and fly, shall we?" She kissed me lightly on the cheek and went into the house.

What she had said was not precisely comforting, but it was reassuring. It showed me that I would have my mother's active support and I knew how large was her fund of loyalty and sympathy. She would bring Stella out of her shell, I thought; she would show Stella that nothing in the past mattered, in spite of this vengeful incident of tonight.

The party had broken up and when I went into the house I found only George Duncan and Mousie remaining with Stella; both were weekend guests at my mother's house next door. I walked over to the sofa where Stella had sat, looked on the seat, lifted a cushion.

"Lost something, Mike?" Mousie asked.

"I was looking for that slip—Stella's slip."

"I have it here," Stella said. "Why?"

"It's in Elaine's handwriting, if that's what you're after," Mousie said. "Elaine copied off everything in her own precise way."

"Then where are the original slips?" I asked.

"Mike, skip it," George said.

"I think Elaine stuffed them in her handbag," Mousie said. "She didn't want to leave them lying around where one of your team might see them."

"George is right," Stella said in a weary voice. "Let's skip it."

"I want to get to the bottom of it," I said.

"Darling, it was just one of those unbelievable coincidences," Stella said. "Please disregard it. Please forget it."

"I can't just disregard it," I said. "I can't forget it. This is like sticking a knife in your back, and I want to know who did it."

"Will everybody please excuse me?" Stella said, getting suddenly to her feet. "I'm absolutely exhausted. I think I'd better go to bed."

"A good idea," George said. "Good night, beautiful. . . . Mousie, we'd better hop along, don't you think?"

"Good night, Stell," Mousie said promptly. . . . "'Night, Mike. See you in the morning."

I saw them to the door, and when I turned back Stella had already gone upstairs. I turned out the light and followed. The master bedroom at the south corner was dark and empty. I walked on and found Stella at the dressing table in the room where her belongings had been put, taking off her earrings.

"Stell, I'm moving our things to the room down the hall," I said.

She dropped an earring into a small jewelry box and put her fingers to the other ear. "I thought I'd just stay here for tonight," she said.

"Honey, I'm so sorry," I said. "I owe you an apology for what happened tonight. I never thought any friend of mine would do a thing like that."

"Mike, I said please forget it."

"I brought you here to my home," I said. "Here among people I've known all my life. I expected them to rally round. I expected them to help us, not stab us in the back."

She had taken off the other earring and she laid her palms flat on the dressing table, looking at me in the mirror.

"Mike, I think you've been too worried about people finding out," she said. "It is a fact. It happened. I'm afraid it worried you more than I knew."

"Naturally it worries me."

"What your friends think or say—that's what really worries you, isn't it?"

I met her eyes in the mirror and after a moment I said, "I suppose you mean I'm pretty conventional. Maybe you're right, Stell. Yes, I admit that's a fault of mine."

"And perhaps you made a terrible mistake in marrying me?" she said.

"Honey," I said, and put my arms around her, "don't ever think that. The best thing that ever happened to me was marrying you."

"But it would be so much nicer if I were fresh out of Wellesley," she said. "If I had never been married. If I had never been a widow. If I had never been a n-n-notorious woman called the Orchid Wife." She was sobbing, but the sounds were muffled against my shoulder as I picked her up in my arms.

I whispered in her ear, "I love you, Stell. None of that matters."

"I think it does matter," she whispered back.

"It doesn't."

"Put me down, Mike—please."

"Why?"

"I want to go to bed."

"Not in here," I said.

"My things are all in here."

"No," I said, and I carried her out into the hall.

That had very nearly been our first quarrel, but the quarrels of love are usually triggered by some inconsequential thing; as a matter of fact, our first real quarrel came three weeks later over nothing more serious than a lack of wind that made Mousie and me late for dinner.

Those three weeks were active weeks. I had a lot of work to catch up with at the brassworks, and at home Stella had a new house to set in order, a new routine to get under way, and my mother was on hand to help her. Living next door and sharing the great lawn together, we were a close unit, augmented on weekends by Mousie and George Duncan, who was footloose because Marion Peyton was summering in New Hampshire; often they stayed with my mother, who liked to have company in that big house, now that I had moved out.

The first problem was finding a cook. Margaret, my mother's cook, sent us a friend of hers for a trial, but the food came late and badly cooked and Stella had to let her go.

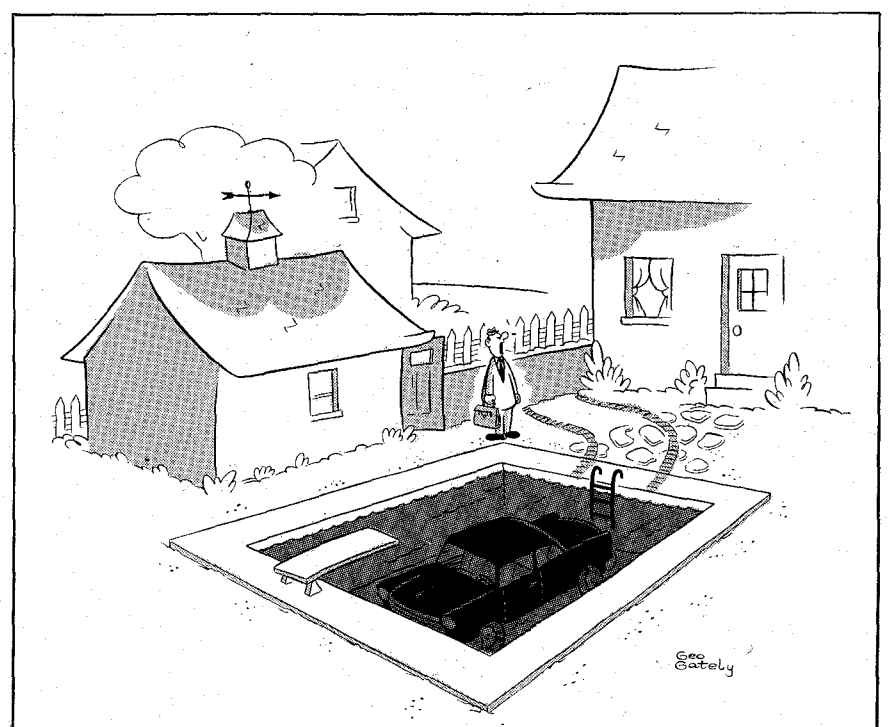
"Perhaps I know where to find another girl," my mother said. "Gladys told me the other day that Bernice, who worked for the Whartons before she got married, wants to go back to work, but not for the Whartons. She thinks Charlie is too overbearing. Want me to call Gladys and check?"

Stella glanced at me, then said, "Yes, we'd appreciate it."

Bernice arrived, and made herself indispensable the first day. The house was spotless, the dinner was superb, and she even knew how to make Turkish coffee. Of course, Bernice had faults, but only to a degree to make us further treasure her. She was upset if anyone was late for dinner, and would sulk and rattle dishes in the kitchen. It became a matter of importance to keep Bernice contented, and Gladys had particularly warned me, when she called to say that Bernice would take the job, "Don't be dictatorial with her. She left the Whartons because of Charlie, you know. You'll have to handle Bernice like a fragile flower."

We did, and we were grateful to Gladys. It was strange, but I suppose typical, that our relations had leveled off quite normally. I had no proof that she had been responsible for "Murder Will Out," and I realized that I had returned from our honeymoon ready to bristle at any reference to Stella's past; actually I had been looking for trouble and it was entirely possible that the use of the phrase had been only coincidental. I became inclined, like Stella, to follow the tolerant course and let it pass.

And time—even a few weeks of it—could work wonders. Stella had attended my mother's bridge party, she had played bridge another time at Elaine's house, and we had been out to dinner several times—at the Whartons', at the Downses', and, of course, (*Continued on Page 38*)



"Ethel!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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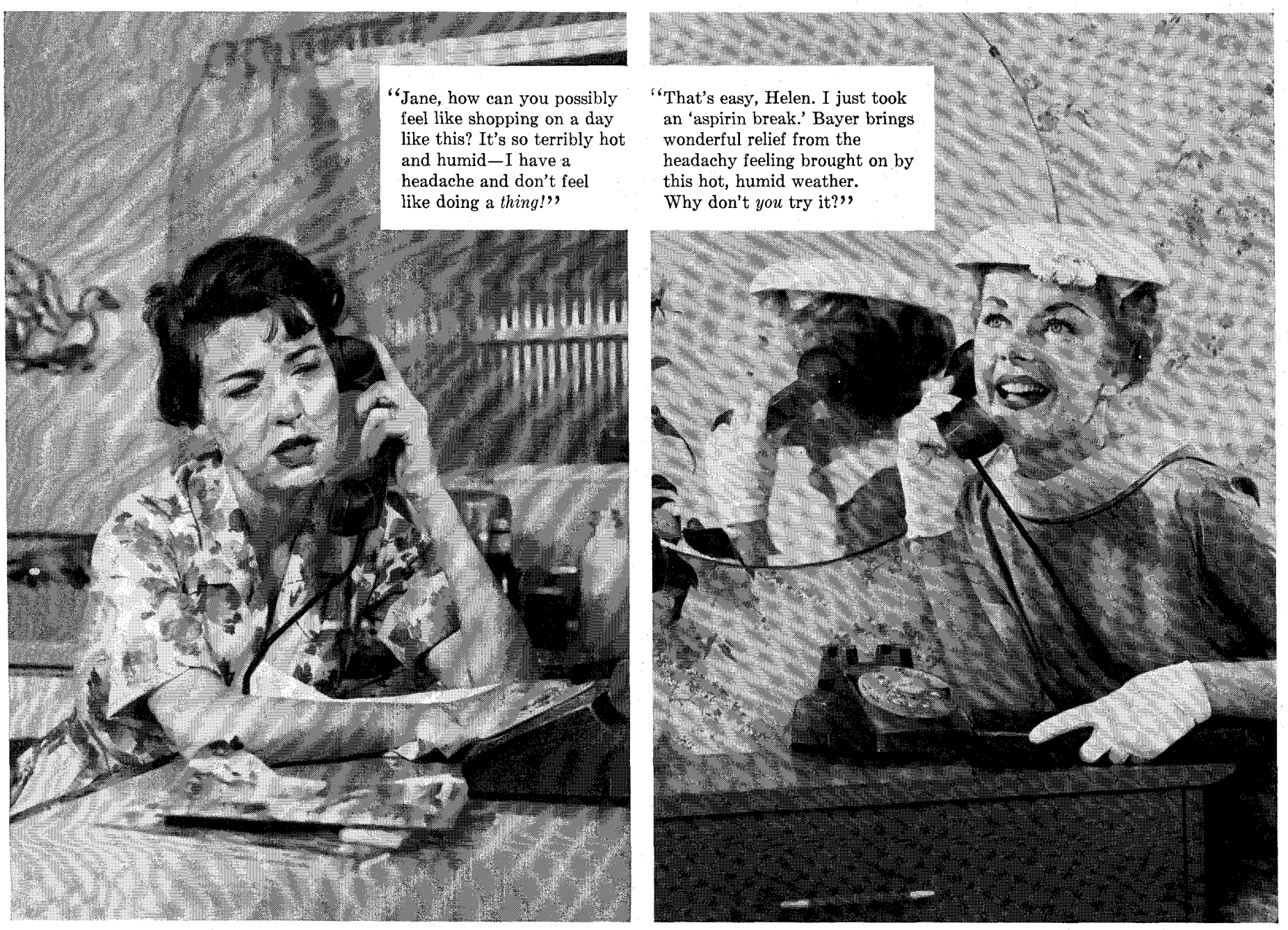
Feeling tense, fretful, washed-out from a headache due to

HOT WEATHER FATIGUE?

Take an "aspirin break"...

Take BAYER...relax...You'll feel better fast!

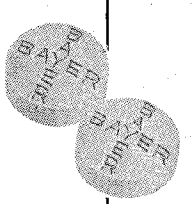

"Jane, how can you possibly feel like shopping on a day like this? It's so terribly hot and humid—I have a headache and don't feel like doing a *thing!*"
"That's easy, Helen. I just took an 'aspirin break.' Bayer brings wonderful relief from the headachy feeling brought on by this hot, humid weather. Why don't *you* try it?"

Yes, the word is getting around. You don't *have* to suffer from the annoying headache or irritating aches and pains that are so often caused by "hot weather fatigue." To feel better *fast*, just take an "aspirin break"... take Bayer...relax...and you'll be amazed at how quickly it has you feeling fine again!

One reason why Bayer brings such fast relief is that a Bayer tablet disintegrates *on its way* to your stomach. That means it enters your stomach in a delicate shower of soft, tiny flakes. Thus, it's ready to go to work *instantly*—without delay—to bring the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief you can get!

BAYER BRINGS FASTEST RELIEF

The fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief you can get from pain!



PRESCRIPTION FOR RELAXING

1. When you feel tense, fretful from a headache, first take two Bayer Aspirin.
2. Then, relax. Sit down... put your feet up and rest awhile.
3. This brief rest plus Bayer will have you feeling better *fast*, so you can face the heat with a smile. Try it.

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(*Continued from Page 36*) next door at mother's. We had not played that damned game again, however. These social occasions had been pleasant enough, normal enough, but after the first flurry of activity, Stella had seemed to run out of gas. She spent hours by herself reading, and although she remained pleasant and considerate—a good wife—she showed that emotionally she was spent and that most of all she needed rest.

I tried to help her take more interest. I bought her a new car—a convertible with every possible mechanical gadget—but she cared little for material possessions other than clothes. The next gift would be jewelry, I decided, and my mother agreed.

"Stella hasn't lived the sort of outdoor life we always have, son," she said. "She's more the hothouse type."

She might almost have said "orchid type." Matters that are left unspoken have a way of coming to the surface in little slips of the tongue and there was a tacit agreement among us all not to refer to the night of our homecoming or to Stella's former marriage. It was best all around during this difficult period of adjustment.

But the summer months are tonic months, and I waited for them to take effect. They are a time for relaxation and good spirits. My one disappointment was that now that the honeymoon cruise was over, Stella showed little interest in sailing. I took the Kiewieden out only once in those three weeks, with Mousie and the Downses aboard, and on two weekends I let Joe and Molly Downs use the sloop. I stood on the bank and waved them off as they got up sail—once with Phil Hunter and Gladys, another time with a junior executive from the brass foundry and his wife. I did not care to sail off and leave Stella ashore, but I hoped that she would come around in time for the annual yacht-club cruise. I brought it up well in advance, but she was adamant; she would not go.

"But I want to go, Stella!" Mousie cried. "Please, you must say yes!"

"Then you go," Stella said.

"Just Mike and me?" Mousie laughed like a wicked schoolgirl. "We couldn't do that."

"I didn't mean you and Mike precisely," said Stella. "Why not take Joe and Molly Downs along? They aren't boat owners. I should think they'd love to go."

"Mike, how about it?" Mousie asked.

"I'll sound Joe out," I said. "But there's no hurry. The cruise isn't until the middle of August."

Mousie was a frequent visitor. She came down weekends with George Duncan, calling herself "Marion Peyton's stand-in," and often telephoned during the week and came down on the spur of the moment, staying either with us or next door with my mother. I had found her an engaging child. We swam together and played badminton on the lawn or tennis at the yacht club—a game Stella had unfortunately never taken up—or we sailed a little fourteen-foot sloop in the bay, one of a class that the kids raced locally and which I had owned since I was fifteen.

It was in this sloop, on a hot, windless day, as we drifted with the tidal current outside the harbor, that I said, "You're active like a mouse, Mousie. You're cute like a mouse. But generally the word 'mousie' refers to somebody who is sort of colorless and unobtrusive. How did you get a nickname like that?"

"Oh, I'm pretty colorless," she said.

She was wearing shorts and a boy's white shirt, and sat in the shallow cockpit across from me with her knees drawn up higher than her head; she had long legs for her size—long and very shapely legs—so that the act of walking seemed to be the act of managing those legs—the sort of thing a man watched with a rather active interest. It was a lucky thing that I was married to her sister, I had thought more than once; Mousie was a rather enchanting little creature and could have been a menace to a man's peace of mind.

"Do you think children should have pets?" she asked suddenly.

"Of course. What is childhood without a pet?"

"I never had one," she said. "I had a goldfish once, but nobody told me you were supposed to change the water, and he died. His name was Pedro. But a goldfish isn't much of a pet, is it?"

"I wouldn't know," I said. "I had five dogs."

"You were lucky. I always wanted a dog."

"Why didn't you have one?"

"You don't know much about us, do you—Stella and me?"

"Don't I?"

"Naturally you know we're not even sisters," she said. "My mother married her father when both of us were already us. Stella is six years older, so I was very much the baby sister. I was the one who wore the hand-me-down clothes; and out of the mothballs, at that. I was the one who had Stella held up to me as an example. When I was seven she was thirteen. Of course she behaved better than I did."

"Still," I said, "the question was how you got the name of Mousie."

"After my father died—when I was quite little—I lived with an aunt," she said. "My mother went off to St. Louis and I was living in a little Missouri town with my aunt. She couldn't stand animals—that's why I never had a pet except Pedro. He was one of those Japanese goldfish with butterfly fins. My mother sent him to me for Christmas, so, of course, my aunt couldn't object. You have no idea what a tragedy it was when Pedro died."

"Maybe I do," I said. "I remember a bird named phoebe. That is, the bird was a phoebe. I don't recall that I gave it a name. But how about 'Mousie'?"

"I had a lovely doll that closed its eyes and said 'Mamma,'" Mousie said. "I got it that same Christmas, and after Pedro died, I made a brilliant discovery. A girl could possess what she wanted by proxy, I found out. Maybe I couldn't have a pet, but my doll could, so I not only had a doll but I had a doll with a pet, so I had a pet too. It was a Mickey—you know, with big ears. It was my doll's dog and it had a collar made of tinfoil and a leash of gold chain that came off a locket, and everywhere my doll went the dog went too; and naturally I was there, in charge of everything."

"A Mickey?" I said. "You mean a mouse?"

"Yes, a dead Mickey Mouse," she said. "After three days, they found it and took it away from me."

I laughed and saw how her eyes rolled up resentfully under her high, childlike forehead. "I'm sorry for laughing, Mousie," I said. "Or would you rather I called you Eleanor?"

"No; please call me Mousie."

I glanced at my watch. "We'd better get some wind pretty soon," I said. "We're going to be awfully late."

"What of it?" she said. "Are you afraid of Stell?"

"No, I'm afraid of Bernice."

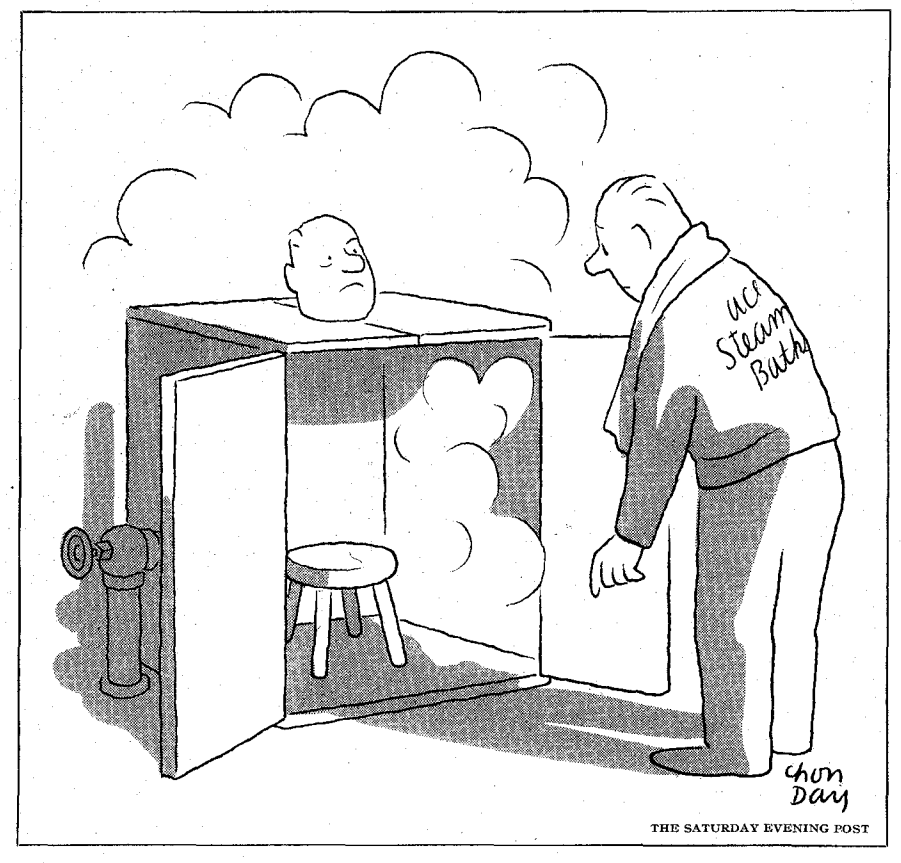
"I get your point," she said. "Let's blow on that sail. All together now, let's huff and puff."

She and George had come down for the weekend and were staying with us. George did not care for sailing and was happy to remain ashore with Stella. They liked to sit under a white-oak tree on the lawn, talking, while George sipped his gin-and-tonic. They had interests which I did not share—the theater, which usually didn't compensate me for two hours of sitting in one place; and books, which I must say I have little time to read. A man in charge of an enterprise, even a rather modest brass foundry, has to keep up, and my leisure hours usually were occupied with the active sports.

No wind came that afternoon, and at last a lobsterman I knew gave us a tow into the harbor and cast us loose at the mooring. I made the boat fast and rowed us ashore in the skiff, and we found George and Stella waiting on the porch.

"It's about time," Stella said. "Bernice is in a rage. Please hurry and change."

There were spots of color on her cheeks, and George stood by with his hands in his pockets, softly whistling a tune. I had seen the color of Stella's anger that homecoming night; of course it wasn't so much anger now as irritation. And I didn't blame her. We should never have gone outside the harbor where the tidal currents set in strongly on the ebb. I was familiar with the tides; I should have managed better.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When I went up to change, Stella followed me up the stairs. She sat on the bed as I buttoned my shirt, picking at a thread on the counterpane, gazing off now and then at the still water of the bay. The sun had set and darkness was coming on fast.

"I know it wasn't your fault," she said. "But you know how Bernice is. George and I waited and waited and Bernice kept popping out to look for your sail."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'd hate to lose Bernice."

"Why? Because she's a good cook?"

"Name me a better reason."

"Is that all you care about—whether the cooking is good at home? Is that all a home means to you, Mike?"

"It helps," I said.

She was looking at me steadily. "You've changed since we came home, Mike. Sometimes I feel as if we were strangers."

"I don't feel that I've changed, honey. I'm just the same."

"Maybe that's what I'm finding out, then," she said.

I looked at her. "What's the trouble, Stell?"

"There's no trouble," she said. "I guess I'm just the traditional neglected wife."

"Neglected?" I cried. "What are you talking about? I'm home every night. I rush home from the office as fast as I can. I got you a new car. I do everything I can to make you happy. It's not my fault if you don't want to go out any more."

"No, it's not your fault," she said dryly.

"And George has been keeping you plenty of company," I said.

"Until Marion Peyton gets back from New Hampshire," she said. "We won't see much of George after that. They're planning to announce their engagement in October." She smiled. "So don't be jealous."

"I'm glad you two have so much in common," I said.

"And meanwhile there's Mousie," she said.

I looked at her. "Who's jealous?"

"Maybe I am, to be honest," she said. "Sailing, tennis, swimming—every minute of the day. People are going to wonder who's who around here."

"Will you go sailing?" I demanded. "No. Will you play tennis? No. Will you go out dancing? No."

"Oh, it's all right with me," she said. "I know that Mousie can be a lot of fun. She certainly tries hard enough. She knocks herself out."

"That's unkind, Stella," I said.

"*I'm feeling rather unkind tonight.*"

"Is having dinner on time that important?"

"It's damned important," she said, and walked out of the room.

If she was angry, so was I—perversely and for no good reason. Or perhaps there was a reason. Perhaps I had been unconsciously leaving her on the sidelines; it was all part of the whole picture, keyed to the grating note that had been struck on the night of our homecoming.

I went down to the kitchen and made peace with Bernice. She had a strong sense of time and order rather than a bad disposition, and before I left the kitchen I had her laughing. The dinner started out cheerfully, although quite late, and before we had finished, a fresh breeze came up and (*Continued on Page 42*)

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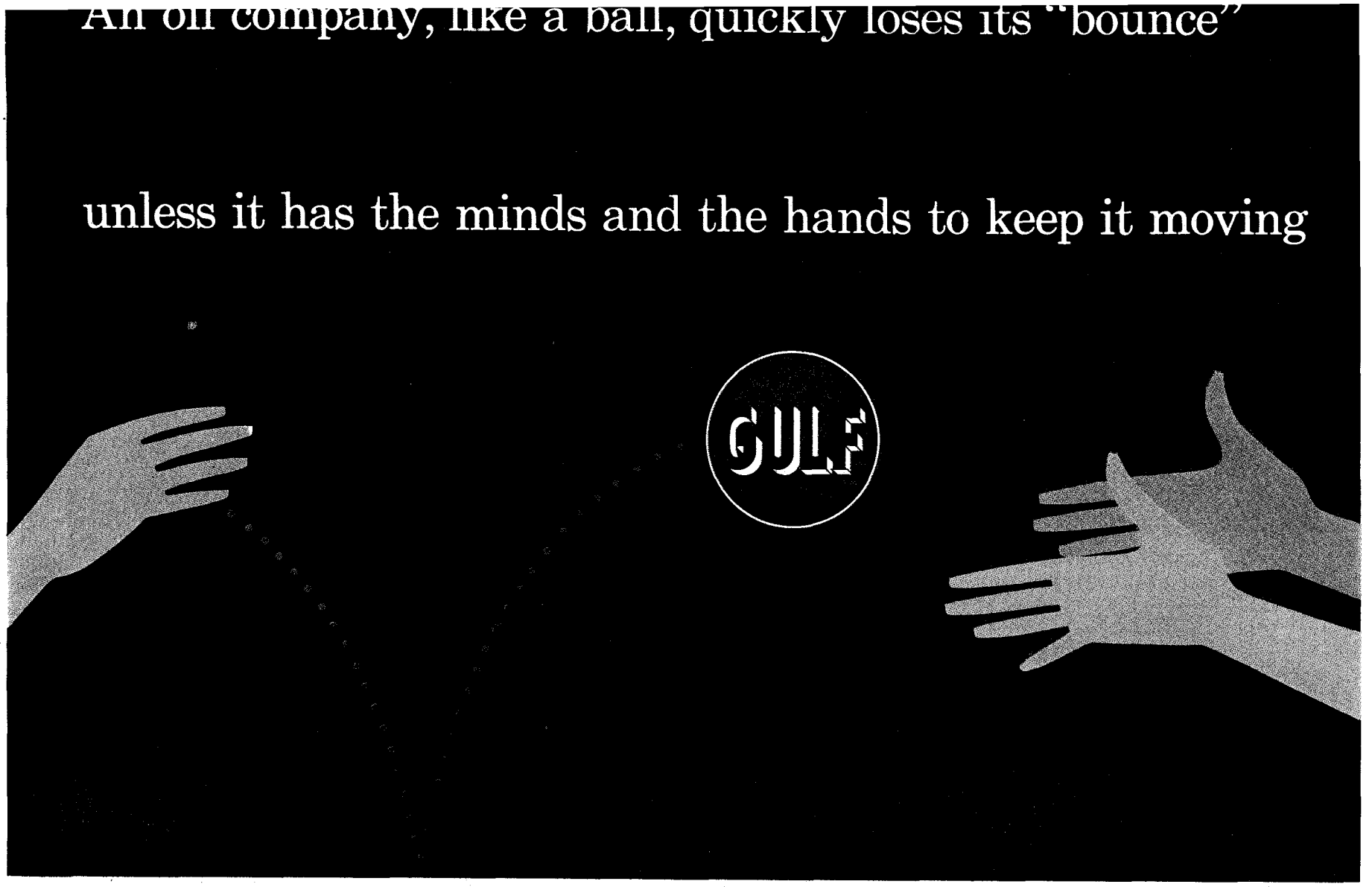
An oil company, like a ball, quickly loses its "bounce"

unless it has the minds and the hands to keep it moving



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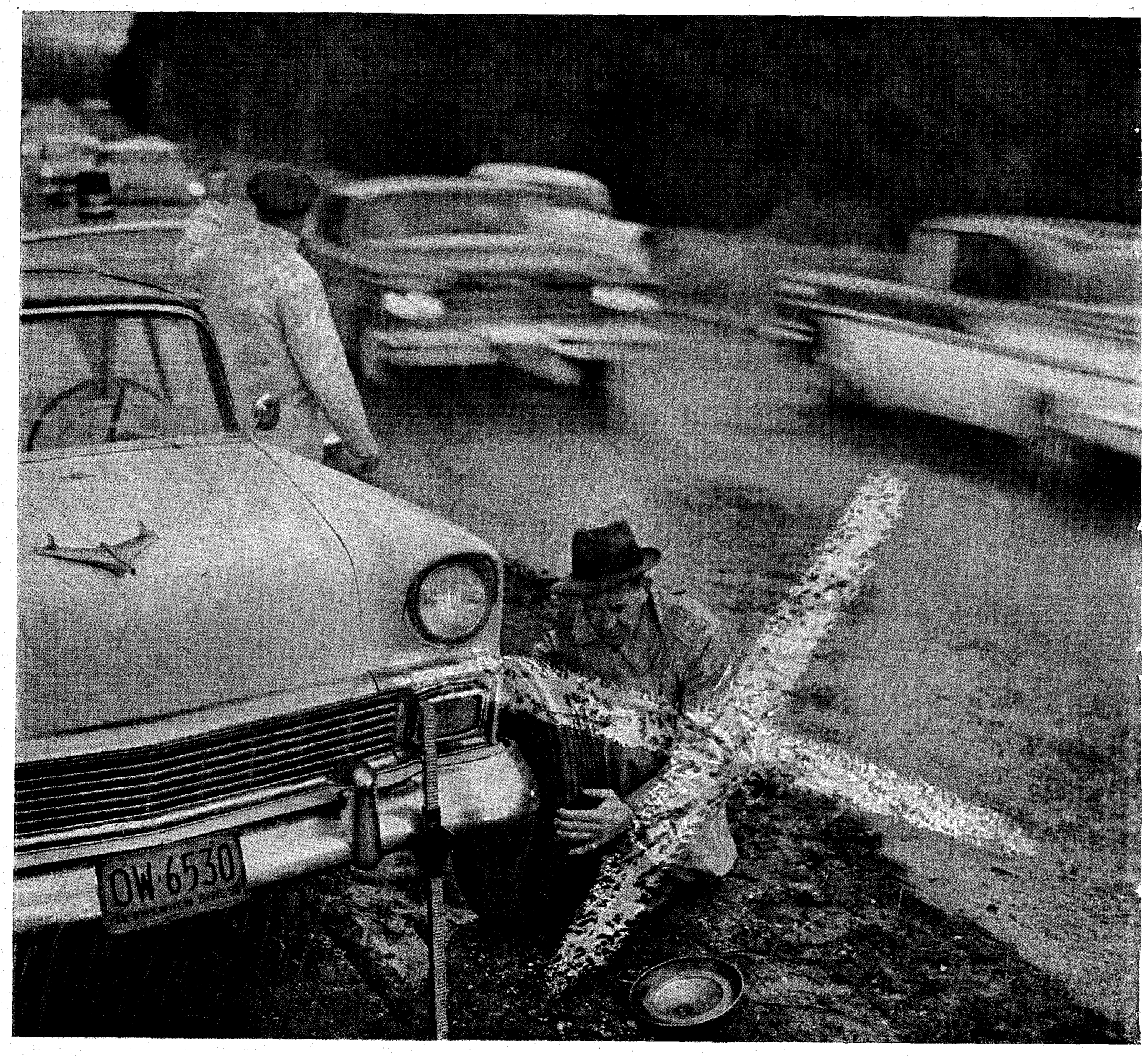

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Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV—every other Monday, 9:30 P.M., E.D.T.

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fety principle from Goodyear that can mean:

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New Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield lets you drive . . . *on air* . . . for 100 miles or more in the event of a puncture or blowout!

Designed to end blowout worries! Only the air in the outer chamber escapes in the event of a blowout. Reserve air inside the nylon-and-steel "inner spare" supports your car safely!

Designed to end puncture worries! This new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield acts like a suit of armor—actually bends nails! You drive safely on . . . on air.

Now *you* pick the place for repairs—not your tires! Goodyear's new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield is actually an inner spare. It is so strong—so safe—that it fully supports the car in the event of a puncture or blowout.

This nylon-and-steel built-in spare lets you drive 100 miles or more, if necessary, to a service station.

Proved in 3 million miles of driving. Taxi fleets equipped with this revolutionary new safety principle drove 3 million miles with only 4 roadside delays. That's only *one* tire change for the equivalent of 30 trips around the world.

The Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield fits two great Goodyear tires—the new Double Eagle and the new Nylon Custom Super-Cushion.

Both are made with triple-tempered 3-T Nylon Cord (a Goodyear exclusive) to give you a rugged *first line* of defense against all road hazards.

Goodyear tires with this incredibly safe tire-within-a-tire principle are now original equipment on some of America's finest automobiles. Aren't they the tires for your car—especially if your wife or children drive?

They're at your Goodyear dealer's now. Liberal allowance for your present tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

THE BLUE CIRCLE OF SAFETY means that these tires can be equipped with the new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield at moderate extra cost.

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(*Continued from Page 38*) brought to us from far across the water the call of music.

"It's Saturday night," I said. "There's a dance over at the yacht club. Why don't we all go over?"

"Why not?" George Duncan said.

Stella's eyes sought mine.

"Please, Stell," Mousie said. "You should get out more. You should have more fun. Everybody says so."

"That's right, Stella," I said.

"I'd feel like a turtle in a goldfish bowl," Stella said. "One of those souvenir turtles with something painted on its back—for example, 'Quarantine' or 'Danger—radioactive.'"

There was a moment's silence; then I said, "Oh, cut it out, honey. People are just waiting for the chance to make you welcome."

"The fact is that I have a headache," Stella said. "I was planning to beg off early and take a couple of sleeping pills and go to bed. I wish you three would please go."

"You ought to see a doctor about those headaches," I said.

Mousie said, "Let's do go, George. How about it?"

"I don't like to go off and leave Stella, kid."

"Stella doesn't mind. She wants us to."

"You and Mousie go, George," I said. "Stella has a headache and I have some work I might as well do. Go on. Have fun."

They went up to change and Stella sat down under a reading lamp and picked up a book. She continued reading after George and Mousie had gone off to the dance, and I went into the library and tried to read a dull technical report, but I could not keep my interest on the fluctuating price of copper. I poured myself a drink and did not touch it. I lubricated a fishing reel. I got out my duck gun and added protective grease to the barrel against the corrosion of the salt air.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, go over there to the yacht club," Stella said. "Isn't that what you want to do?"

"If you'll come with me."

"No, I'm going to bed."

"If you're really going to bed, then I might as well go over to the dance," I said.

"Sure, go ahead."

"You don't mind?"

"Mike," she said, putting down her book, "you do what you want to do. I'm not your mother. You don't have to ask my permission."

"That was an unpleasant crack," I said.

"There are a number of unpleasant facts in life."

"I'm not under the influence of my mother," I said. "Not unduly. She has never tried to exercise control over me."

"She's wise," Stella said. "I think I'll take her as my model. Now go on. Go dance."

"Damn it, I will," I said.

I stamped up the stairs and changed into cummerbund and white jacket. But I felt guilty when I went downstairs again, and I hesitated in the living room to say, "Honey, I wish you'd change your mind. Come on. Do something on the spur of the moment. It will be good for you."

Suddenly she laughed and got to her feet. "Oh, for heaven's sake get out of here," she said. "Here, kiss me. . . . Feel better now? Feel a little less guilty?"

She was a perceptive wife. I had felt guilty, and as I went out to my car I had a feeling of escape, in spite of the kiss. I had a feeling of shucking off responsibilities, and I drove very fast to the highway bridge and back to the yacht club across the river. The club stood on the edge of marshland, where a tidal estuary known as Oyster Creek emptied into the harbor. It had started in a modest way as a one-story frame building, but had grown haphazardly with the addition of first a bar, then a ballroom, a snack bar and bathhouses. The buildings formed an L shape facing the water, and a broad veranda extended the length of all of them. Tennis courts had been built and sand imported for a beach, and there was an asphalt parking space for two hundred cars at the edge of the marsh.

The ballroom was crowded tonight. I saw the usual backwater of youngsters who danced with the same partner all evening, forlornly unwitting prisoners of the system of going steady that cursed their generation, but among the older couples there was cutting in and exchanging of partners and, I must say, more laughter.

As I reached the door Charlie Wharton slapped my shoulder and said, "Welcome, stranger," and there were greetings from others in a similar vein. Only Joe Downs asked about Stella. I told him she was down with a headache.

Gladys waved to me from the floor, where she was dancing with Phil Hunter, and when I cut in, she said, "It's good to see you again, Mike. Stella not here?"

"No, not tonight."

"I'm glad she let you out, at least," Gladys said, with a light in her eye that was more mischief than malice.

We danced in silence for a while. It was like old times and I enjoyed it, but I had no special feeling for Gladys. I had not forgotten "Murder Will Out." I had forgiven, but not forgotten.

"Going on the cruise?" she asked.

"No, not this year."

"But you've never missed before, Mike." She drew her head back to look at me.

"I've already had my vacation this summer. I have to get in there and put my shoulder to the wheel. Besides, I'm getting a little bored with sailing."

"That's sudden, isn't it?"

"No, it's been coming on for a long time."

"But Joe Downs said you asked him and Molly to go with you."

"I mentioned it," I said, "but there's been a change in plans."

After this afternoon, I thought, after the unpleasantness tonight, I had no intention of going cruising with Mousie and leaving Stella at home. There seemed to be a sort of sibling rivalry there and I didn't want to do anything to offend Stella. There was strain enough already.

Another couple danced close by and I heard Mousie calling gaily, "Want to trade off?"

She stood poised in George Duncan's arms, looking very healthy, young and carefree; she had the enduring sparkle of all young girls at a dance.

"If you like," Gladys said. "How is everything tonight, George?"

Mousie snuggled into my arms and murmured, "My good deed for today. I'm looking after Stella's interests, you see."

"Mousie, don't deal them off the bottom of the deck," I said.

"How do you mean?"

"I think mainly you look after Mousie's interests," I said.

She laughed freshly. "Well, anyway, I got you out of the clutches of that predatory blonde. I don't like that gal one bit. I don't like the things she does."

"What things?"

"The night you came home, for instance."

I looked down at the top of her head and her round forehead. "You don't know that it was she, Mousie."

"Does it matter, anyhow?" she asked. "It's something we all want to forget, isn't it?"

She moved away from me with a smile, which was the first I knew that Phil Hunter was cutting in. I doubted that Mousie knew anything at all, and I really did not care any more. I stepped into a telephone booth just inside the barroom and dialed my home number. On the third ring, Stella's drowsy voice answered.

"Hello," I said. "Everything O.K.?"

"I was already in bed," she said. "Almost asleep. Did you want something, Mike?"

"Just one thing," I said; "to say I love you."

I heard her sigh, and her voice was very low, "Thank you, darling; I love you too."

"And this damned dance is a bore without you," I said.

"You've made me feel much better," she said. "I was beginning to think I was just some kind of spare tire."

"You're all four wheels, honey," I said.

Now why had I made that call, I asked myself as I left the telephone booth. To make myself feel better? To ease a slight sense of guilt? No, I had meant it. It was because I loved her. Why should there be any other reason? I stepped up to the bar, and Charlie Wharton took my elbow and said, "Mike, I want you to meet Norman Allison. He's tied up out there at a guest mooring. Got the sweetest little black yawl you ever saw—out of Brielle, New Jersey."

Norman Allison was dressed in Bermuda shorts, a short-sleeved brown shirt and sneakers; apparently he had recently come ashore. He was a thin man with knobby knees and elbows and a tight mouth. He had narrowed eyes in which there appeared no light of fellowship.

"Allison and his wife are cruising to Nantucket and the Cape," Charlie Wharton said. "Taking a whole month for the trip. That's living, isn't it?"

"I envy you, Mr. Allison," I said politely.

"He especially wanted to meet you," Charlie said.

"It's only that Phil Hunter is a friend of mine," Allison said, with a slight movement of his thin shoulders. "He suggested that if I put into Menasset I look you up."

"I'm happy you did," I said. "Phil is here tonight, you know?"

"Yes, I saw him."

Charlie Wharton was looking at me oddly; when I met his eyes he glanced quickly away. Charlie was a husky, hard-driving man who worked and played with two-fisted vigor, and he was incapable of dissembling; his honest, friendly face could never hide his thoughts. The conversation went on idly and meaninglessly, and twice more I caught Charlie looking at me in the same manner—as if he had never seen me before.

"Have I got a smudge on my nose or something, Charlie?" I asked.

"A smudge?" he said. "No. Ha-ha." His laugh was empty and sounded embarrassed. "Nope, you look great," he said. "The mirror of fashion, as always. How do you do it?"

I excused myself and went out onto the broad veranda. I had walked only a few steps when a voice called my name and Mousie came quickly onto the veranda and took my hand.

"I saw you in there, Mike," she said. "How did it happen? Where did Norman Allison come from?"

"He's cruising to the Cape. Has a yawl out there at a guest mooring. You know him?"

"Don't you?"

"I never saw him until Charlie Wharton introduced me. It seems Phil Hunter suggested he look me up."

"Come with me, Mike," Mousie said. "There's something I'd better tell you."

She led me down the steps and out onto the lawn. We stood by a railing on top of the sea wall, with the beach down below. She was still holding my hand and she sighed very gently and said, "How did you ever get trapped into this?"

"Trapped?" I said.

"Oh, hell," she said. "Everybody knows so much more than you do. You're just an innocent in the dark. Don't you really know who Norman Allison is? His wife's name is Roberta, and she was Roberta Prescott, Jim's sister."

It explained Charlie Wharton's odd manner; Norman Allison must have given Charlie an earful. I turned and gazed toward the lights of the bar.

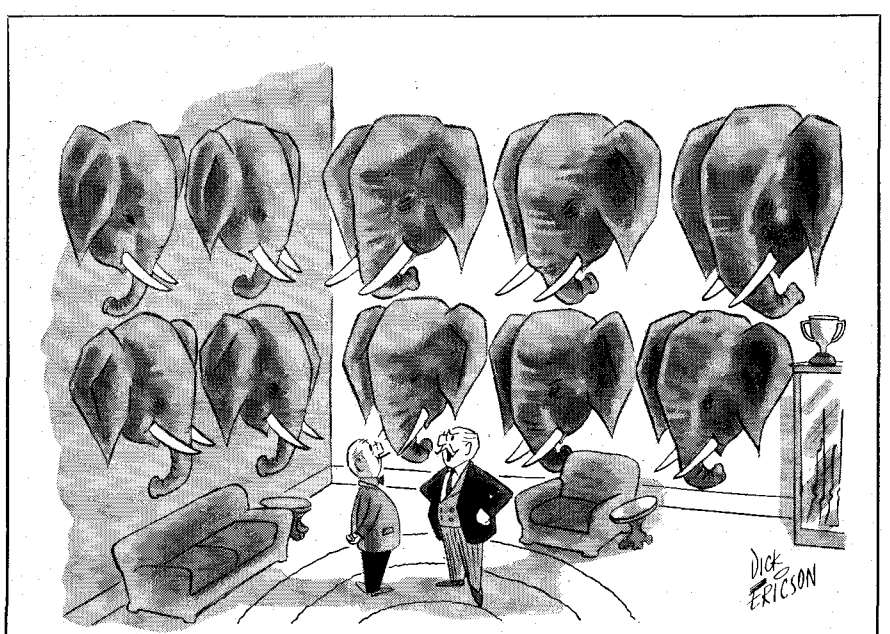
"Why are they hanging around here?" Mousie demanded. "Why did they come to Menasset? What are they up to?"

"If they're up to anything, somebody is going to get a busted nose," I said. "Maybe right now."

Her hand squeezed mine, holding me back. Her warm voice said, "I'm so happy Stella found you, Mike. She needs you."

"I need her too."

"Oh, sure," she said in a dry tone. "You need her like you need a hole in the head." I started to pull my hand away and she said (*Continued on Page 44*)



"I'm a Democrat, that's why."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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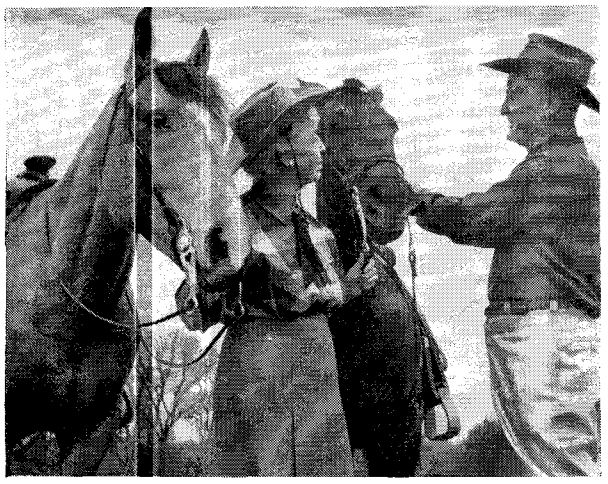

The golden years call for ample protein to keep active. The kind you find in Kellogg's Special K is easy to eat, easy to digest.

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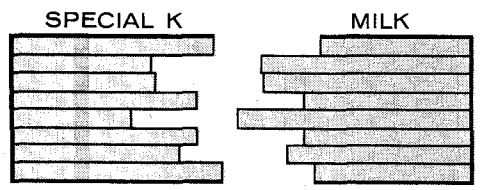

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The young mother in the picture is reading a short story that's long on sense. The nutrition story on the back of the Special K package.

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Look for the package with the big red K on the front and all the protein inside.

Kellogg's
OF BATTLE CREEK

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(*Continued from Page 42*) quickly, "Wait, don't misunderstand me. I only meant that it's made your life awfully complicated. You know it has, and you've been wonderful about it, Mike. Simply superb. Everyone says so."

I said angrily, "Who says so?"

"Your mother," she said. "George. Me."

I looked down at her intent, childlike face, saw in the starlight the pale outline of her cheeks and the deep, soft shadows of her eyes.

She stood on tiptoes and gently put her lips against mine. It was a sisterly kiss, a token of affection between in-laws who got along well together; at least it started out so, then I felt the palms of her two hands against my cheek and the warm pressure of her lips, and I took her in my arms, lifting her almost clear of the ground. In the back of my head a clear voice asked, *Is this why you telephoned Stella?*

I put her down abruptly and drew away, saying harshly, "How stupid can we get?"

"I didn't think it was so terribly stupid," Mousie said. "I thought it was rather nice; and so did you."

I saw a couple passing on the veranda, pausing to glance our way. The girl was Gladys and the man with her was George Duncan. It was not very dark out here on the sea wall; they must surely have seen us.

"You're so conventional, darling, so very conventional," Mousie murmured. "It was just a harmless little kiss. What's wrong with that?"

"Everything is wrong with it," I said. "You're Stella's sister, for one thing."

"Stepsister," Mousie corrected.

"And Stella is my wife, and we made an unholy exhibition of ourselves out here on the sea wall. I think George and Gladys saw us."

"What if they did? How many people do you think have kissed here on this sea wall, all sizes and shapes and degrees of relationships? Nobody knows and nobody cares."

"I'm not responsible for country-club morals," I said. "I am responsible for my own behavior, and I'm ashamed of myself."

"Oh, Mike, can't you understand?" Mousie said in a tone of gentle despair. "You don't owe Stella anything."

"It isn't a question of owing her. She's my wife."

"The truth is that she owes you," Mousie said.

"You're a sweet girl, Mousie, and I like you very much," I said. "But please don't interfere between Stella and me."

"I don't want to interfere," she said quietly. "I only think there are certain facts you ought to know, before you're hurt too much."

"What facts?" I felt tense and my voice was low and angry.

"You'll hate me for it, but I'm going to tell you," Mousie said. "Remember that corsage in the icebox—you heard about that, of course?"

"Yes."

"It wasn't mine," she said.

I took hold of her shoulders, looking down at her face, trying to see her eyes in the starlight. My voice was low and quite controlled, "What are you saying, Mousie?"

"Only the facts that I know are facts," she said. "It wasn't my corsage. I didn't even know any boys there. Who would have sent me an orchid corsage?"

"But Stella told the district attorney it was yours."

"I know."

"What did you tell the district attorney, Mousie?"

"The district attorney never asked me any questions, Mike. George sent me out of town."

"George did?"

"Yes, he rushed me back to college. He made me promise, if I was ever asked, to say that it was my corsage."

"George did?"

"He was her lawyer, remember," she answered.

I dropped my hands and leaned heavily against the railing, remembering George and Stella sitting together on the lawn, George and Stella deep in conversation, George and Stella exchanging meaningful glances—they seemed meaningful now.

"Then why me?" I said. "Why did she marry me?"

Mousie turned without speaking and gazed out across the water toward the opposite shore where my house stood, now unlighted and invisible in the night, where Stella slept.

"Mousie, for heaven's sake don't lie to me," I said hoarsely.

"I haven't lied, Mike."

A rush of thoughts, perceptions, doubts, swept through my brain. Stella could have married me for safety, to divert suspicion from the other man. George came down every weekend in the guise of squiring Mousie, and carried on what appeared to be only a token courtship of Marion Peyton. George was forever on the scene. George had got Mousie out of town, and Stella had lied to the district attorney. As I stood in the night with my fists clenched and sweat slick on my forehead, the brooding fear settled like a vulture in my mind—the sickening suspicion that I had married a murderess.

TO BE CONTINUED

Showdown in Death Canyon (Continued from Page 29)

come to him, but now the happy time was long behind them. Long behind them the days when he had followed Billy Ashbold and the other top hands up the Long Trail, and west along the Goodnight, and at last up along the Upper Colorado to the railhead here at Silver Creek.

In those days they were inseparable. Came the spring when they decided to shake the trail dust for good, they had quit the herd together and taken a job loading stock for the Denver and Northwestern. Pretty soon they'd had enough of that too. It was even dustier than the last job, and the dust was not clean.

Billy dreamed fine dreams, and paydays he would say, "Now, Cletus, my boy, put that money in your stocking, and I will do the same with mine, and by-and-by, when the grass is green way up in the high lonesome, we will have enough money to seek our fortunes."

So saying, they would head for Eagle City to celebrate, and the money would be gone by morning.

The years had passed. Clete was younger than Billy. Young and eager, and fast on the trigger. Pretty soon he had been promoted to express guard, and after that he was made special agent.

Billy stayed on at the shipping pens and took the view that this was a comical turn of events, reminded that he had taught Clete all that he knew about guns, and most that he knew about the facts of life. "Now that you are a policeman, Cletus," he would say, "be gentle with me." And both of them would laugh at that.

But all this was before they started courting Effie Bucknell, a tall, fair and strong-willed girl. Pretty soon Billy had dropped out of the race, but once he said, a little testily, "You and me are not the marrying kind, Cletus."

After Clete and Effie were married, Billy started to run around with the gambling crowd down at Tent Town, and he never came out to the new house on Silver Creek where they lived. Never until this evening.

Clete Weber looked at the money in his hand. "Why give it to me?" he said. "Because you are the only one I can trust," Billy said. "See you in the morning." And he rode off with a wave of his hand, and the dusk closed in around him before he got to the bridge that was half a mile down the lane.

Clete took the money into the house and hid it in the back of the cupboard in an old sugar bowl that never was used for anything.

Then he lighted a lamp and went into the bedroom. Effie was asleep or playing possum; he couldn't tell which. She was lying crossways of the bed with the blankets wrapped around and around her like a mummy, all pale and innocent in the soft lamplight. He knew what that meant. It was a good thing that there was hay in the shed. He went out and shut the bedroom door behind him.

The day after payday was not a day of labor on the Denver and Northwestern for the simple reason that nobody was able to do any work. Clete Weber awoke late, went to the well and pumped water upon his head, washing the spiderwebs out of his brain, the bad taste out of his mouth, and the straw out of his hair. Then he went in to breakfast.

There was no breakfast.

The buggy was gone, and the bay mare was missing from the corral. Effie had sneaked out while he slept. He threw open the kitchen window and bellowed "Effie!" at the top of his lungs, just to show his feelings.

He found a piece of bacon, cut his hand trying to slice it, and threw the knife across the room. Once he had been able to slice bacon as well as the next trail hand. He took one of Effie's best china plates and sent it skimming after the knife.

He went outside and walked down along the creek, smoking cigarettes, until the sun at its zenith told him that it was time for dinner, and his hunger drove him back to the house.

It was no use. Effie was still gone, and it was beginning to look as if he might starve to death.

A rider came up the lane at a gallop, waving his hat and obviously still full of the spirit of last evening. It was Billy Ashbold. "I'll be wanting my money," he said. "And you can kiss the Denver and Northwestern good-by for me."

They looked at, and past each other, each seeing the other man in a hundred shades of their yesterdays, remembering a hundred campfires, and a hundred fist fights.

"I'll go and get it," Clete said. He went in and took down the sugar bowl, put in his hand, and very nearly fainted when his finger tips touched the smooth bottom. It was empty.

He could hear Billy's boots upon the porch; felt him looking in at him through the open doorway as he stood, frozen in his tracks before the cupboard. "Billy, the money is gone," he said.

Billy did not move or make a sound for the space of several heartbeats. Then he said, "Now *there* is a thing I wouldn't have you josh about, Cletus."

"And I wouldn't either," Clete Weber said. "It's gone."

"You get that money back right away, Cletus," Billy Ashbold said.

The first place that Cletus headed after Billy left was for Tent Town, which was not really a town at all, but a place of canvas and knock-down buildings ten miles west of Silver Creek Junction, a nomads' camp of thirty-five saloons and two trading posts that could be moved as the railhead crawled across the continent. Here lived the camp followers of the railroad construction gangs, the nerveless-fingered men and the agate-eyed women, the purveyors of the essential commodities for a binge or a brawl.

The road to Tent Town led right past his house on Silver Creek, and he had a notion to find out who was spending more money than he ought to have a whole day after payday. He might have saved himself the ride. In a den of thieves he found that no man stood out from the rest.

Along about dusk he espied Billy Ashbold in front of the Dryfly Saloon, but he could only shake his head in answer to Billy's meaningful glance. Billy was moderately drunk, and looked mean enough to bite a curb bit in two. It was no use trying to talk to him when he was that way.

In the gloom Clete rode back to Silver Creek Junction, went up the outside stairs to his office over the depot, and sat down at his desk, steeped in despair.

Only yesterday, it seemed, he had not had a care (*Continued on Page 46*)

Man on the Bridge

By R. H. Grenville

Time-weathered arm against
time-weathered wood,
The old man leans upon the
narrow rail
Above the summer stream, and
lets the good
Warmth of the sun soak into
him. The pale,
Clear water slides below,
indifferent
To obstacles, intent upon some
goal
It cannot see. A simile is lent
By water to the musing man,
whose soul
Takes comfort quietly. All life
is so,
The water seems to say—a
moving stream,
Continuous in its eternal flow,
Colored with sun and shadow,
love and dream,
Sure of a purpose in its winding
course;
Having an Infinite and secret
source.

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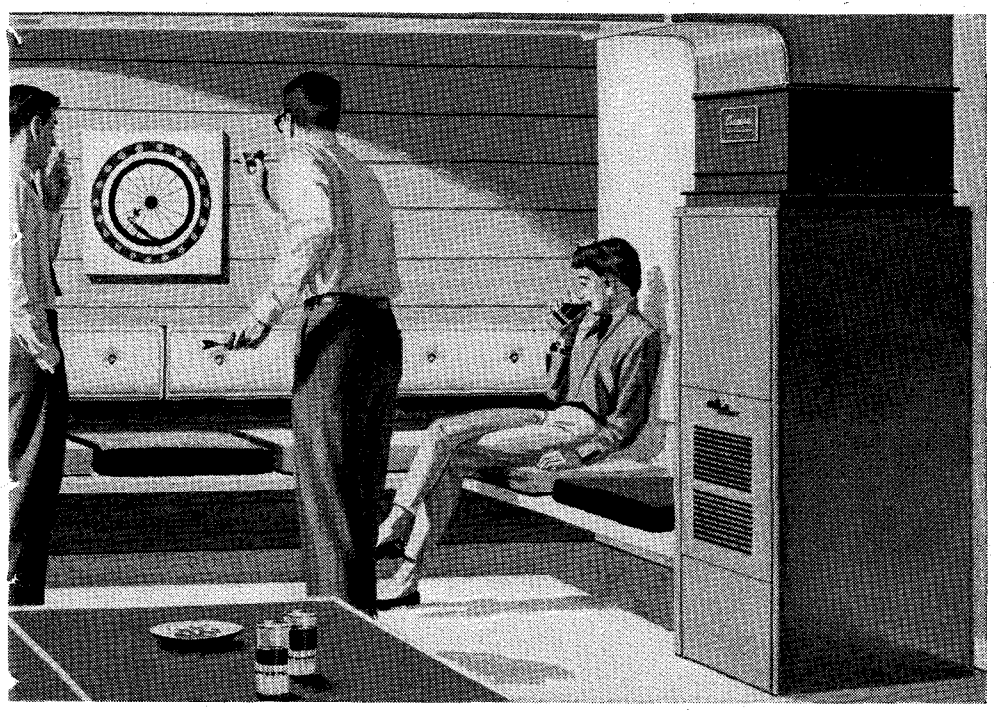

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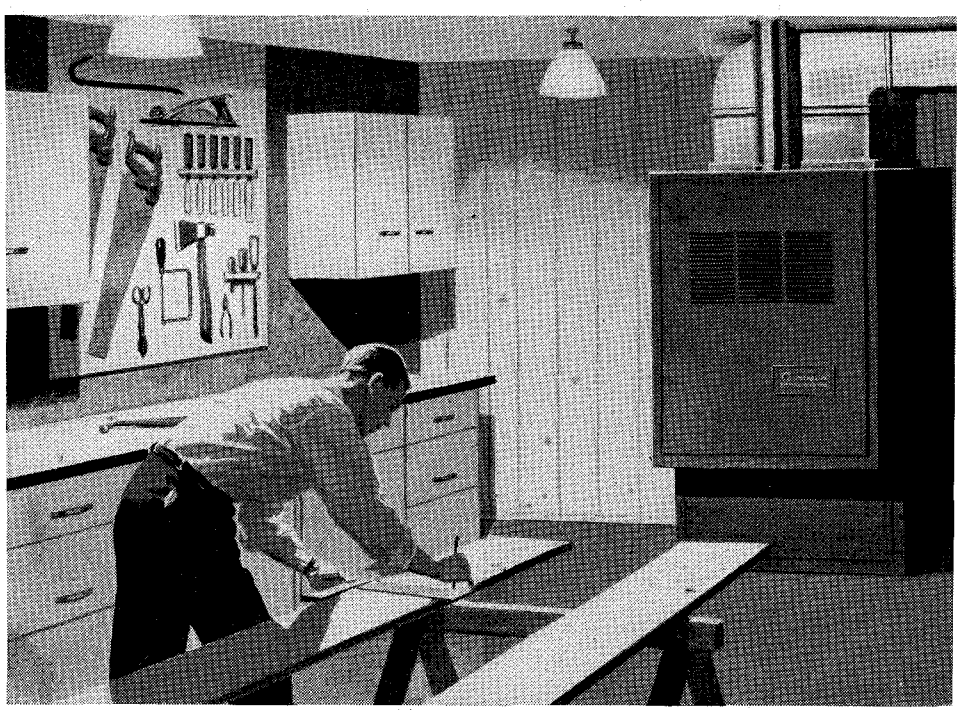

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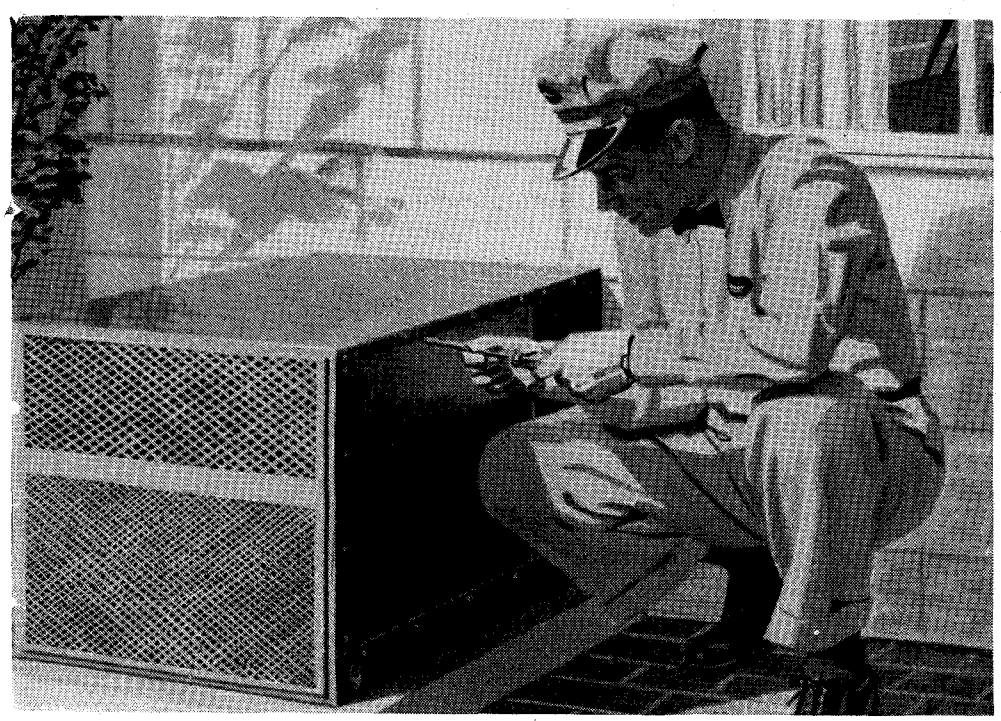

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(*Continued from Page 44*) in the world. Only yesterday there had been the simple, kingly life under the open sky, the days when he had ridden, tall and arrogant and ignorant of the responsibilities of a man, convinced that manhood was based merely upon the appliance of tooth and nail, neither knowing nor caring that there were any other standards.

He put his head upon his arms, and after a time the future, black as Charon's galley, grayed out before him, and he slept.

The thing that woke him was the sound of a .45 being emptied right under his window.

He sprang to his feet and went down the outside steps, helping himself to half a dozen steps at a time with the aid of the railing. Several men were standing in a huddle around the baggage-room door, and one of them said, "We had better call the marshal, boys." He was a round-bellied drummer in a checkered suit.

"Yonder there is the railroad special agent," said a lanky cowboy who knew Clete, "and I would rather have him than a whole cavvy of marshals."

"Well, I don't know about that," the drummer replied. "Some of these bulls that I have known were pretty smart-alecky. One time in Dodge ——"

"What's going on here?" Clete said.

"A fellow cold-decked old Si here," the cowboy said, referring to the freight agent, "and got away with a sack of cow money, says Si. I just happened along in time to witness this felonious assaulting, as the lawyer says, and blister his hide a mite as he was fogging it around the corner of Lacy's corral, but I must've missed him vital. Dogged if it didn't look like Billy Ashbold."

"You aimed a mile over his head," the drummer said.

"It couldn't have been Billy," Clete Weber said, but an icy hand clutched at his heart. Plain as day, he could recall the desperation that had been in Billy's eyes this morning.

"It looked like it, though," the cowboy said.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it myself," the freight agent said, "if the fact hadn't hit me between the eyes, as you might say. It was Billy, all right. He must have been crazy drunk to do a thing like this." He caressed the lump on his forehead.

It was like a bad dream.

A big, white-haired man came in through the carriage door. He was wearing a baggy black suit, a Quaker hat and a great gold watch chain across his vast middle. Most of the men recognized Superintendent Bucknell and stood aside respectfully.

Old Bucknell looked at the freight agent's head, the gaping door of the safe, and seemed to size up the situation at once.

"I will see that whoever is responsible for this gets twenty years," he rumbled. Then he saw Clete standing there, doing nothing, and exploded in one of the loud gusts of bad temper for which he was famous. "Bah!" he said. "What kind of railroad detective are you! Get after them, boy!"

"In my own time," Clete said, "in my own way," and his face was as gray and emotionless as his voice in the light of the kerosene lanterns.

The superintendent's mouth sagged. In forty years of railroading, none of his men had ever sassed him and got away with it. "You're fired, of course," he said.

Clete took the special's badge, and the deputy sheriff's badge which all specials rated, out of his pocket and threw them on the floor. "You can't fire me," he said, "because I quit five minutes ago. I'm going after Billy on my own. Not because I give a hoot about your railroad, but because he was my friend, and I mean to stop him before it's too late. And I'll shoot the man who follows me."

He walked out.

An uneasiness crept upon Bucknell. He knew that he had made a serious mistake. Most of his men he fired at least once or twice a year. It kept them on their toes. But Clete was a sensitive boy whom he had never quite understood, even though he'd liked him from the first. Too thin-skinned, that was his only trouble. And then, Weber was his son-in-law, and now he must reckon with Effie, the one person on earth whose wrath he feared.

"Wait up there, boy!" he said, and when he found that he was talking to the empty doorway, he waddled after Clete, swearing to himself.

Clete was striding down the station platform toward the livery stable when the westbound from Eagle City came around the curve at Deep Cut, and came to a stop with a hiss and a clang, and a cheerful glow from the firebox of its engine in the darkness.

Down from the first coach, with ladylike agility, Effie stepped, and her husband, after getting over his surprise, could not help one pang of pride at the splendid picture that she made under the platform lights, in her starched and billowing gray dress with its lace front, and her parasol and big hat. No deeper emotion would he allow himself.

Effie took a look around her that was almost furtive, and hurried down the platform toward the baggage car, where they were unloading a shiny new black gig with yellow wheels and yellow shafts. After it, the brakeman was leading a fine-looking black mare down the ramp.

"Don't you dare make her step on that loose plank," Effie said to the brakeman.

Clete took her by the arm, and she gasped and spun around. He didn't say a word; just looked at her with his eyes blazing.

"Go on and get it over with," Effie said, elevating her chin a couple of inches.

"Where'd you get the money?"

"Where you hid it," she said. "That will teach you to hold out on me."

"You little idiot," he said, "I've been trying to save even two or three hundred dollars to get us out of this place for as long as I can remember. On account of you, I never did even save a nickel. The money you spent belonged to Billy Ashbold."

"You're only trying to scare me," she said, looking scared.

"This is the end," he said. "I mean it. I'm fed up with your extravagance, and your high-and-mighty airs, and your stump-biting bad temper, and your old man too. I am quitting you. Good-by, and I hope you find a millionaire the next time."

"But what'd I do?" she wailed, tugging at his vest.

"Here now, Weber!" Bucknell roared, just now arriving on the scene. "I'll not have you bullying my little girl in public. Damnation, Effie, why must you always start a knockdown-and-drag-out fight when Weber and I are busy. Weber, I'll have a little more respect ——"

"Both of you can go straight to the devil," Clete Weber said, and departed.

Effie buried her blond head in her father's shoulder, tuning up for a good cry. "Oh, papa, he's g-gone. He'll never come back, papa. What am I going to do!"

"Will you kindly tell me what is going on?" the old man said, and his voice rose so dangerously that she stopped for a while and told him.

"If you were my wife," he said, "I'd have tanned you good."

Clete Weber looked up at the rim of the mesa, remote in the sky, where nothing moved. He listened to the wild, free surging of the Blackwater as it drunkenly tumbled down a thousand cascades in its hurry to be associated with the fame and prestige of the mighty Colorado.

He thought, *Once I looked up to Billy Ashbold like that. Like the little old Blackwater to the Colorado. And here I am, hunting him down. Away up here in the wild Uintas, where no railroad will ever be built, nor any law will ever reach.*

Two hundred miles behind him were the shipping pens of Silver Creek Junction; behind him the house that he had built and the well that he had dug. Behind him, all his dreams.

But he had just had a bellyful of old Bucknell's rawhiding, and no man could put up with Bucknell's daughter, and that was that.

Ahead of him the Blackwater, swirling out of an impassable gorge, skirted what appeared to be a dry and narrow box canyon with beetling walls that almost met above its floor, a lofty, gloomy cathedral where the sunlight never penetrated, and thin strips of old snow still festooned the ledges.

The way, narrowing ever more, steepened, and once he thought that he had mistaken the sign, and was ready to turn back; but then he came out, abruptly, upon a sunny meadow where the lupine and buffalo grass grew fetlock deep. It was a secret place, an eerily silent hollow place surrounded on three sides by unscalable cliffs, broken only by the narrow cavern through which he had come, and narrowing once more toward its northern edge to curve gently upward like the eye of a great horn and peter out among the talus slopes.

He saw now that he was not alone. Out in the middle of the grass flat, scarcely three hundred yards away, an old Digger squaw sat, motionless as death in her russet blanket, shading her eyes with one wrinkled brown hand as she stared up at the eye of the horn, as if eternity, revealed to her through some private door, awaited there among the high slopes of the Uintas.

Three buzzards wheeled above her.

From a narrow ledge behind him, just above a miniature badlands of head-high boulders that had piled up against the south wall, a rifle barrel emerged.

The voice of Billy Ashbold, light and amused, said, "That'll be about far enough, Cletus, my boy."

It was only a matter of eight or ten feet to a jutting granite ledge that would have put him out of the line of fire of Billy's .30-30. It might as well have been a mile, except that he happened to be riding a little old buckskin that knew a trick or two, a relic of more carefree days, and without even thinking about it, he gouged him in the right flank.

The buckskin left the ground in a mighty crowhop, and when he landed they were in the clear.

"Well, I had clean forgot what that little old buckskin would do," said Billy Ashbold admiringly, now that a wall of solid rock was between them.

"I expect you was heading for Wyoming," Clete said.

Billy laughed scornfully. "Why, I hope I may die if I ever look at any more cow country. Tallying cross ties and chasing Mosiute Indians off the track has addled your brain, I fear, Cletus. I am heading for San Francisco, and maybe after that the Sandwich Islands. And just what was you aiming to do about it?"

"Stop you," Clete said.

Billy Ashbold said, "Now the trouble with you is, you are getting to think you are the divine right arm of the law, Cletus. Forget this foolish idea that you can take me in, and I'll let you ride along with me."

"Throw down the money," he said, "and then we'll talk about it."

"No," Billy Ashbold said. "I am going to keep the money, for I have got plans for it such as the D. & N. W. never dreamed of; and besides, it's too late for that."

"Then it looks like we'd have to play smoke-out."

"It looks that way," Billy said.

The floor of the canyon shimmered in the heat haze of midafternoon. Still the Digger squaw sat and contemplated the peaks. The proximity of the white men, both of them lying within plain sight of her, disturbed her not at all. In the north, below the snow line, a few dark clouds were gathering. She half dozed for several hours, and at dusk awoke again and rocked back and forth, crooning to an invisible thing that sat among the talus slopes and mocked. She watched and bided her time.

Clete Weber watched her, wondering, though no mention of her being there had passed the lips of either. She was part of the mystery of the place, and instilled a superstitious reticence in both of them. It was as if they were afraid that she might exist only in their fevered minds.

The night came and was flooded with the light of a full moon. Once, along about midnight, Clete felt cramped and stood up to stretch his legs. A bullet screamed off a rock behind him.

"I can still see just like it was daytime," Billy Ashbold's voice said, out of the darkness.

At dawn the thirsty buckskin lowered his head and nibbled at Clete's shoulder. He poured a little water into his hat and let him nuzzle it up.

At noon he took a drink himself, and felt lonesome.

"This is a funny kind of a place," he said. "You know what?"

Billy did not reply.

"Reminds me of another place I saw once, down along the border. Diablo Canyon was the name of that place, and fifty soldiers were ambushed there by the Chiricahuas. Every man and horse killed, and their bones still bleaching there. Not a living thing would grow or walk or crawl in that place after that, and it's the same here, except for the buffalo grass, and that's good. Which makes it strange that we have not even seen a jack rabbit or an antelope. I don't like it."

"Well, you could go home," Billy Ashbold said.

The sun beat down upon them with moisture-sucking thoroughness. Even the Digger squaw bowed her head before it.

"I wonder if she has got any water," said Clete at last.

"You worry a sight," Billy said.

"Well, it's a wonder her tribe wouldn't come and find her," Clete said.

Another hour passed.

Clete said, "If we could arrange a truce, I would just take her a little water."

"My, but you are a regular wampus-cat of a hard-boiled lawman," Billy said. "It most makes me shiver to think of it. Go ahead, then, or I will never hear the last of it."

So he took his canteen and went to her. The grass and the lupines tugged at his boots, and it was hard to walk, like walking against a hard wind that he couldn't feel. Not even the scurry of a lizard or a sidewinder disturbed the gentle, almost hypnotic ripple of the buffalo grass.

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The squaw would not move or look at him, so he picked up an empty bowl that was beside her and poured a little water into it. "You might feel different about it later on," he said.

"How come she wouldn't drink?" he asked Billy Ashbold later, when he was back in his niche under the granite ledge.

"Why, that is because her family is dead, and the tribe has left her for the buzzards," Billy said. "When a Digger Indian is too old to hunt or work, and has not got any people, he figures there is nothing left to live for, and it's better to starve to death fast than slowly, picking up scraps from the other cookfires. So they leave him behind in a special dying place, and he will not eat or drink, as that would only make it worse. This is one of their special places. I guessed that all along."

The second night was a feverish thing that crept upon them out of the heat. The clouds still piled against the northern peaks, but in the canyon the moonlight once more flooded from wall to wall, so that it was impossible for a man to sneak up on another man.

This time it was Billy who broke the silence. "Say, there, Cletus," he said softly, "have you gone to bed?"

"Still wide awake enough to stop you."

"I was afraid of that," Billy said. "Wouldn't have a chaw on you, would you?"

Hunger and thirst, life and death, were in one category; denying a man a chaw another. "If I heave it up there," Clete said, "don't lose it."

"Heave away," Billy said. "I can smell it a mile away."

So he heaved, and Billy worried off a big bite.

"Now throw it back."

"I will just keep it," Billy said; "maybe it will kind of teach you a lesson, and, come morning, you'll head back to Silver Creek Junction. I hate to kill you, Cletus. You could go back home and I would go the other way, and maybe write you from San Francisco."

"Why, you dirty ——"

"Calm down," Billy said, "and I will sing you a lullaby, because God knows you have got to sleep sometime."

And he did sing a lullaby, though it was, strictly speaking, a lullaby for restive cattle, and when he had done he said, "Are you asleep yet, Cletus?"

"Go to hell."

"Going to rain up there in the mountains before morning," Billy said. "I will sing you another song, Cletus. It is a song about Sam Bass."

After about forty-seven verses of Sam Bass he gave out and had to stop for a while to get his breath. "Still awake, I reckon," he said.

"Try me."

"Well, I know a couple of other 'ns," Billy said, "and I still mind when I learned them, lying around a fire with my belly full and a riverful of cold water next door, swapping windies and listening to the nightherd baby-talking the cow brutes. Like as not it would be a warm night like this, with lightning in the distance, and getting ready to rain. We would be dog-tired, and at the same time feeling as fine as frog hair. You remember how that was."

After a while it was light in the east but raining hard up in the high country, for Clete could smell it on the wind, and it made him uneasy and a little restless.

For one thing, it was too quiet, and it was only after considerable time had passed that he realized it was because Billy had stopped singing.

"Billy?"

There was no answer.

"Billy, I'm coming up there to take you," he said, and got to his feet gingerly. He waited and listened. Nothing happened, except that presently he could make out a soft and rhythmic wheezing in the darkness, and knew that Billy Ashbold had sung himself to sleep.

Upon feeling a slight tug at his holster, Billy sprang half up, loaded for bear, but when he saw that he was properly caught and his arsenal in enemy hands, he lay down again.

"Get up and get on your horse," Clete said. "We're leaving."

Billy did not even open his eyes. "I happen to like it here," he said, "and I would be obliged if you would just take your blamed money and get out, and the next time shoot me instead of waking me up."

"Well, *I* don't like it here," Clete said. "With all that rain up there, I have got a notion that the side of the mountain may come down to visit us any minute."

"We are on a flat here."

"There are places that will fool a man's eye, and you have heard tell of them and so have I. Box canyons where a man on a horse will ride up a steep slope and think it is level, but if he gets down and walks he will start getting watery in the knees right away. This is one of those places."

Billy opened one eye. "You are a sick boy, Cletus," he said.

Cletus hauled off and kicked him hard in the hip pocket, and he got to his feet, swearing, and went to get his horse where he had hidden it.

They were heading south presently, with Billy riding in front, and his own .30-30 at his back when the distant rumble, more prolonged than thunder, came from up among the peaks.

"What was that?" Clete said.

"Cavalry," Billy said, and he turned, bleary-eyed in the saddle, to look behind him.

Out of a solid wall of dust that had risen across the upper end of the canyon at the foot of the talus slopes, house-sized boulders were rushing down upon them, down across the buffalo-grass flat with the speed of an express train.

"Whoops! Let's get out of here!" Billy yelled.

But Clete had turned the buckskin around and was riding back into the maw of destruction. He was hollering, "Say, you crazy old woman, look up! Say, you old squaw, get out of there!"

The Digger squaw could not hear him, and she would not have paid any attention, in any case, being face to face at last with that august Personage for whom she had tarried, and quailing not at the manner of his arrival.

As for the buckskin, he felt differently about it, and when he saw a phalanx of great boulders bearing down upon him with a din like the bowls of giants as they crashed into one another and into the canyon walls, he tried to tuck his head between his hind legs.

Clete clawed for leather, missed, and alighted on his feet in front of the buckskin, but the reins somehow got between his legs and he lost them, like any greenhorn. He knew that he was done for and deserved it. He looked at the onrushing death, now yards away, said a three-word prayer, and was about to throw himself flat, cover his head with his arms and wait for the end, when a miracle occurred.

The miracle was Billy Ashbold, suddenly right there in front of him on the prancing silver-gray, war-whooping soundlessly and making signs for him to grab onto the cantle.

This he gratefully accomplished, and they cheated the inevitable hour without a second to spare, arriving in the lee of a cliff just in time to look back and behold Jagannath where they had lately been.

Within half a minute it was all over but the pall of dust that hung upon the still air. Out upon the grass flats, the lupines, uncrushed by the might of the mountain, rose up again. There a russet-colored blanket lay, covered with dust.

"She knew it was a place of death," Clete said.

But then, he thought, *she didn't have any folks. She was already dead.*

Very casually did Billy open one of his saddlebags and take out a leather poke. He threw it to Clete. "Take better care of that than the last I gave you," he said.

"I'd come with you," Clete said. "I'd back you all the way, after what you've done."

"I couldn't stand your preaching," Billy said.

So Clete opened up the poke and counted out in gold as much money as Billy had lost, meanwhile telling him all that had happened, and about the new rig that Effie had bought, and the gaited mare.

Both of them laughed, too loudly, and Billy slapped his knee; but then, all at once, both of them were silent as if they had come upon a wake.

"Here's to luck, then," Billy said at last. "Keep a tally on the crossties, Cletus, my boy, and be kind to us hobos, and may we make our fortunes quick."

"I don't want any better than I've got," Clete said to him, and was surprised to see a curious wistfulness come stealing over Billy's face at that. It was a fleeting thing, but it made him understand, suddenly, the wall that had come between them a moment before. He had started to grow up. Billy would never grow up.

"Be seeing you, Cletus," Billy said, and he wheeled his silver-gray and rode away with his head high and his shoulders squared, and never did look back.

Clete looked after him, thinking of what he would say to Effie when he got home. "Effie," he would say, "it is high time you growed up and learned about money. That rig has got to go back, and the mare, and the new dress too. So just stop that sniveling and fix my breakfast, for I'm starved to death."

About time he started wearing the pants in the family.

He would tell old Bucknell off too. He would say, "All right then, since you ask it, I will come back, but on my own terms. You can cuss me; you can fire me once a week, but from now on I'm running this job my way."

He was dead certain that he could get away with it.

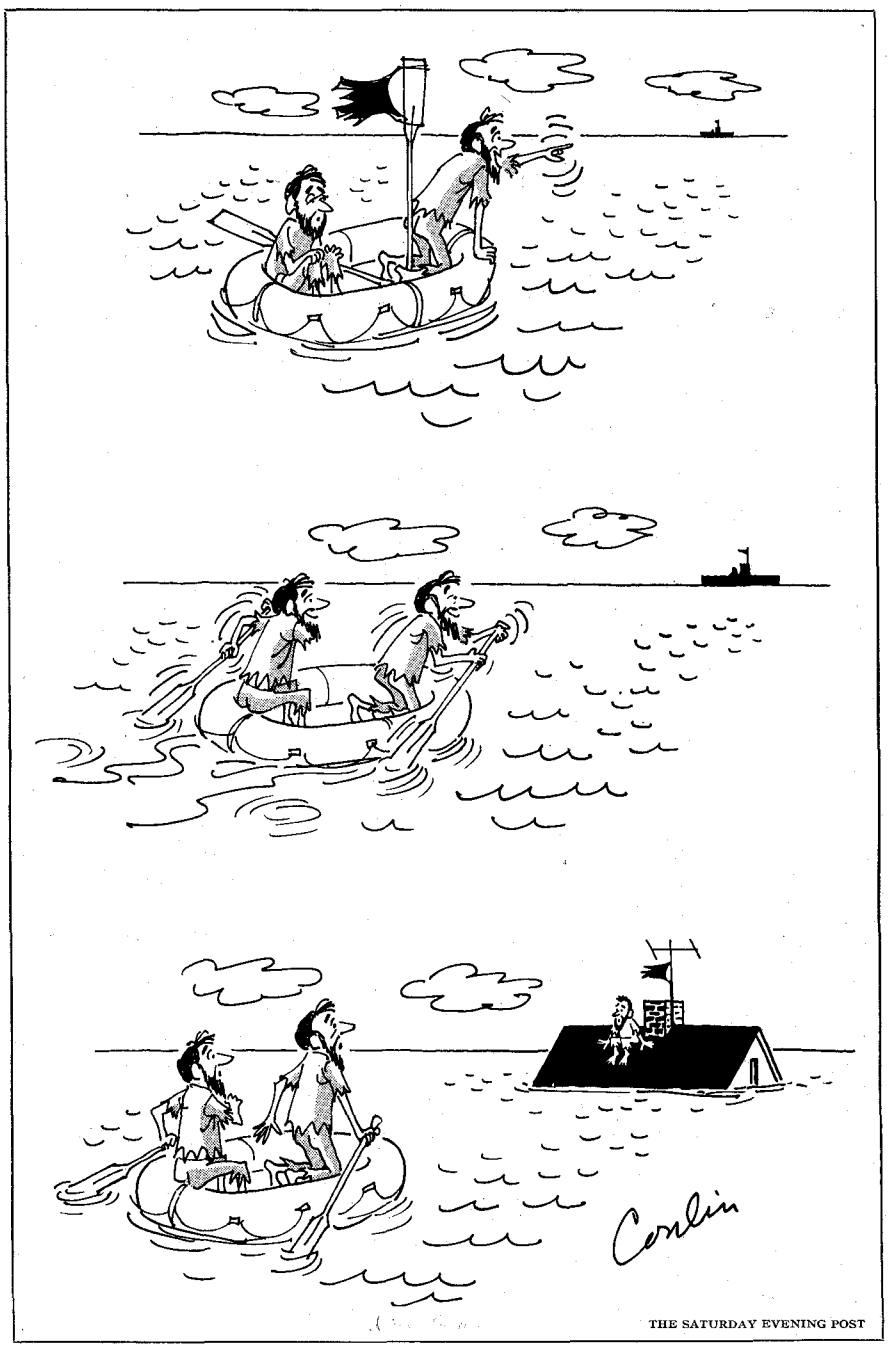
He started to walk out across the buffalo-grass flat, looking for the spooked buckskin. He would say, "Effie, from now on it is going to be different around here, and not the least bit of use crying. But maybe you can keep the dress."

The more he thought about it, the faster he walked. *Effie, you're my wife, and I expect I love you, but we have got to have a showdown. Now then ——*

The sky was blue. The buzzards were no longer in the sky.

"Effie," he would say, "Effie, I'm home."

THE END



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Host of the Highways (Continued from Page 17)

now! I won't have him whimpering!" The second time this happened, Mrs. Johnson berated her mate so furiously that the project was dropped. This was one of the few rounds she was able to win.

Howard's vulnerable nose was the battleground of another parental clash. His father made him a present of an expensive sled with a seating capacity of six. The snow happened to be tightly packed and iced over on a day when Howard and five dedicated cronies, choosing the steepest hill in the neighborhood, set out to create a local speed record. They were well on their way to parochial immortality when the sled overturned, throwing the intrepid helmsman into a long, face-down skid.

At home, while a doctor stitched up two deep gashes in Howard's nose, his father, visibly embarrassed at the way his son was taking the ordeal, kept admonishing him to stop whimpering. Mrs. Johnson, in an effort at consoling the boy, told him that he would be allowed to keep the engine of death, provided he shunned the hill of infamy.

"On the contrary," her husband declaimed, striking an authoritative posture, "unless he takes it down that very hill before sundown today, he will never get to use that sled again."

Howard, his face bulbous with gauze bandage, made the descent that afternoon and kept his sled.

Today, at sixty-one, Johnson looks very much as if he had actually fulfilled his father's vision of him as a star fullback. He weighs a little above 200 pounds and has a powerful trunk, a short neck, a larger-than-ordinary head, and long, tapering fingers which appear to have been designed for throwing and catching forward passes. His way of running his complex and widely spread empire is highly unorthodox.

An office is set aside for him in the Howard D. Johnson Company's executive headquarters in Wollaston, a suburb of Boston, where the company began thirty-four years ago, but he rarely uses it. For four months of the year he isn't seen there at all; he spends that time in a place he owns in Miami Beach. During the remainder of the year he lives in a big house in Milton, another suburb of Boston, or in an apartment he maintains in the Waldorf Towers, in New York. In the course of these eight months he drops in at his Wollaston office once or twice a month. He has no secretary. If he wants to dictate letters or memoranda—which isn't often, as he dislikes dictating—he borrows someone else's secretary.

This is not a matter of economy; it is part of a method Johnson has chosen for ruling his scattered empire. It is rooted in his own memory, which is phenomenal, and in an inspired and almost uninterrupted use of the telephone. Johnson cannot abide a subordinate who is always jotting down notes. "The surest way to forget something," he says, "is to write it down." He carries in his head financial reports, telephone numbers, food prices, profits and losses, names and addresses, quarterly sales volumes and recipes dating back fifteen or twenty years. He expects his key men to do likewise, and they do.

To people who ask how he developed his mnemonic skill he makes no learned reference to the *Gestalt* method, associative reflexes or retention of images. "When I was a young punk out on the road selling cigars," he explains, "my father once asked me if I addressed the customers by name. I told him no, that I just couldn't remember fifty or sixty or a hundred names; what was the idea of that, and so on; life was too short. He said that I was a damn simpleton and I'd forget my head if it wasn't fastened to my shoulders. I said all right, I'll put their names in a notebook, and carry it around with me, then. He told me, no notebook, just train your memory by will power. So I really made a business of training it just the way he said, because of the fact that I was mad at him because he thought I was such a dummy, but that was his way of training me. With telephone numbers, I would just repeat a number till I had it. The rest of it I can't explain, except to say it's will power, as my father told me so many years ago."

Johnson spends hours at his home telephone in whatever of his three domiciles he happens to be quartered, and his telephone bills—which, happily, are deductible at income-tax time as a cost of doing business—are enormous. A call initiated by Johnson may last only a minute or two, but some run on as long as an hour or more. The long conversations, which are usually with regional vice presidents, invariably begin with "This is Howard. How's everything?" For some time thereafter Johnson utters only an occasional "Yeah" as the man at the other end renders a detailed accounting of Howard Johnson dynastic affairs within his bailiwick—what's selling well; what should be selling well, but isn't; how a newly introduced dish is making out; what has or hasn't been done to correct a local condition that customers have been complaining about, such as littered parking spaces or entrance doors which aren't being kept free of finger smudges, or rest rooms that fall short of meeting the prescribed standards of cleanliness. Johnson is fanatical about housekeeping and, though he understands the difficulty of picking up after the motoring public, especially during rush periods, he loses his temper when he hears of such failures. "Howard can explode like a firecracker," is the way one of his associates describes the telephonic eruptions.

Except when fishing or sailing when he is in residence at Miami Beach, Johnson is almost totally immersed in his volatile business.

During evenings spent at home he meditates by the hour on how some item of his restaurants' fare could be improved. When he arrives at a tentative answer he immediately telephones some member of his executive staff and asks him something like "How would it be if we added some chives to our chicken pie?" This kind of gambit, too, is likely to portend a long conversation, whether the other party's dinner is getting cold, or he is halfway into his pajamas and seated in a draft, or has retired for the night.

About one third of the 550 places doing business under the Howard Johnson aegis belong to Johnson, who holds all the shares of the parent Howard D. Johnson Restaurant Company. They are operated by his own organization, which, for administrative purposes, is divided into five regional groupings; and they include all the seventy-five Johnson spots which are features of most of the automobile turnpikes. The remaining two thirds are operated by outsiders under Johnson franchises. All the spots function primarily as outlets for about 500 food items manufactured in Johnson commissaries and distributed in frozen, canned, bottled, boxed or packaged form. This list would include, besides the ice creams, such items as soda-fountain syrups, gravies, soups, candy bars, assorted chocolates, salt-water taffy, pastry mixes, relishes, baked beans, meat pies, coffee, tea, brown bread, date-nut bread, Welsh rarebit, preserved fruits, mayonnaise and the like. In addition, through mass buying, the parent company supplies the outlets with frozen clams, fish, meats, some condiments and, when the growing season is over, with frozen vegetables; and, on the nonperishable side, among other things, with all kinds of tableware, paper doilies, paper napkins, waitress order books and even toothpicks.

From the beginning, Howard Johnson strove to make his restaurants easily recognizable. They were white clapboard structures, trimmed with orange and sea blue, and surmounted by a cupola. As he got into the turnpikes he found that most states had fixed ideas about restaurant architecture that conflicted with his. Apparently on the theory that there might not always be a Howard Johnson, they constructed impersonal but attractive buildings that a subsequent tenant, if there ever was one, would fit into. However, they did allow Johnson to display his colors indoors. Away from the turnpikes, the cupola-topped Howard Johnsons still predominate, although Johnson has several other designs now. These carry out his color scheme, and that seems to be identification enough. The most frequently heard complaint about his places today is that at mealtimes they are too crowded for leisurely eating. As would any retail businessman, Johnson takes this complaint as an accolade.

Johnson's big pitch has been directed consistently at the family trade. Waitresses are hired not for their beauty or bust measurements but for their manners and deportment. Their uniforms are prim rather than revealing. Every restaurant has high chairs and "youth" chairs handy, and a big table or two. There aren't any check rooms, as Johnson feels that no patron of a moderate-price restaurant, especially a man with a family, should be required to ransom back any coats or hats to which he holds title. There are plenty of clothing hooks available at no charge.

Every manager of a Johnson establishment, whether operated by the company or by a franchise agent, has been trained in the Johnson method of doing things, and he takes a refresher course now and then. When in doubt about some detail of procedure—the way to cook something or the maintenance of some piece of kitchen equipment—he picks up a fat handbook known as the "Howard Johnson bible" and finds the prescribed answer.

Close supervision of operations, always a cardinal principle of Johnson's, has, admittedly, become progressively more difficult as the empire has efflorescented since the end of World War II. To cover the situation, the parent company maintains a staff of from sixty-five to seventy supervisors, whose sole job is to ride herd on managers. Each supervisor

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

The most controversial rule in the book, over which rules makers have argued for decades, seldom figures in an actual play. But when it does, it always causes a rhubarb. Here in a simulated setting is an instance.

Say Boston trails Baltimore, 5–3, as the Sox bat in the last of the eighth inning. With one out, Don Buddin singles to left. A two-bagger by Pete Runnels moves Don to third. Dick Gernert, walked, loads the bases.

Frank Malzone, next up, raps a sharp grounder into right field but suddenly collapses near the plate with a pulled leg muscle. Buddin and Runnels score easily. The throw from right field is relayed to third and Gernert is put out short of the base. The ball now goes to first. Malzone, still on the ground holding his leg in despair, is declared the third out.

If you were umpiring, what would the score be now?

See Page 51 for answer.

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is responsible for keeping tab on a dozen or more restaurants, and they are shifted around geographically every once in a while, after their faces have become too familiar. On an inspection visit a supervisor moves fast, checking up first on the condition of the parking areas. (Has yesterday's litter paper been picked up? Have the waste cans been emptied? Are there enough of them to sustain the load?) As he enters the restaurant he looks for finger marks on the door and notices whether the vestibule has been swept. Inside, his roving eye takes in the condition of the candy and other displays; the state of cleanliness of the waitresses' uniforms and of their fingernails. Are they wearing hair nets, as required by the regulations? He moves on into the kitchen, tasting the food on the steam table; then into refrigerated storage rooms to see if the prescribed temperatures are being maintained. Before he departs he may sit down with the manager and go through his petty-cash account to see if the intake is being handled according to the rules.

The supervisors' work is augmented by that of professional shoppers hired from a private agency. Posing as customers, these women send in reports pertaining to the efficiency of the service, the prices charged for various dishes, their condition when served, and the standards of courtesy observed by the staff. Their reports are anonymous and the Johnson high command never sees any of the shoppers. As a final fillip the members of the high command are expected, when traveling, even on vacation, to make a few surprise inspections of their own.

Adverse reports stemming from these sources can, under the terms of the agreement, result in the lifting of a franchise. This doesn't happen very often.

Lately, Johnson, a man who hates to stand still, has entered two new fields. One is a string of steak houses in the higher-price field. They are called Red Coach Grills and there are about a dozen of them in operation. The other field is that of motels, and the Johnson entries are known as motor lodges. Modernistic in design, their rooms have television sets—and soundproofed walls and ceiling to offset the TV tastes of the couple next door—picture windows, air-conditioning, and such niceties of family-style traveling as bathrooms with two wash-bowls to facilitate multiple primping up. Thirty-five motor lodges are in successful operation, and twelve more are under construction.

Now that his various endeavors are nipping along nicely and his continued eminence is more or less assured, Johnson is able to recall without pain some of the stupidities that marked his climb, and one thoroughly mystifying experience of which he was, or thinks he was, the fall guy. The latter occurred thirty-four years ago, just after he had undertaken his first small experiment in feeding the public. The setting was Wollaston, and Johnson was doggedly trying to improve the fare of a soda fountain for which he had taken responsibility. Hoping to invent a kind of chocolate syrup that would make the fountain famous, he conducted secret mixing experiments in the basement during slack periods, leaving a teen-age soda jerk in charge of the fountain.

The boy was intelligent, but surly in an almost polished way. Several times he was instructed that when business was slow he was to maintain a busy appearance, by shining up glasses that didn't need shining or something like that. Instead, the boy rested his elbows on the counter, rested his chin on his fists and silently glowered. One forenoon, when Johnson was busy with his chocolate alchemy in the basement, the young deadpan came down and confronted him.

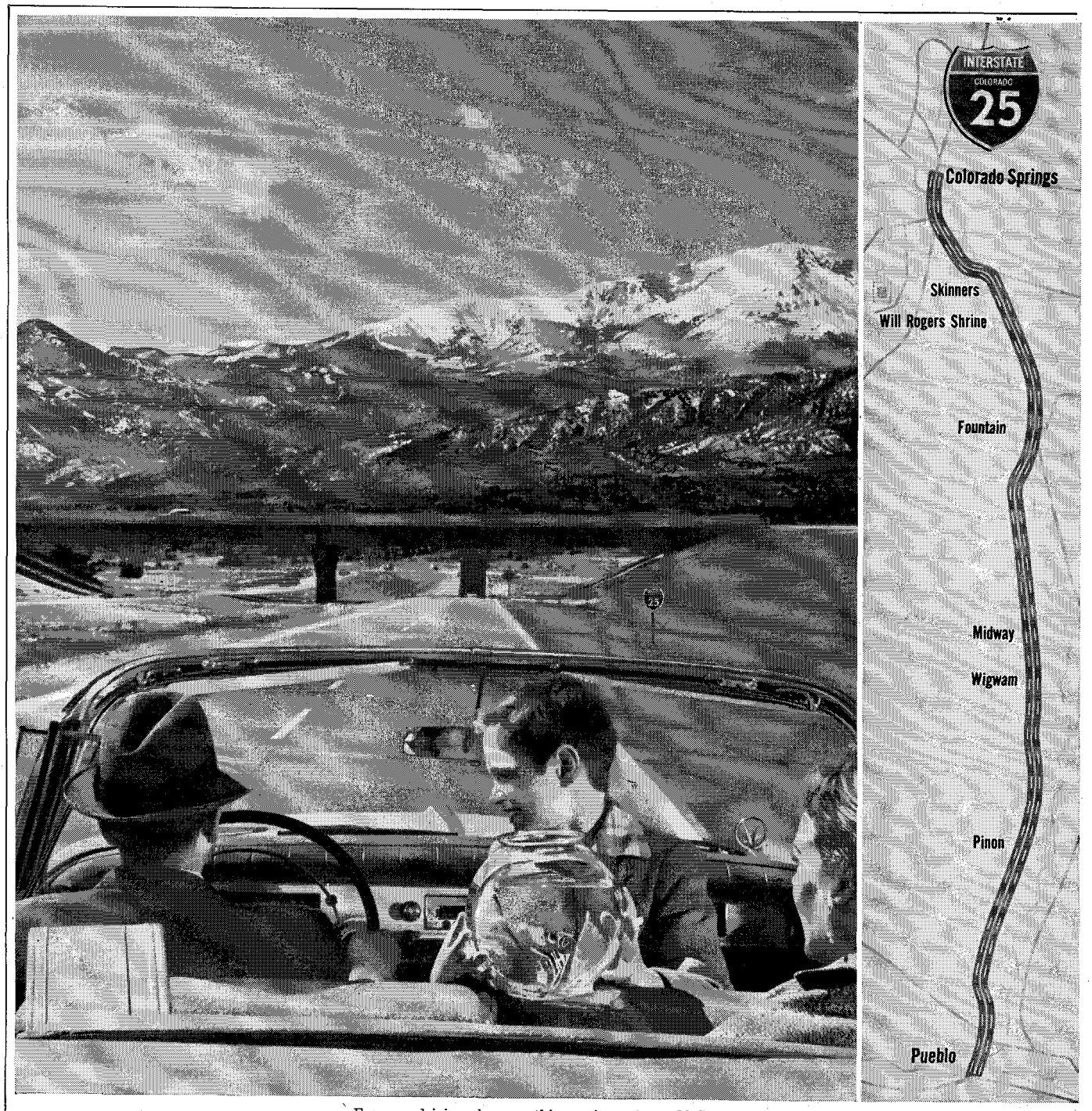
"You don't like me, do you?" he asked.

Johnson admitted that he didn't find him entirely pleasing, and went on with his mixing.

"I don't like you either," the boy said. "I think you're a bum, and I don't want to work for no bum." With that, he went back upstairs, peeling off his white jacket and apron as he went, and walked out of Johnson's life forever. Johnson, confident that he isn't and never was a bum, for years tried to make some sense out of the maddening irrelevance, but ultimately gave up. He merely wonders now what ever became of the gloomy brat. He cannot explain why he goes on wondering. He has a *mystique* about it, and feels that there is a missing piece to the cryptic puzzle, somewhere.

One of Johnson's more embarrassing recollections revolves about the first restaurant he opened. It was in Quincy, which adjoins Wollaston, and when the dinner trade suddenly blossomed into throngs of well-dressed couples, many in formal attire, Johnson thought his star was definitely on the rise. "Three weeks later," he says, "all of those lovely customers disappeared. What had happened was that a Eugene O'Neill play called Strange Interlude, which the censor wouldn't allow in Boston, got a three-week tryout in Quincy. If you recall it, it was a long thing. Started in the afternoon and had a supper break, then ran on until eleven o'clock. But somehow I didn't make the connection."

A decade or so after the Strange Interlude fiasco, Johnson had a hundred and



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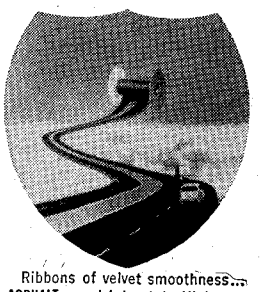

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thirty-five restaurants in profitable operation and was an authentic millionaire. He was fishing in Florida from his own yacht when word came from the home office that the Fore River shipyard, having received a big naval shipbuilding contract, wanted Johnson to feed its greatly expanded crew of workers. Johnson didn't want to go into industrial feeding, and said so. "There I was, with a big grin on my face, taking the Florida sun and telling myself that I was made," he says, "and I didn't snap out of it until a little later. Gasoline rationing started, and there I was with a hundred and thirty-five vulnerable roadside restaurants."

Johnson hotfooted it back to Boston. He lost the shipyard job but he got similar contracts in other industrial plants and in universities which were training student officers. These contracts, plus others for making candies and marmalade for the armed forces, enabled him to weather the war years when nine out of ten of his restaurants were boarded up.

"I am essentially a promoter," Howard Johnson likes to say when his career is the subject of conversation. His father had a promotional urge, too, but wasn't so shrewd at expressing it. Born in Boston of Swedish-immigrant parentage, John Hayes Johnson, on leaving high school, apprenticed himself to a cigar importer and in the early 1890's married Miss Olive Bell Wright, a member of an old Scottish-Irish New England family. The bride's parents, who had prospered in Western mining exploration, gave the couple as a wedding present two of their smaller holdings, a gold mine and a silver mine. With this stake the couple went to California. Inside of five years Johnson had lost most of his equity in the mines, which he had mortgaged to finance citrus ventures that fizzled. He also had three daughters. With what was left of the mine equities, he took his family back to Boston, settled it in a town house, set up a line of credit and rented a cigar store in the downtown section.

To John Hayes Johnson cigars were a symbol of prosperity. He handled them with a reverence that was contagious. Before the nineteenth century was over he was on the high road to affluence. By 1902, when he moved his family to suburban Wollaston, he was a leading importer of Puerto Rican cigars, which he sold at wholesale and retail under brand names of his own devising. The heavy gold watch chain he always wore across his vest seemed to gleam more brightly than ever before. He took up chafing-dish cookery, a stylish hobby of substantial males of the day, and with his family gathered around him for Sunday suppers he skillfully concocted a Welsh rarebit or lobster Newburg. The twentieth century was virtually unused, and Teddy Roosevelt, late of the Rough Riders, was in the White House. Best of all, Divine Providence had bestowed upon Johnson a son, Howard, now five years old.

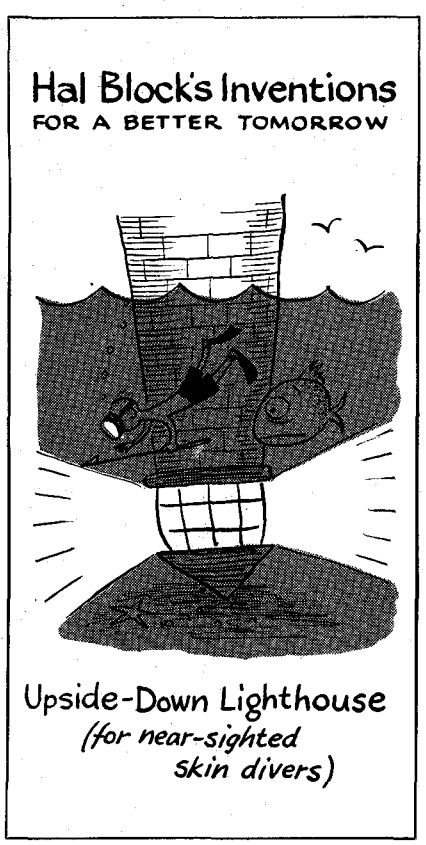
Wollaston furnished a suitable backdrop for another role that the elder Johnson had decided to assume—that of gentleman farmer. He was generous to his wife and daughters, buying them any luxury they asked for. His eye, though, was mainly on his son, and he tried with every resource he could command to impress upon him the value of hard work and an aggressive spirit.

Besides the dubious boxing gloves and the controversial sled, Howard's father gave him a Shetland pony and the fanciest bicycle Wollaston had ever seen. The pony and the bicycle made the farm a gathering place for Wollaston's boys. Howard was indeed a hard worker, though there were times when he saw no point in carrying virtue to extremes. He had a daily newspaper route, and it was a simple matter, when he felt fatigued, to induce one of his friends to deliver his papers. The bait was the privilege of hitching the magic pony to its cart and driving around Wollaston in borrowed glory. In the same way, much of the vegetable hoeing was done by pals in exchange for rides on the pony or bicycle while Howard rested in the shade of the barn, the future executive in embryo.

In these days of pubescence, Howard was a cocky, stubborn youngster. His father, though in most ways an absolute monarch, encouraged him to dispute any command he thought unfair. The teachers at grade school bore the brunt of this policy. Some of them, seeing in him a long-range candidate for the White House, overlooked his penchant for arguing and tried to bring out his scholastic merits, which, except for a proficiency in arithmetic, were not numerous. Less dedicated members of the staff unable to abide his gall, looked upon him as a local storm to be weathered philosophically.

Meanwhile, another kind of storm had been gathering over the Johnson family. It dealt a stiff blow when Howard was only three months away from graduation. Coming downstairs to breakfast one morning, he was shocked to hear his rugged father weeping and his mother trying to buck him up. Divining somehow that the trouble was economic, Howard paused long enough to make a private vow that he himself would achieve wealth and hold it; then took his place at the table. As his father blotted his cheeks with a napkin, his mother explained the emergency. Some of Johnson's Puerto Rican suppliers had been adulterating his brand-name cigars with inferior leaf. A big shipment which had arrived the day before turned out to be not only substandard but infested with worms. Johnson, having signed a sight draft for the shipment, had no legal recourse on the supplier.

Howard announced that he was quitting school forthwith and going to work in his father's store. This restored John Hayes Johnson to his old self. He roared disapproval. He banged the table. He called his son several kinds of blockhead. Howard stood his ground and won a compromise. It was agreed that if he went on and got his diploma he could work in the store that summer; and that if in the fall he still didn't want to continue his schooling he could stay on.



The elder Johnson, aided by some oppressive hot spells, made that summer as disagreeable as he could for his recalcitrant sprout. The work was lowly and the pay close to zero. Howard swept the floor, washed the windows and kept a battalion of brass cuspidors shining. In between these chores he hustled big bundles of boxed cigars to the express office for delivery to drugstores outside of Boston. He got no rewarding praise for his industry. Instead, he was told with more frequency than ever that he was a blockhead, a dunce, a half-wit and many other names from his father's rich lexicon of invective. But Howard won his point. September came and he hadn't budged an inch. His father grudgingly kept his part of the bargain and Howard remained at the store. The proprietor had obtained other Puerto Rican suppliers and the business rocked on.

When the United States got into World War I, in 1917, Howard went overseas with the 26th (Yankee) Division. His record in action was creditable and undistinguished. It consisted of trucking supplies to forward medical depots at night. The duty was not bad, except when the enemy's artillery was working over the roads. He was never hit, though he was once laid up for two weeks after getting a whiff of chlorine gas. A private, first class, when he went to France, he was reduced to private for punching his sergeant, but was restored to Pfc. by a grateful nation when the shooting ended.

Military action hadn't kept Pfc. Johnson from thinking fondly of the cigar business, and he came home with a good sales-promotion idea, which his father accepted. It was for a cigar called the YD, the name an adaptation of the lettering on the Yankee Division's shoulder patch. Howard, who had had a brief experience at selling before 1917, desperately wanted to resume where he had left off and to place a YD in every male mouth in New England aged eighteen years and up. His father put him on a commission-plus-expenses basis.

Delighted, Howard bought a yellow Stutz Bearcat at secondhand and began burning up the New England roads. He also invested in a derby hat and a fur coat—not a billowing raccoon, the usual concomitant of a Bearcat, but a wombat. The wombat is an Australian marsupial with a tough hide and tough, short-nap fur. Johnson swears today that whenever he got mired in snow he spread the wombat coat under a rear wheel and got enough traction to pull out of the drifts.

To Howard, a traveling salesman's life was wonderful, and there was fun to be had on the side. When going out on a date he would give his fur coat a currying, cock his derby at a rakish angle, light up a sample YD and roar away from his hotel with the cutout open. This made him look like a big shot and, in volume of sales, he was. In his first year he racked up $25,000 in commissions. His father settled with him for $4000, remarking that $25,000 was too much money for a young man to have in one chunk. Howard suspected that this wasn't the real reason, and early in his second year on the road his suspicion was confirmed. He was meeting with strong sales resistance. Once-enthusiastic YD fans were switching to competitors' brands. He went home and asked his father if the manufacturer of the YD, a Midwestern company, wasn't adulterating it. The elder Johnson nodded sadly.

A couple of weeks later John Hayes Johnson died suddenly of a mastoid infection. When his son looked at the books—a privilege formerly restricted to an accountant—he paled. The cigar enterprise was $18,000 in the red. Howard gave it three more years of his effort and then, in 1924, folded it. He had shaved $8000 from the debt. He signed personal notes for the remainder. Another opportunity had popped up. The owner of a run-down store near the Wollaston railroad station had died, leaving it $28,000 in debt. The sole heir, who had a full-time business of his own, begged Johnson to take over the store and its debt, offering to lend him $2000 in working capital if he could scare up $500 more. Johnson scared up the $500 and was once more in business. His total indebtedness now stood at more than $40,000. He was twenty-seven years old.

The venture he had taken over was called a drugstore, though it sold no drugs. It had a soda fountain, a candy and tobacco counter, a dejected display of sundries and a neglected newspaper depot. Johnson soon had the depot bringing in $30,000 a year, with seventy-five boys delivering papers for him. Other departments lagged until Johnson, for a few hundred dollars, bought the ice-cream recipe of an elderly German pushcart man who sold the best ice cream available in Wollaston. The peddler's secret consisted mainly of doubling the butterfat content commonly found at the time in commercial ice cream and in using natural, instead of synthetic, flavoring.

The deal with the peddler had an explosively happy result. In 1928 the gross income from ice cream sold at the store and at shacks on nearby beaches came to $240,000. Johnson now had something his father had never had—a popular item sold under his own name with a quality over which he had full control. He expanded confidently into the restaurant business in the summer of 1929 in Quincy and almost wrecked himself. He had to learn the technique as he went along, and it was several years before the place was paying its way. The Quincy restaurant was Johnson's temple of learning. His education cost him about $100,000, but it was worth it. By 1935 he had twenty-five roadside restaurants operating on Massachusetts highways. But he was still encumbered with debt.

At that time fate dumped the franchise idea into his lap. A yacht captain who owned a good location on Cape Cod tried to lease it to Johnson. Johnson countered by persuading the mariner to build a restaurant himself, call it a Howard Johnson's, use the blue-and-orange color scheme and make his fortune selling Johnson products. Johnson helped to design the establishment and trained the man in its operation. The place made money from the start and set the pattern for the gigantic expansion that followed.

The question of who will run the empire when Howard Johnson retires or dies has recently been answered by the master himself. His successor will be his son, Howard Brennan Johnson, who last November finished his two-year hitch in the Navy. The younger Howard, a graduate of Yale with a year at the Harvard School of Business Administration under his belt, is already a vice president and director of the parent company, the Howard D. Johnson Restaurant Company. He is being tutored in the intricacies of the business by four of the company's executives and will soon be named president.

The senior Howard Johnson, who started at the bottom, feels that his son, at twenty-six, is too old to indulge in such a luxury, so he is starting him at, or near, the top.

"Of course," the father says, "until he gets the hang of things I'll probably stick around for a while as treasurer."

THE END

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I'm Always Surprising Myself

(Continued from Page 13)

Obviously I have no material at all for a Hollywood autobiography.

Nevertheless—and in spite of any opinions to the contrary—I am an actor in the acting business, and long ago I carefully prepared my two boys, David and Jamie, for the worst. Indeed, to prevent having them scarred for life when they discovered their father was not Mickey Mantle or J. Edgar Hoover, and did not even have a regular job, I cushioned them for the shock. When they were first starting away to school, I had them stand at attention in the living room, and we had a rehearsal that went like this:

"Now, boys," I said, "let's pretend that I am a small boy at your school—and I am an especially mean little boy—and I ask: 'Jamie and David Niven, what does your father do?'"

Both boys looked me right in the eye and said in unison, "My father is an actor, and he's a lousy actor, but he absolutely loves doing it."

Perhaps they are right, but at least they have to admit I've been busy.

Once in a while, just to make sure that I have made some progress, I riffle through dusty old souvenirs and look at my Central Casting file card which says: NIVEN, DAVID No. 2008. ANGLO-SAXON TYPE. If I put on glasses, I can also see the small print toward the end of some early reviews. Newspaper editors change the type size because this part of the review is usually unimportant and can be lopped off if there isn't enough space. And that's where I was. "David Nevins was adequate in the role of the man next door. . . . A newcomer named Davis Nivin was also in the cast. . . . We saw Sam Goldwyn's newest discovery Dave Niveen and all we can say about this actor (?) is that he is tall, dark and not the slightest bit handsome."

Nowadays the critics are at least spelling my name right, but whether I have gained much else since those beginning days is not for me to decide. Helen Hayes suggested as much one recent evening when we were reminiscing about our first appearance together on the Schlitz Television Playhouse in 1952.

The writer on that show was so squeezed for time that Helen had to make a costume change right on the stage while the camera remained focused on me. To get back into the scene, she had to crawl along the floor through a tight little space between my knees and the camera.

"David," Helen said, "what were you thinking when I slithered past you on the floor?"

"Well, Helen," I said, "as you went by, there was a flash of silk and lace and bare skin, and I had some trouble keeping my eyes where they belonged. What were you thinking?"

She gazed at me with twinkling eyes. "I'm afraid my thoughts weren't quite so romantic," she said. "As I crawled past I took a good look at your bony Scotch knees sticking out of your costume, and all I could think was: Thirty-five years in show business and look at me now."

My friend Quent Reynolds once wrote an article about me in which he said: "For years David was a bum, trading his smile and his charm for ham and eggs." I recoil from making the obvious retort—that I already had enough ham in my make-up and therefore didn't need it.

If this is true, I have no idea where or how I acquired the ingredient which seems essential for most actors. It was certainly not in the family.

The fact is that my father, the late William G. Niven, was a very rich man, and when I appeared on the scene we lived in Scotland in a large country house staffed with footmen, butlers and gamekeepers. We also had our own private bookmaker. My father devoted hours to the scientific study of Thoroughbred horses, but he must have been reading the wrong reference books. By the time I was two years old the horses had all our money and we had to give up the great estate.

We moved to a charming rose-covered cottage on the Isle of Wight. The house had already been condemned by the local authorities—which my parents didn't know—and only our combined weight kept it fastened to the ground. When the north wind blew, the front door stuck shut, and when the south wind blew, the back door wouldn't close. And the roses were blown away in both directions.

Unfortunately, I do not remember much about my father. When I was four he volunteered for combat duty in World War I and was immediately killed in action at the Dardanelles. Father was only twenty-five years old at the time, and he got nothing in exchange for his life—no medals for valor, no bronze plaques—nothing except a nostalgic affection and gratitude from four children who barely knew him. Wherever his soul may be now, I would like to have him know that in Hollywood, at least, he was granted a greater reward.

The day in 1934 that I walked into the Goldwyn Studios to sign my first contract—at an average of sixty-five dollars a week—I was called to the inner sanctum of Jock Lawrence, Goldwyn's master publicist, and thoroughly dissected. After fifteen minutes of cross-examination, Jock said wearily, "This is pretty dull stuff, Niven. You've done nothing. What about your father?"

"My father was killed in action during the first World War," I said.

"Hey, that's great!" Jock exclaimed.

"Thanks so much," I said.

"We'll get something here yet," Jock said. "What was your father's rank?"

"Second lieutenant," I said.

Jock's face fell four inches. "Only a second louie? We gotta fix that." He took my biography sheet and in the section on my parentage he wrote: "Niven is the son of General William G. Niven, famed Scottish war hero."

Much later it occurred to me that the official historians of the British Army,

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 48

The score is still 5–3 for Baltimore.

Neither Buddin nor Runnels scored, because the third out of the inning resulted from the batter's failure to reach first base safely. (Section 4.09). Many contend that runs scored before a nonforce second out are legal. But the rule against them still stands.

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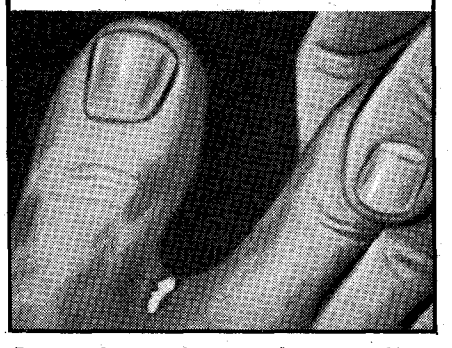

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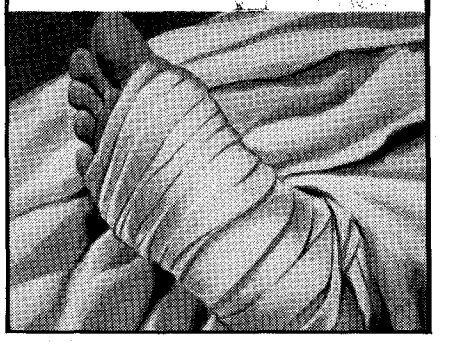

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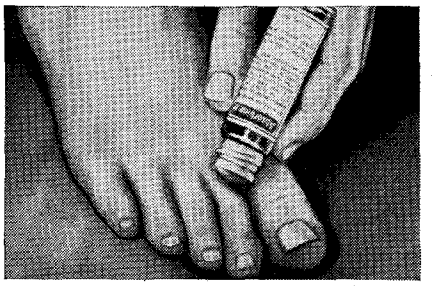

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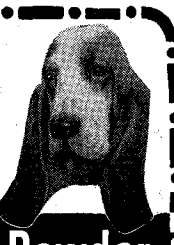

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coming across my biography, may be baffled because there is no mention of any General Niven in their archives. This will let them know that the influential Goldwyn Studios pushed through a promotion that even King George V and the War Office couldn't grant. Obviously there is nothing Hollywood can't do.

Diligent examination of family documents, diaries, old letters, newspaper cuttings, photographs and my own clouded memory has turned up nothing to suggest that as a boy I wanted to be an actor or had the slightest interest in the movies or the stage.

I was born on March 1, 1910—St. David's Day—and was thus rather unimaginatively called David. It may be superfluous to add that I was no saint, and my most indelible recollections are those involving trouble.

When my French mother remarried I was six years old, and I was promptly shipped away to boarding school by my stepfather, who disliked me intensely. Two years later, I was transferred to another school, called Heatherdown.

This school was near the Ascot race track, and on Ascot Sunday every year there was a garden contest for all the students. Each boy was assigned a tiny plot in the spring, and for a month or so in advance of the contest there was a flurry of weeding, pruning and watering. Most of the lads were sons of wealthy parents, and consequently their little patches were radiant with exotic plants and flowers, whereas my biannual crop was invariably mustard and cress.

I was a lonely and insecure lad, and I desperately needed to win a prize, but the top-hatted judges and the other boys barely glanced at my garden, in fact they snickered as they walked past.

After a couple of years at this school I foolishly thought that I might win some sort of award or at least some recognition if I had a garden with an unusual design. The night before the contest I climbed a stone wall to Heathfield, a girls' school next door, and dug up a huge cauliflower from their vegetable garden. I replanted it in the center of my own plot, and rearranged the mustard plants around it. I can still see that white cauliflower head against the black earth, staring up at me like a Cyclops' eye. I was proud of it. It looked good in the riot of color provided by the other boys' gardens.

The following morning, when all the parents came to the school and strolled through the gardens in rustling silk, Prince Albert coats and top hats, the judges took one horrified look at my cauliflower and called the headmaster. I was heartily whipped with a cane and before the day ended I had been expelled from school . . . for stealing!

My stepfather, who hardly ever spoke to me, was not satisfied with this drastic punishment. He refused to let me come home and sent me to a reform school at Southsea, on the English coast within sight of the family cottage on the Isle of Wight.

For years I was bitter about this miscarriage of justice and found it hard to forgive him and my mother for what they had done. I might have healed the scar right then and there, had I been able to cry it out on some friendly shoulder. But tears were frowned on, and even ten-year-old boys were expected to be Spartans in the English "stout fellow" tradition.

Years later, when I was struggling for better parts in Hollywood, I was given a wonderful opportunity to play Edgar in Wuthering Heights with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier and Flora Robson—great names that would have unnerved any beginner.

My big scene came toward the end of the story—when Cathy lies dead on her bed and Edgar, her husband, stands over her and, according to the script, "breaks down and sobs." Merle Oberon was lying on the bed, waxen-faced and looking very gone, when director William Wyler called for silence.

"All right, David," he said. "Start crying."

I screwed up my face, blinked my eyes and concentrated on sad things—the bills I couldn't pay, the beautiful girl who dumped me for Errol Flynn, the leaky radiator in my car, and so on. But it was no use.

"Willie," I said, "I can't cry. I've never been able to cry. Not even when I was a little boy."

Wyler stalked out from behind the camera, and his eyes panned around the room, as though he were the D.A. asking the jury to send some poor slob to the electric chair.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said tartly, "here is an actor who says he can't act. Well, when there are actors who can't act, we just have to help out a little."

First they tried the sad-music-and-sliced-onion routine. Nothing. Then Wyler sent for what I call the "duct hunters"—makeup men who stand by with a sort of spray gun and shoot at your face with an irritating menthol mist. Even Frankenstein's monster has been known to sob when this stuff hit him, but it only made me cough, and my sensitive nose dripped steadily on the corpse.

Merle Oberon flickered one eyelid and suddenly came to life. "Oh, for heaven's sake, David!" she said as she rose hastily from her bier. "Maybe you'd do better with Laurel and Hardy!"

Half an hour later, I was still dry-eyed, but Wyler solved the crisis. He turned me away from the corpse and the camera focused on my back while I groaned, heaved my shoulders and rocked back and forth. Months later, when Wuthering Heights was released, the critics were almost unanimous in predicting a fine future for me, with some saying: "Niven was superb. . . . Most touching deathbed scene in years. . . . Niven pulls at heartstrings." And so on. No wonder I love this business.

I suppose most men in my age group enjoy the sweet nostalgia of looking back on boyhood, when life was an exciting adventure without responsibilities or taxes, but I have very few of these pleasant memories. I never had any real home life, and my stepfather sent me to boarding school, not for discipline or education, but just to get me out of the way.

Even the few happy moments brought undeserved penalties. I was allowed to visit the London Zoo once, and a very special treat it was. But shortly afterward I was sent to the hospital with tuberculosis of the jugular vein—they traced it to some tainted milk I had drunk at the zoo—and my mother was told I'd never be back.

The doctors took a desperate chance, removed three and a half inches of the jugular vein and replaced it temporarily with a silver tube. Eight operations later I had developed a substitute network of veins and was released as a rare medical freak who should have died and didn't. Dick Powell, who first met me when I was Errol Flynn's roommate, says it would have been better had the doctors also removed my little brown jugular. Errol and I were doing our bachelor celebrating then in a Santa Monica house which we called Cirrhosis-by-the-Sea, and I guess we used up a jug or two.

During those long years when I was away at school I naturally invented worlds of my own, and one of my boyhood dreams was about the sea. I used to get down on my knees at night—I have always prayed nightly in this position no matter where I am or who is around—and say: "Dear God, please make me an admiral." Perhaps God didn't hear my squeaky little voice, but had I known anything about psychology at the time I might be in the Royal Navy right now.

There were very few vacancies for the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, but I had been cleared as a candidate, provided I could pass an oral test conducted by an examining board of six admirals. I was thirteen years old when I was summoned before this impressive court one fateful day, and the top-ranking admiral, a gold-braided, bemedaled man of some reputation, put me through the quiz.

"Niven," he said at the end, "name the three greatest admirals in British history."

"Yes, sir," I replied. "Francis Drake, Horatio Nelson and John Jellicoe."

"H'm-m-m," he said. "Call the next candidate."

I was rejected by the board and later heard that a brighter boy had been accepted. He was asked the same last question by the presiding admiral and his answer—or so the legend goes—went like this: "Yes, sir. The three greatest admirals were Francis Drake, Horatio Nelson and—I beg pardon, sir—I didn't quite catch your name."

There is some irony in the fact that later, as Phileas Fogg, I became the owner and new skipper of the good ship S.S. Henrietta, a paddle wheeler we deliberately burned up as part of the plot in Around the World in 80 Days. That scene was filmed off Long Beach on a bleak, threatening day, and on the way out I saw red flags flying from the Coast Guard station.

"Ye gods!" I said to Mike Todd. "That flag is a small-craft warning! There's a damn hurricane coming!"

"Yeah, I know," Todd said, lighting up a foot-long cigar. "Those flags mean that any small craft better get the hell out of my way. I've run out of dough, and if we don't burn up this boat properly for that scene today, I can't buy another one."

I might add that my brief and stormy cruise on the Henrietta that day permanently cured me of wanting to be an admiral. Except in a bathing suit. In somebody's pool. In the shallow end.

Swimming pools, as it happens, played an important part in two important phases of my adventures in Hollywood—one at the very beginning, another not so long ago.

I was lolling around the pool at my home in Pacific Palisades one Sunday afternoon when I was called to the phone. I rejoined my friends a moment later, and sat down beside Humphrey Bogart.

"Bogie," I said, "some character named Todd is at Joe Schenck's house and says he's got to see me right away on business."

"Yeah?" Bogart said. "If it's Mike Todd it'll be different and you'd better go. But whatever it is, kid, play it close to the chest."

I called my agent, Phil Gersh, and we drove there together—Phil with resentment because he, too, had to abandon some Sunday guests, and I with the misgivings acquired in long years of experience with the impulses of Hollywood titans. When we got there we were directed to the Schenck swimming pool and there, magnificent in Bikini trunks, a white ten-gallon hat, and a cigar as lethal as a skin diver's spear, was Mr. Michael Todd and a small battalion of lawyers.

"Hello, Niven," he said. "Who's the jerk with you?"

"Phil Gersh," I said. "He's my agent."

Mike made an imaginary stab with the cigar. "Tell him to get the hell outta here."

Phil slunk out of sight like a wounded otter, and Todd shifted the cigar. "Ever hear of Jules Verne?"

"Certainly."

"Ever read Around the World in Eighty Days?"

"I was weaned on that book."

"Good. Want to play Phileas Fogg for me?"

"Fogg!" I yelled. "I'd do that for nothing!"

"You've got a deal," he said. He shook my hand, flung the huge hat to one side and plunged into the pool. I suddenly realized what I had said.

"Phil, Phil!" I screamed. Phil came running from his hiding place under the back seat of his car and I told him what was going on. The contract was eventually worked out, of course, and I was paid very well indeed. I was back in my own pool, incidentally, exactly twenty-seven minutes after Mike's phone call, having collected out of a blue sky, the most important role of my life.

The earlier swimming-pool episode was at the Palm Springs home of director Edmund Goulding, who gave me my start, and there came a weekend when, to help cut down my hotel expenses, he offered me the use of the empty house. I didn't go—I was soon kicking myself for this error—and the invitation was passed on to my friend Fulke, the Earl of Warwick, who, using the name Michael Brooke, was trying for a movie career.

That Saturday morning, inspired by the hot sun in a cloudless desert sky, Fulke took off his pajamas, bounded out to the pool and dived in with a whoop. He didn't know, of course, that Goulding was occasionally absent-minded. Nor did he know that Goulding, being particularly forgetful that weekend, had also lent the house to a beautiful young actress named Greta Garbo, who, like Fulke, was a sunrise pool plunger.

She also ran out to the pool, as bare as a peeled peach, and leaped in with a joyous cry at the precise moment Fulke was swimming under water. They collided at the six-foot depth in a wild flurry of arms and legs.

"This odd encounter taught me something, David," Fulke said later. "If you stay in the picture business—and heaven help you if you do—then remember that the exception is the rule. You can't count on etiquette or formulas or people, and if you keep that in mind you'll never be surprised or hurt."

I never forgot Fulke's advice and, I'm sure, he never forgot Miss Greta Garbo. "You know, David," he said wistfully, "she had the prettiest scissors kick I ever saw. You would have been fascinated."

I wish I had seen it. I really do. I'm crazy about swimming too.

This is the first of three articles by David Niven. Next week he tells how he resigned his commission in the British Army—to avoid court-martial.—The Editors.

Fitting Comment

It seems like only yesterday
She viewed her new dress
with dismay,
Then wrapped it up and
took it back
Because it fitted like a sack.

Curtis Heath

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Mr. Astor Outfits the Army

(Continued from Page 25)

West Point in the Class of '88, I had spent three of my ten years' service with a light battery. I welcomed the opportunity to train a battery of my own, and command it in war.

In short order Maj. Gen. Nelson A. Miles wrote the Secretary of War, recommending that "First Lieutenant Peyton C. March be ordered to recruit battery known as the Astor Light Battery as a part of the Engineer Brigade."

I was instructed to organize and command the battery, and proceed with it to Tampa, Florida, for assignment to duty. Tampa was a gathering point for troops bound for Cuba. I was also instructed to see Mr. Henry B. Ely, Mr. Astor's representative in New York; and to call on Mr. Eugene Griffin at 44 Broad Street, New York, "with a view of recruiting the Astor Light Battery, which was to form part of an engineer regiment to be raised under an act of Congress passed yesterday, and of which Mr. Griffin is to be the colonel."

I reached New York on May seventeenth, and reported to Colonel Griffin at his office. On showing him my orders, I found that he knew nothing whatever about the Astor Battery being a part of his regiment. He was greatly disturbed, and suggested that we defer further discussion until he could find out what this was all about. (As I later learned, he took the next train to Washington to protest.)

My next call was at 23 West 26th Street, a building owned by Mr. John Jacob Astor. Here I introduced myself to Mr. Ely, managing director of the Astor Estate, and asked him where the battery was. It had no existence. The Astor Light Battery was simply a checkbook. But the fact that the Government had accepted the battery had been given to the press, and a flood of applications to join had been received by the Astor Estate.

I got in touch with the Army recruiting office in New York, and was informed that they had no authority to enlist men for the Astor Battery. I then asked Mr. Ely whether I had carte blanche to raise and equip a battery, and was informed that I had.

I could get nothing from the Government. All its equipment was earmarked for the Regular Army and for state troops called into Federal service. I queried private corporations making guns and equipment; the Government had bought up everything in sight. Ninety days was the shortest time in which any of these firms would undertake to furnish me with a battery of light guns. Unable to wait that long, I went up to Bridgeport, Connecticut, to consult the American Ordnance Company.

They could do nothing for me; however, an official of the company remarked that in Paris, France, there was a battery of 3-inch Hotchkiss mountain guns with some ammunition. As far as I could discover, this was the only battery still for sale on the face of the earth. I returned to New York and conferred with Mr. Ely.

We bought the battery by cable. The next problem was to get it to the United States. Spain had torpedo-boat destroyers in European waters, and any attempt to ship the guns openly might have resulted in their confiscation. So we arranged to run the guns and equipment secretly over the French frontier. The entire battery was shipped from Antwerp in a freight vessel's bunkers, covered by coal. I managed to have her dock at a Government pier in New York. The guns were unloaded without publicity—which might have got the vessel or her captain in trouble—and were taken to 552 Broadway. The building at this address had been turned over to me by the Astor Estate for use as battery headquarters.

I had another meeting with Colonel Griffin. He said that he had successfully claimed in Washington that the law authorizing his engineer regiment made no provision for a battery of artillery, and that he would have no further dealings with me without specific orders.

That meant I had to go to Washington myself, seeking authority to organize the battery legally. After some delay, I was received by Maj. Gen. Henry C. Corbin, the Adjutant General. He heard my story, gave me a penetrating look, and said, "Go back to your hotel and dictate your proposed organization to a stenographer, and come back here at ten o'clock tonight with three copies of it."

My solution was to organize the battery on paper as a detachment of artillery of the Regular Army, the men to be enlisted as regular soldiers and carried on the rolls of other organizations as on detached service with the Astor Battery. I proposed to take some of my sergeants and corporals from the Regular Artillery, so as to have my gun squads well trained, and to detail lieutenants from the Regular Artillery as my officers. The scheme as I presented it to General Corbin that night called for three lieutenants besides myself, and ninety-eight men.

After cutting out one of my lieutenants, General Corbin approved my proposed organization on the spot. Further, he granted my request to join the expedition to the Philippines, instead of going to Tampa, Florida, as originally ordered—that is, provided the battery was accepted by the commander of the Philippines expedition, Gen. Wesley Merritt.

I wanted to go with General Merritt for several reasons. First, I would have more time to enlist my men and instruct them. Next, General Merritt had been superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point when I was a cadet, and I had always admired his soldierly bearing and character.

On my return to New York, the men who had applied to join the battery were notified to appear at the Army recruiting station in New York City, which had by now authority to enlist anyone I picked out. For the most part, I selected men of education. I found among the volunteers, for example, the captain of a Cornell football team. However, I reserved some vacancies to be filled with wheelwrights, blacksmiths and the like, who would be needed in a mule-drawn battery. I also approved applications from several noncommissioned officers of artillery in the Regular Army, who wanted to join a battery which might see active service. All the men I had chosen were ordered to report at 552 Broadway, which I used as an armory and barracks. I had bought the necessary cots and bedding in the open market.

The next step was to get uniforms. I could get nothing from the regular Quartermaster's Department, so Mr. Ely and I decided to have uniforms made to order. Together we went to John Wanamaker, of New York, and inspected samples of blue cloth. I chose one sample of the best quality and asked for a bid on 100 uniforms, each to be made to the measure of the soldier. And all to be done in four days. Wanamaker's man said that four days was too short, but a bonus fee over the price he had already quoted changed his mind. Tailors' helpers rushed to 552 Broadway and measured every man in the battery. On the date specified, all were clothed in very smart blue uniforms.

At the same time I discovered in New York an importing firm which had a large number of British khaki uniforms and pith helmets of the type worn in India. We bought an entire tropical oufit, uniforms and helmets, for use in the Philippines. Mr. Ely had become so enthusiastic by now that he presented to the men a superior type of tan marching shoe, all at his own expense.

Since the Army had no drill for the Hotchkiss 3-inch mountain gun, I wrote one up and had it printed on a rush order. A copy of this pamphlet was given to everyone in the battery, with orders to memorize its contents. Within three days every man was letter-perfect in his drill. I also arranged with the Astor Estate to buy up all the ammunition for our guns that could be found anywhere in the world; and I placed an order with the American Ordnance Company for a large resupply, to be forwarded to me as it became available.

These Hotchkiss guns could be pulled along passable roads, but they were designed primarily for use in rough country, carried in bits and pieces on the backs of mules. Mr. Ely informed me that Mr. Astor could obtain all the mules I wanted, since he had substantial investments in stockyards. I arranged to have the mules collected at St. Louis, where the battery would get them while en route to San Francisco.

In the meantime I proposed to give the men a taste of camp life. For that purpose the Astor Estate turned over to me a large section of land out in the Bronx. I approached a firm which was furnishing tentage for the Army, and bought tents for the Astor Battery.

When my orders to take the battery to San Francisco (*Continued on Page 55*)

NEXT WEEK

"I'll Walk Again"

By Roy Campanella

Part I

The Great Catcher Tells of His Battle Against Paralysis

Adventures of the Mind · 8

The Appalling Taste of the Age

By Randall Jarrell

In Color:

My Push-Button Garden

A Californian's Ingenious Short Cuts

Vermont Valley

I'm Always Surprising Myself

By David Niven

Part II

I Learn to be a Playboy

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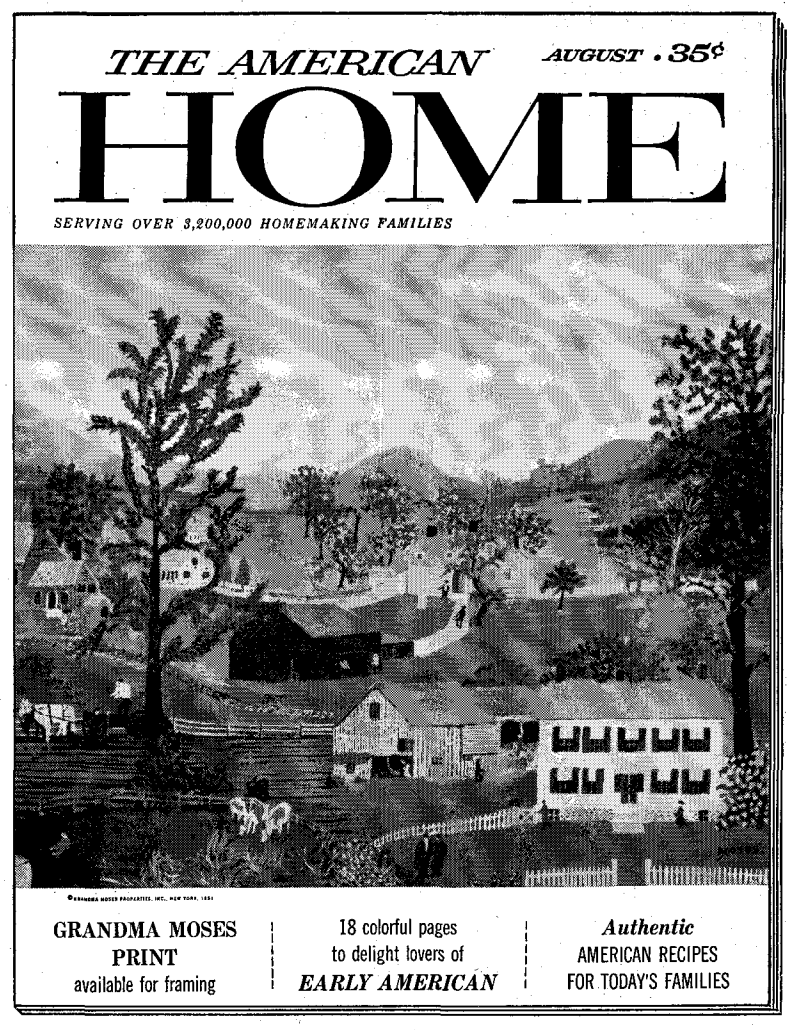

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(*Continued from Page 53*) arrived, it was stipulated that I proceed without mules. The War Department expected me to obtain ponies in the Philippines. I notified the Adjutant General by telegram that Mr. Astor had already bought the mules, with harnesses and saddles—all awaited us in St. Louis. But the War Department was adamant. We would be supplied with "native stock" in the Philippines.

We left Jersey City on June 13, 1898, on a special train. In St. Louis I found the mules waiting in boxcars, and they were the most superb collection of mules I have seen in all my Army service. Again I wired the War Department, telling them that the mules were at hand and that they had not cost the Government a cent. But I was directed to turn them over to the local depot quartermaster, to be shipped to troops in Georgia.

We arrived in San Francisco on June twentieth, and sailed from there on the twenty-ninth, one month and twelve days after I first visited the offices of the Astor Estate. General Merritt assigned the battery to his own transport, the Newport, which carried his headquarters staff and a battalion of coast artillery equipped as infantry. Westbound beyond Honolulu, General Merritt sped away from the convoy and sailed the Newport toward Manila without escort.

While we were en route, General Merritt organized a series of lectures, delivered by himself and other officers, each one talking about matters in which he was supposed to be an expert. Among the civilians on board was Francis Davis Millet, artist and war correspondent of the London Times. Millet had been a correspondent in the Russo-Turkish War, and his lecture to us recorded his experiences in that struggle.

We dropped anchor off Cavite on July twenty-fifth, the rest of our convoy coming up five days later. This detachment was commanded by Brig. Gen. Arthur MacArthur, the father of Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

By this time the Spanish command had concentrated in the city of Manila, penned in by an army of Filipino insurgents under Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo. We found the town and arsenal of Cavite occupied by American troops from the expedition's earlier convoys, and in the harbor was the American fleet under Admiral Dewey.

Dewey had destroyed the Spanish fleet in the Battle of Manila Bay early in May, long before our arrival. He then cabled Washington via Hong Kong: "I control the bay completely, but I have not sufficient men to hold."

Now we were at his side, all of us tremendously interested to see smokestacks of the sunken Spanish warships protruding from the water off Cavite. Dewey's fleet was riding in the harbor, beyond the range of guns in the Spanish forts.

General Merritt landed his forces south of Manila, about 3200 yards from the outer line of the Spanish defenses. The landing had to be made through open surf. Waves broke over the lighters as we were towed toward shore, and salt water worked into some of our cartridge cases, damaging the powder. I separated the bad rounds from the rest, and Admiral Dewey sent me some Navy powder. Its ballistic properties differed from the Hotchkiss specifications, but it had to do until the Astor Estate sent me fresh ammunition.

Beginning near our landing place, infantry regiments dug trenches which extended far enough inland to cover roads entering the city from the south. There was a steady exchange of fire between these trenches and the city, and some sporadic raids and sniping, from the day of our landing until the day of victory.

Manila was a fortified place The older part was a walled city, of the Vauban type, with a moat and drawbridges. All this and the "new city," too, were ringed by a line of defense works linked by a number of blockhouses. The effect was picturesque, but of no special value against modern naval guns.

The Astor Battery was assigned to support the infantry brigade under Brigadier General MacArthur, on the extreme right of the line. I was not satisfied with my assigned position, and begged for permission to shove the battery forward to our infantry firing line. The position I had was encumbered with tropical undergrowth; the position I wanted offered a clear field of fire on an enemy blockhouse at Singalong.

General MacArthur told me he had no authority to change my position, so on the twelfth of August I put the battery in its assigned place. Then I assembled a number of men with axes, bolos and shovels. We built emplacements up forward on the firing line, and cut trails through the underbrush connecting both positions. As the attack developed, I intended to shove my guns forward by hand.

The next morning, when General MacArthur came to inspect the guns, he had good news. In sympathy with me, he had wired headquarters and in reply received permission to move the battery up to the point I had recommended. So I ran the guns and ammunition up to the front-line emplacements which I had already built.

Dewey's vessels opened fire on the Spanish fortifications at the zero hour, the huge projectiles passing in front of the Astor Battery with the noise and speed of an express train.

The Spaniards had armed the Manila water front with thirty-nine heavy guns and eight fieldpieces. Four of the guns were 9.4 inches in caliber, larger than any on board the American ships. When Dewey opened fire on the morning of August thirteenth, there was no reply from any of these large-caliber artillery pieces.

As the naval guns spoke, the Astor Battery opened on a nearby blockhouse. The return fire was accurate, but the Spanish fuses were in bad shape. Projectiles passed through the battery without exploding. One shell tore spokes from a wheel of one of my guns, causing the gun to fall on its side; continuing its flight without exploding, the shell struck and injured three men in the ammunition detachment, one of whom subsequently died.

When I had silenced the Spanish battery, General MacArthur gave the order for the infantry to advance. The regiments adjoining my position were the 13th Minnesota and the 23rd United States Infantry. I directed the cannoneers to advance with the infantry line, pulling the guns by ropes and carrying ammunition in cases strung from bamboo poles.

We proceeded toward the Spanish fortifications until we reached a point where a devastating rifle fire caused our infantrymen to fall flat and seek cover. The general called in a loud voice for some man to lead a charge on the enemy's works.

Every man in the Astor Battery was armed with a Colt revolver. The distance to the Spanish blockhouse was scarcely 100 yards. I drew my revolver and called out, "Come on, men!"

We charged the fortifications, the men firing their revolvers at the Spaniards and yelling like a lot of cowboys. During this charge my first sergeant, M. E. Holmes, and my senior line sergeant, D. Cremins, were killed—Holmes while running forward by my side. I lost in all two men killed and eight wounded, about 10 per cent of my command.

After the Spanish entrenchments had been taken and the general advance had forced the Spaniards to retreat into the walled city, General Merritt received the formal surrender of the Spanish commander in chief. As we drew our guns into the suburbs, we saw the Spanish flag being hauled down and the American flag rising.

General MacArthur made a report on the operations of his brigade that day, which I quote in part:

"About 9:35 the naval attack commenced, and some twenty minutes thereafter the gun of Battery B, Utah Artillery, opened on Blockhouse 14, the guns of the Astor Battery having engaged an opposing battery some minutes after the opening of the naval attack. There was no reply from the blockhouse. The opposition to the Astor fire, however, was quite energetic, but after a spirited contest the opposition, consisting probably of two pieces, was silenced. . . .

"The general advance was soon resumed. In the village of Singalong, the command was committed to a fierce combat. This strong opposition arose at Blockhouse 20 of the Spanish defenses, a detached work with emplacements for six guns. The advance party, consisting of men of the Minnesota regiment, reenforced by volunteers from the Astor Battery, led by Lieutenant March and Captain Sawtelle of the brigade staff, reached a point within less than eighty yards of the blockhouse, but was obliged to retire to the intersecting road in the village, at which point a hasty work was improvised and occupied by a firing line of about fifteen men.

"At about 1:30 P.M. all firing had ceased, and two scouting parties, led by Captain Sawtelle and Lieutenant March, soon reported the retreat of the adversary. The loss in combat was three officers wounded, four enlisted men killed and thirty-three wounded, including one man of the North Dakota regiment wounded far in the rear of the fighting line . . . most of the troops present were unable to participate in the actual conflict; a fact much to be regretted, as all were eager to be at the front."

Manila had been in American hands only a short time when General Merritt received a cablegram via Hong Kong informing him that there was to be a peace conference in Paris, France, and asking him to recommend some officer to appear at that conference who was familiar with conditions existing in the Philippine Islands. General Merritt recommended himself, and departed for Paris via the Suez Canal, turning over the command of the Philippines to Maj. Gen. Elwell S. Otis.

On the day of battle, the Philippine insurgents under Aguinaldo had followed us into Manila, immediately in rear of the Astor Battery, expecting to loot the place. Our headquarters forced Aguinaldo's troops to withdraw beyond the city limits, until the final disposition of the Philippines might be decided by the peace conference. We confronted what was almost a state of siege.

It was apparent to me that there was bound to be fighting if the Paris conference turned over the islands to the United States. Aguinaldo had a large number of Spanish Mauser rifles with ammunition, and the American Government had been foolish enough to arm his men with additional rifles captured at Cavite. I therefore hoped that the Astor Battery might be allowed to stay in the Philippines until the problem was definitely settled.

However, we were the first to go home. Early in December, 1898, General Otis had a cable directing him to send the Astor Battery back to the United States on the first available transport. General Otis asked me whether, under the terms of the gift by Mr. Astor to the Government, he could keep the battery's guns and ammunition. I told him at once that he could. It was finally agreed that everything would be turned over, except the men's personal mess equipment and their revolvers. General Otis gave me a formal order covering the transfer of property, and reported that fact by cable to the War Department.

We sailed from Manila on December 13, 1898, on the chartered Army transport Senator. At San Francisco we took a special train which brought us to New York City on January 22, 1899, at 6:30 in the morning. A large crowd met us at Grand Central, and a reception committee took us to breakfast at the old Grand Union Hotel. After the breakfast, speeches were made. From the hotel, we marched to the 71st Regiment Armory, to be mustered out. The New York Times reported:

> By this time a tremendous crowd had collected and during the march to the armory the scenes resembled those when the men of the 71st returned (from Cuba). But it would be difficult to picture a greater contrast in the appearance of the two bodies of men. Instead of men with emaciated bodies, pitiful, shrunken faces, and ragged uniforms, there strode along yesterday a blue and brawny column of giants with the bronze cheeks and springy step of athletes. The spectators pressed in on every side and cheered vigorously.

The battery was mustered for discharge at 1:30 P.M., February 2, 1899. Every man was allowed to keep his mess kit and uniform, and the pistol he had used in the famous charge at Singalong.

In recognition of the part I played, General MacArthur recommended me for the Medal of Honor. A board of officers approved this recommendation and sent it to the War Department. The War Department called a central board to consider all recommendations for the Medal of Honor, covering the fighting in Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines.

This board, in complete defiance of the law, decided that they would approve no recommendations for the Medal of Honor except for men who had carried off wounded under fire. This decision was not only shocking in its travesty of the law, but was most unmilitary in its implications. Men wounded on a battlefield are carried to the rear by members of the hospital corps. It would be wrong to give the Medal of Honor to a man who deserts the firing line and carries a wounded man to the rear. Such a procedure, if accepted, would decimate the firing line.

After I became Chief of Staff of the Army, someone unearthed the original report of the Wheaton Board recommending awards to certain of us who had fought in the Philippines, and sent it to my desk for approval. I declined to take any action. Anyway, there had been too many *ex post facto* awards of medals, in my opinion.

My own personal memento of the fighting at Manila was the Astor Battery guidon—its battle flag, carried during the action by this splendid organization.

THE END

Some girls at the beach can't swim, but they can surely get a man into deep water.

CY N. PEACE

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I Played Without Eating

(Continued from Page 23)

suffocate. In any of these cases, you must quickly get your mouth open. Somebody has to be with you all the time, ready to cut the wires on your teeth on short notice. It takes less than three minutes to choke to death.

I broke my jaw in a collision with Red Wilson, the Detroit Tigers' catcher, during the seventh inning of a night game on Saturday, May seventeenth, in Kansas City. I was trying to score from second base, but as I approached the plate, I saw that Wilson had me. I started to slide, then decided to crash into him, hoping I'd make him drop the ball. As we met, the left side of my face smashed against his shoulder. When I ran for the dugout after he tagged me out, I realized that a three-tooth lower plate on the left side of my mouth was out of line. I was too stunned to feel much pain, but I knew I was hurt.

"Something's wrong," I said to Jim Ewell, our trainer, who was standing on the dugout steps. Harry Craft, the manager, was right beside him.

"Take me out," I told Harry. "I think my jaw's broken."

"Go into the clubhouse with him and get a doctor," I heard Craft say to Ewell.

While we waited, I drank some orange juice. After a preliminary examination, the doctor told Jim it was a job for an orthopedic surgeon. We arranged to meet one at St. Luke's Hospital. X rays showed two breaks on the left side of my jaw, but they couldn't operate until the next morning. Because of the orange juice, I wasn't allowed to take anesthesia that night.

I phoned Phyllis, my wife, in Lincoln, Nebraska, and asked her to come to Kansas City the next morning. This was not as simple as it sounds. We have six children, with a seventh expected in August. Fortunately, my parents happened to be visiting us in Lincoln, and they agreed to stay with the children for a week so that Phyllis could be with me.

Just before I went to sleep Saturday night, I asked when I could play ball again.

"It'll be a while," a nurse said. "Maybe six weeks. You won't be able to chew, so you'll have to go on a liquid diet."

I heard her, but didn't get the significance of the liquid-diet part. All I knew was that I wasn't going to wait six weeks before I started playing ball again—not with the Kansas City Athletics in second place and me off to the best season of my career.

It really hadn't been much of a career. Like several of my Kansas City teammates, I was originally in the New York Yankees' farm system. Before I was bought by the Athletics at the end of the 1956 season, the only teams in organized baseball I'd ever played for were the Yankees and their top farm club, the old Kansas City Blues, of the American Association. I shuttled back and forth between the two from 1950 through 1953.

Then I put in three pretty discouraging years with the Yankees. Of course, it was wonderful to be with a winner and share in the World Series melon nearly every year. But I wasn't getting anywhere. Manager Casey Stengel used me in left field and as a pinch hitter—I hit a home run as a pinch hitter in the 1955 World Series—but I never got into more than fifty-six games in any given season.

Mickey Mantle owned center field, and Hank Bauer had a corner on right, but I had vague hopes of breaking into the lineup in left. Irv Noren had the job until 1956, when half a dozen of us shared it. I hit pretty well, but didn't play often enough for it to mean very much. So I was neither surprised nor terribly disappointed when I was sold to the Athletics right after the 1956 World Series.

I didn't burn any barns down in Kansas City last year. We finished seventh, and I batted .272. I was supposed to be the strong man of the ball club, but I hurt my ankle early in the season and never felt quite right. I ended up with only eleven homers and forty-four runs batted in.

So I figured if I was ever going to show anything, it would have to be this year. I'm thirty-two years old and reaching the now-or-never stage. The way I started the season, it looked like now. From opening day on, I had a hot bat. At the time I broke my jaw on May seventeenth, I was leading the American League in home runs, with eleven, and in runs batted in, with thirty. I had a batting average of .344.

And now here I was, flat on my back at St. Luke's Hospital in Kansas City, waiting for them to set my jaw and listening to a nurse tell me it might be six weeks before I could play ball again. The last thing I remember just before going to sleep was thinking over and over to myself, *Not me! They won't keep me out six weeks—or even six days.*

The next morning they were able to give me an anesthetic. I woke up from it feeling pretty good. Dr. Frederick McCoy, a plastic surgeon, had performed the operation. He had secured my upper jaw to my lower with wires, so that the upper jaw acted as a cast. He filled the tiny openings between my teeth with rubber bands, leaving only one small hole where the broken plate had been, so that I could eat.

A nurse fitted a straw through the opening and commanded, "Sip."

I sipped, or maybe I should say I inhaled. I tried to get everything down at once. Not having eaten since the afternoon before, I was hungry. But all I could get into my mouth was a little straw's worth of chicken broth, and it wasn't enough. The broth was gone in no time.

Then the nurse gave me something else. I took a sip and tried to ask, "What is it?" It came out something like, "War ith it?"

"First you must learn to relax.
Nurse, bring Mr. Higgs a chair."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Gruel," the nurse said.

I used to read about people eating gruel in fairy tales when I was a kid, but this was the first time I'd ever tried it myself. It wasn't bad, and I inhaled it in a jiffy. Then she gave me a milk shake, but it was thick, and I couldn't get it all down through the straw.

When the nurse turned to leave, I mumbled, through my newly clenched teeth, "Hey, what else can I eat?"

"That's about it," she said.

"You mean I can't have anything else for six weeks?"

"Nothing more solid," she said. "Don't forget, you can't chew. You'll be on a liquid diet until those wires are off your teeth." Then she left.

I felt a sudden wave of panic. How could a 220-pound six-footer be expected to exist for six weeks on the likes of chicken broth, gruel and milk shakes?

But the first thing I asked the doctor was when I could play ball.

"You won't feel like playing ball for a while," he said.

"Look," I told him, "I've had this thing on for six hours and it's driving me nuts already. If I sit around and do nothing for six weeks, I'll be ready for the booby hatch. And besides, the ball club needs me."

"You can't do the ball club much good with a broken jaw," he said quietly. "Now just take it easy."

"When can I play ball?" I demanded again.

"Well"—the doctor hesitated—"maybe after a week or so, you can try."

He let me leave the hospital the next day. Maurice Bluhm, a close friend of ours in Kansas City, insisted that Phyllis and I stay at his house on Lake Lotawana, about twenty miles from the city. After the doctor had warned us of all the hazards and given instructions about how I should be handled, we headed for the lake. All the way down I complained about my diet.

When we arrived at Bluhm's place, there was a gift-wrapped package waiting for me. Inside were two plugs of tobacco, some chewing gum and a card which read, "To Bob, from the boys."

That was the first time I tried to laugh. But my teeth stayed put, and all I could manage was a Frankenstein grin.

Later in the day, Bluhm said, "Bob, how would you like to sip some steak for dinner?"

"Very funny," I grunted.

"I'm not kidding," he said. "We've got a blender in the kitchen, and the housekeeper's going to fix you a real meal."

I wasn't sure I knew what a blender was. Bluhm explained that it reduces solid food to liquid. As soon as I saw the one in the kitchen, I recognized it. I'd seen hundreds of similar gadgets. They have them at every soda fountain.

That night I had my first square meal through a straw. I started with a salad, made up of cottage cheese, fruit and mayonnaise. Then I sipped a main course of steak, potatoes and peas. After that came a chocolate frappé. The whole business tasted pretty good. And there was enough left over for a midnight snack. The housekeeper put it in a vacuum bottle to keep it warm, and that night, instead of raiding the refrigerator, I raided that vacuum bottle.

"You know," I said to Phyllis, "I might live, after all."

But the wires were driving me crazy. I kept trying to grind my teeth, and, of course, they wouldn't move. By the time I went to bed, the grinding had become practically a reflex.

When I woke up Tuesday morning, I found I'd succeeded in doing in my sleep what I couldn't do while I was awake. I'd broken the wires on one side of my mouth.

At the hospital the doctor put on double braces, and packed the rubber bands tighter. I experimented with my teeth, but now they were really cemented together. I couldn't have moved them with a crowbar without first snapping the wires.

My nerves were on edge, and I dreaded the thought of sitting around the house at the lake. On an impulse, I decided to go to the ball park, where the Athletics were scheduled to play a night game against the Washington Senators. I thought I'd work out a little. But it was drizzling, and nobody got to work out, although they did get the game played.

"This is awful," I moaned that night. "I wouldn't mind sitting around if I had a broken leg and couldn't move. But all I've got wrong with me is a broken jaw. I don't see why I can't play."

"Whether you can or not, I suppose you'd better try before you drive us all nuts," Bluhm said. "Let's see what the doctor says tomorrow."

At first, the doctor flatly refused to consider the idea. "It's only three days since your jaw was set," he pointed out. "You need more time."

Phyllis asked, "Would it be dangerous for him to play?"

"Well, I don't know," the doctor replied. "He'll have to do so much running around, I'm afraid his breathing would be affected."

"Let me try," I said.

"Come in tomorrow, and we'll talk about it."

The next day was Thursday. After a good night's sleep, I woke up a little more relaxed. I sipped a three-course breakfast—orange juice, a mixture of soft-boiled-eggs-and-bacon, and coffee. Then I went to the hospital.

The doctor was no more enthusiastic over the idea of my playing than he had been the day before, but when I kept insisting, he finally gave me permission to try.

"You've got to get it out of your system," he said, "but I don't think you'll last very long. Who ever heard of a man on a liquid diet playing big-league ball for any length of time? You won't get enough nourishment to make up for the energy you use (*Continued on Page 58*)

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(*Continued from Page 56*) up. Besides, you'll have trouble breathing. You'll be ready to take a rest in less than a week."

He removed the rubber bands to ease my breathing, since it would help to have even the tiny openings between my teeth clear, but he warned me to quit if I couldn't catch my breath. I promised to be careful, and returned to the line-up that night against the Boston Red Sox, after an absence of three games. I managed to get through the evening without incident—or hits.

Every so often, a fan yelled, "Hey, Bob, speak to me!" or, "What's the matter—you're not talking? Don't you like us any more?"

In reply I bared my teeth. That was the best I could do.

I didn't have to do much running that night. While my breath sometimes came hard, it was no worse than it had been all week. The only thing that really seemed to bother me was when I swung and missed. The first time it happened, my jaw throbbed so much I thought I'd jarred it out of place. I stepped out of the batter's box and tried to grind my teeth, but they didn't give, so I knew I was all right.

In later games, I found I could neither throw nor slide without pain. Whenever I threw hard, I thought my teeth would come right out of my mouth. And when I slid, which wasn't often, my whole face hurt.

The first time I wanted to kick to an umpire about a called strike he almost laughed in my face. I tried to yell, and nothing came out but a soft hiss. That probably kept me out of trouble. There were other times when not being able to yell almost turned out to be serious. Once when I called for a fly ball in my semiwhisper, Bill Tuttle, the center fielder, didn't hear me, and we barely missed a collision. Another time, he didn't hear me trying to warn him, and he crashed into a wall.

I played every day and while my hitting fell off at first, it gradually improved. I seemed to get a little stronger as the days wore on, but something happened on Memorial Day that proved it didn't pay to get too confident. We had morning and afternoon games on a day when the thermometer was hovering around ninety. By the seventh inning of the first game, I was seeing spots in front of my eyes, and I was tempted to ask Harry Craft to take me out. I managed to finish up, but I felt like a dishrag when it was over.

In the clubhouse I had a terrible time trying to breathe. I told Jim Ewell, "I don't think I can play this afternoon."

"Maybe we ought to give him oxygen," Ewell suggested to Craft.

They checked with the doctor. By game time—when I felt better and decided to play—they had a small oxygen unit in the dugout for me. I needed it. In one of the early innings I had to catch three fly balls, and I ran all over the outfield chasing them. I could barely drag myself to the bench, and when I got there all I could do was gasp.

Without a word, Jim shoved the oxygen into my face. I took ten deep whiffs and felt better with every one. Later in the inning, facing Bob Kelly, the Indians' pitcher, I belted one over the bullpen in center field. It was my second homer since breaking my jaw. It nearly set a new style in the Athletics' dugout. Everyone else on the ball club suddenly wanted to gulp oxygen before going to bat.

A week after I got hurt, Phyllis had to go home to Lincoln. I stayed at Bluhm's for the rest of the club's home stand. Nobody slept in the same room with me, but Maury had an intercom system. If I made the slightest noise during the night, it would get the whole house up.

I missed my kids badly, since I normally got to see them in Lincoln every week when the ball club was at home. Sithay Ann, the oldest, who is nine, came to Kansas City with her mother on the last day of our home stand. But I didn't see her three sisters and two brothers all during the time my teeth were wired together.

I didn't see my parents either. They still live in Weston, Nebraska, a farming community of 350 people about thirty miles north of Lincoln. I was born and brought up there. We didn't have any baseball. All I ever played in high school was basketball. I graduated in 1943, and went right into the Navy. After spending a couple of years overseas as a radarman aboard a destroyer, I got out in 1946 and entered the University of Nebraska under the G.I. Bill.

I played a little baseball during the summer of 1946 on a semipro team in Wahoo, seven miles from Weston. Although one of baseball's most famous old-time stars, Sam Crawford, lives there, I never met him until they had a day for him in Kansas City last year.

In college, I fell into baseball purely by accident. The assistant varsity basketball coach, Tony Sharpe, was also the varsity baseball coach. When the basketball season was over, he told me he needed a catcher, and I agreed to give it a try. I made the ball club, then shifted to the outfield in my sophomore year. I've been an outfielder ever since.

I met my wife during my freshman year at Nebraska. We got married on June 5, 1947, and had two children by the time I graduated in 1950. Joe McDermott, the Yankee scout in our area, sold me on signing with them by promising I'd start right out in the American Association.

During most of my years in baseball, I've been pretty lucky in avoiding injuries. I'm a rugged guy and rarely got hurt. Outside of my ankle problem last year, and the broken jaw this year, I never had much trouble along those lines. I packed it all into the weeks my mouth was wired up.

As long as we played at home, I managed pretty well, but when we went on the road, there were new problems. I had to have a roommate who knew what to do in case of emergency, and I carried all kinds of equipment. There was the blender, the oxygen unit, three vacuum bottles, flexible straws, a portable electric water heater and vitamin and salt pills. We had a list of doctors to call in every city we visited, in case anything went wrong.

We flew to Washington on Monday, June second, which was an off day. I had X rays before leaving, and my jaw was coming along all right.

I said to the doctor, "I hate the thought of taking another month of this. Can't I get the wires off sooner?"

"Oh, I meant to tell you," he said. "Unless something unforeseen develops, we're going to cut you loose June sixteenth—the day after you get back from this eastern trip."

I tried to grin and, as usual, gave it up as a bad job.

I got a pocket calendar and began checking off the days. Jim Ewell was my roommate, since he was the only one on the club who knew how to unwire me. After we checked into the hotel in Washington, he gave instructions on what kind of food I was to have—no roughage; only the choicest steaks, ground twice, and clear soup. Everything had to be piping hot.

Boy, they sure must love us in Washington! The first night we were there, we sent the food back twice, once because the soup had noodles in it and the other time because the rest of the meal was cold. When we were finally satisfied, I carefully put the steak and potatoes and peas into the blender, diluted it with the soup and triumphantly switched it on.

With a swoosh that drove Jim and me against the farthest wall, my dinner splattered all over the room. I'd forgotten to put the lid on!

At bedtime I turned in and slept like a baby. Jim spent a miserable night. When he slept, it was with one ear open, like a mother listening for a child's cry. But he didn't get much sleep. He'd eaten something that didn't agree with him, and was up half the night.

The waiter who brought up my food in Washington had to go back to the kitchen every night we were there because something was wrong each time. Everywhere else we went we left a trail of waiters who must have been just as glad to see us go.

There were times when Jim showed admirable patience with me, particularly the night in Baltimore when I had a sudden urge for a hamburger just before we went to sleep. He called room service and ordered a regular one for himself and a special one for me. "Make it out of the best grade of steak," he said, "and be sure it's ground twice." He repeated the order a couple of times.

Just before he hung up, I said, "Tell them not to forget ketchup."

He sputtered, but managed to relay the message without blowing his stack. When the hamburger, smothered in ketchup, came up, I put it in the blender, mixed it with some leftover steak and had a nice midnight snack. I felt like Oscar of the Waldorf.

I got up late one morning in New York and ordered three soft-boiled eggs with a rasher of bacon. The service was slow, and by the time the eggs arrived they were hard-boiled. I hate hard-boiled eggs, but didn't have time to reorder. I finally mixed them with oatmeal and sipped it all up. When there's nothing but a blender between you and starvation, you can manage to stand almost anything.

The farther we traveled the better I felt, because each move brought me nearer the day when the wires would come off. When we arrived in Boston on Friday morning, June thirteenth, I felt like a marathon runner going into the homestretch. Three more nights—just three nights—and it would be all over.

Friday and Saturday dragged by, and the fact that we lost both games to the Red Sox didn't make things any easier. But when I woke up Sunday morning, I couldn't wait to get to the ball park for the double-header that day.

"Tomorrow," I hissed to anyone close enough to hear me, "my braces come off."

It turned out to be a great afternoon both for the ball club and for me. We swept the two games, and I had a home run, three triples and two singles. The triples almost killed me; I had to inhale oxygen after each one. I was so tired I couldn't finish the second game, but I didn't mind.

We flew back to Kansas City Sunday night. On the airplane somebody pointed out to me that, broken jaw and all, I was still leading the American League in home runs with seventeen, and in runs batted in with fifty-one. My batting average had dropped from .344 to .310, but in the twenty-eight games I had played with those wires on, I had hit six homers—more than in any of my seasons with the Yankees—and had driven in twenty-one runs.

I couldn't get to St. Luke's Hospital fast enough on Monday. While I waited for X-ray pictures to be developed, I weighed myself for the first time in a week. The needle stopped at 216. In spite of the liquid diet and the fact that I had played ball almost every day, my weight had stood up well. During the most rugged month of my baseball career, I'd lost only four pounds.

The X rays were perfect, and the doctor went right to work on me. By early afternoon the wires were off, and I was a free man.

"What are you going to do now?" someone asked me.

"Eat a nice, big sirloin steak—straight," I said.

"Not yet," said the doctor. "You won't be eating steak straight for a week."

I grinned, then yawned extravagantly. But the doctor was right. My mouth was still too sore for steak. I had to settle for deviled eggs that first day. At least I could eat them with a spoon. My blender bender was over. THE END

"You remember me—last summer—Echo Point——oint——oint——oint——oint."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Who made tomato flavor come alive in catsup?

Del Monte chefs did...with pineapple distilled vinegar! It brings out all the rich flavor of ripe tomatoes and zesty spices. Makes this the liveliest catsup you ever tasted....

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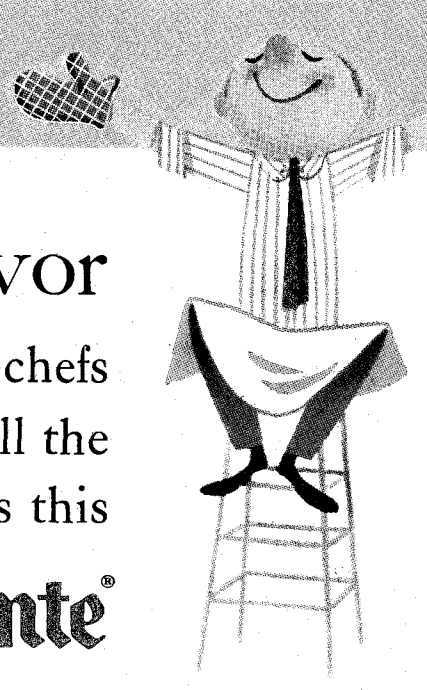

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The Well-Adjusted Husband (Continued from Page 22)

Weir, was giving y Basset her frankly-I-agree-with-you-old-boy look.

For y Basset it was a great gathering. It was a gathering of his writing class at the home of one of his pupils. The fact that he had all of these pupils because various psychiatrists had recommended writing as occupational therapy did not disturb y Basset nor diminish his importance in his own eyes. He could deal with the Jackson Saddles. But he didn't know whether he could deal with Nick Sloat, who sat in the midst of wires and boxes and played jazz records at a volume of about sixty decibels.

Nick Sloat ignored y Basset, as he might have ignored Mount Rushmore, even if he stood at the foot of it. If Ginnie needed occupational therapy, she should have it. If she needed psychiatry, she should have that. If writing amused her, whom did it hurt for her to do it?

Everything was fine as long as Nick Sloat could ignore the garbage this bird y Basset was putting out and listen to his jazz. Because jazz was what he liked. He was easygoing, and he liked Fats Waller.

He had known Fats Waller. He had sat at the great man's feet during jam sessions on Long Island. He had known Teagarden, too, and Krupa, Goodman, Armstrong, the Dorsey brothers, Condon and all the rest. He had drunk straight gin with some of these boys. He had developed the soft, whisky whisper Fats used to deliver most of his conversation and some of his songs.

For a little while, during the first martini, Nick had tried to dig this boy y Basset. But he couldn't follow it. It all sounded kind of freakish. But, if this was a writing class, and Ginnie liked it, O.K.

He turned on the box and let the boys talk to him. Nick seldom played whole records. He seldom played a whole song. He played special passages over and over, as a young man will keep rereading the few best lines of a love letter.

Nick looked on life and found it good. He found it easy and flowing.

Ginnie was tense. Not always, but sometimes. That's why she went to the psychiatrist. To get untangled. And he sent her to this writing class where y Basset kept talking about sex.

Nick looked around. Good many empty glasses. He got up, reluctant to leave the good drum passage, paused and gently lifted the tone arm back, ran through the passage again and turned the machine off.

Ginnie had begun to serve dinner, spaghetti, what she called a doggie dish. But some would be thirsty. Jackson Saddle would be thirsty. So Nick went around gently, gathering glasses and asking in his soft, whisky whisper about another drink.

Saddle followed him into the kitchen. "This guy y Basset's a jerk," Saddle said.

"We're all jerks, Jack," Nick said.

"How do you stand it, Nick?"

"I don't listen. I got the boys on the box."

Ginnie came back from serving everyone. "Amanda y Basset agrees with me," she said, putting the empty platter into the crowded sink.

"Then you better think over what you said," Jackson Saddle said. "You must have been wrong."

"Oh, hush, Jack." She patted his cheek and gave him a kiss. "All this time, Nick, like I've told you, I've been going to the psychiatrist, and I think you're the one who ought to go. Amanda agrees."

"But, honey," Nick said. "I'm sane!"

"I'm not so sure," Ginnie said. "In the true sense, I mean. In the medical sense."

"Are you crazy?" Saddle asked her. "Nick's one of the few sane people I know. If I were as sane as he is, I wouldn't have ulcers!"

"You don't understand, Jackson, honey. The trouble—the way Amanda put it, and she puts it so very well, is, Nick's sane enough about himself. He's just not sane about me!"

"Oh! My aching back!" Saddle said.

"How you mean, honey?" Nick asked. "We got three kids, haven't we?"

"It's romance," Ginnie said, a little hurt because Saddle walked out in disgust. "You don't make love lovely."

"You mean the way it says in advertisements?"

"Well. Sort of that way."

Nick spread his arms wide. "Look at me, honey. I'm big and plump. For a living I sell office equipment. 'Make working a pleasure!'" He held up a forefinger to show it was the slogan. "When I come home I can afford to bring the evening paper. If I don't bring flowers, we can afford a cocktail before dinner. If I don't bring other things, we can afford a party like this now and then. I'm comfortably deep in debt, same as everybody else. Do I sound like the sort of guy who could make love lovely?"

"Maybe, if you saw my psychiatrist." She was serious.

It scared him. "I don't need a psychiatrist, hon," he pleaded. "I can't even afford him for you. Twenty bucks a week for confession? Raises hell with the budget. We could maybe pay off the car, if you could rest your mind for a year."

She bit her lip and considered it. Then she nodded. "You're right, Nick. We can't afford both of us. And my occupational therapy—my writing class—is straightening me out. I'll stop and you go in my place."

"But, honey ——"

She didn't give him a chance to finish. y Basset was preaching again, and she didn't want to miss a word.

Deciding that it was good he wasn't a jealous type, Nick followed Ginnie into the living room where the voice said: "X. Fargo y Basset has surveyed the problem. He has spoken with a great variety of people. This is a repressed nation! The editors have told y Basset the secret. This nation craves the ribaldry of The Country Wife and The Beaux' Stratagem. And what does this great public get?"

"The vice squad!" Jackson Saddle said.

y Basset raised an eyebrow at Saddle and continued: "After the war they sold automobiles, refrigerators and electric ranges under the counter! Today they sell sex! y Basset's agent said to him just the other day ——"

Nick turned the box on again and selected a really fine Beiderbecke. To Jackson Saddle, who had come to sit near the music, Nick said, "I'd like you to hear how the horn and drum work in this passage."

He played the fragment several times. Then, moving to another part of the record, he asked: "You play gin, Jack?" He pulled out a fresh deck of cards and tore the paper off. "Ever since the old days of greasy decks, I can't stand dirty cards."

"I'd rather play gin than listen to that fool," Saddle said. "Can't we put on a good loud record, Nick, and drown him out?"

"I'll play some Krup." He started a Krupa selection that was nearly all drums. The noise was deafening. y Basset and the girls pretended to ignore it, but they had to get into a close huddle in the far corner. Nick watched this result happily. Then he said: "I learned gin from old Krup and the other boys. Hey! Dig that passage! Lemme run it through once again." He ran it through.

Through three hands of gin rummy, which he won with fantastic ease, Nick kept replaying sections of the drum record. The record never quite ended. There was some left over at the end of the third hand when Saddle said: "You're too good for me, Nick. You're an expert."

Nick smiled comfortably. "You know? Before Ginnie and I got married, I made a subsistence sort of living playing gin. You couldn't make more than subsistence. Those cats were poor. Those days I never got a chance to play for real stakes, I always wondered how I'd do. Whether I'd lose my nerve."

He'd turned the record down to talk. Now he turned it off. As he did, Ginnie got up and came to the middle of the room. She announced her decision. All this time she'd been going to a psychiatrist. Now she was going to stop and let Nick go. It was a turning point in their lives. Nick would learn about the bigger things in life. Something besides jazz and gin rummy.

Nick protested.

"X. Fargo y Basset thinks that is a splendid idea!" y Basset said. "It gives him a theme for a story, How treatment made a shy husband into a veritable tiger!"

There is something about a wife saying a thing to a large group of people—and wives know this too well—that gives it the flavor of a commandment. The next Monday, Nick called at the office of Dr. Emmet Ogden Blough. Doctor Blough's office was the size of a kitchenette. August had grown warm again, so Doctor Blough ran his air conditioner.

Nick and Doctor Blough greeted each other suspiciously. Then they sat and stared at each other awhile. Presently Doctor Blough said in an unctuous whisper, "Your wife has spoken to me about you, Mr. Sloat."

In his confidential whisky whisper, Nick asked, "What'd she say, pop?"

Doctor Blough raised his eyebrows and shrank away slightly. "I'm afraid," he said, "that discussing her views with you would interfere with my treatment. You would try to make me an arbiter between you. And that wouldn't do." He scribbled notes rapidly on a pad. "Wouldn't do at all." He put down his pen and leaned forward again, becoming affable, genial, sincere, man to man. "Tell me about your wife."

Nick shrugged his enormous shoulders, rolled his head on one side to consider the matter, smiled slightly and said, "She's a good kid, pop. Restless. But a good kid."

"Ah!" Doctor Blough sighed. "Restless! Can you imagine why?"

"I guess all women are restless. Same old kids. Same old husband. Day in. Day out."

"Does she say this to you?"

"Sometimes. Mainly she says —— Now lemme see." He tipped his great head to one side again. His big moonface studied the problem. "Oh, yeah," his whisky whisper drawled slowly, savoring the joy of the mind that remembered. "She wants me to make love lovely."

"Ah!" Doctor Blough sighed again. "And do you try to do that?"

"You married, pop?"

Doctor Blough recoiled again and scribbled more notes. Then he said, in a humoring voice, "Why, yes. I am."

"You married long? You got any children?"

Haughtily, as if to say this was the last question he would answer on this pointless subject, Doctor Blough said, "I have been married for fifteen years, Mr. Sloat, and I have three children."

Nick leaned toward Doctor Blough. "Tell me, pop," he whispered. "Can you still make love lovely?"

"I don't think this is helping your problem, Mr. Sloat."

"Pop," Nick said, "if you think that, you don't dig the situation. That is my problem!"

Doctor Blough smiled with professional superiority. "You think you understand your problem?" His tone of voice said, "How droll!" He touched the tips of his fingers together. "Just what do you think your problem is?"

"Making love lovely, pop. If you don't understand how to do it, we're wasting each other's time."

Doctor Blough didn't grow angry. He was in control of the situation. Gently he explained about love, about women, about sex, about children. He explained these things in long, complicated sentences that sounded real important.

Nick stared at him glassily. When Doctor Blough stopped, Nick said: "You make it sound like a hot trumpet, pop! Man! It could really send you, if it all happened again. Wouldn't it?"

"I don't seem to've made myself clear."

"Sure you have, pop." Nick patted Doctor Blough's knee in a comforting way. "You're coming in clear as a bell, son. Reminds me of the days on Long Island, when Ginnie and I were first married. Soaking up the beat with those cool cats and playing gin rummy." Nick took a fresh deck of cards from his pocket and stripped off the paper. He shuffled it and leaned forward expectantly. "You play gin, pop?"

Doctor Blough made more hasty notes. Then, as one who condescends to indulge the patient in order to know him, he smiled and said, "Why, yes. I've played a good deal of gin, Mr. Sloat. I find all card games a good index to character."

"Why don't we play a game or so, pop?" Nick asked.

Doctor Blough put down his pen. With the professional care of a surgeon preparing to operate, he arranged a small table between them. "I think," he said, "that such a game might be very helpful in studying your problem."

Nick winked at him genially. "Pop," he whispered, "you're really there. You guess maybe a little money'd make it work better?"

Doctor Blough asked him what he had in mind. Nick set the stakes high.

"Can you afford that much?" Doctor Blough asked.

"If it wouldn't embarrass you, pop."

Doctor Blough blushed. "Of course not."

Nick dealt.

When Doctor Blough's next patient rang, Nick had won fifty dollars. Nick examined the doctor's face. It was interesting. The doctor was torn between professional habit and the human urge to try one more hand to get even.

Finding the doctor no longer in control of the situation, Nick thought he'd better do the right thing. Carefully he collected the cards, slipped them with great reverence into their box, tucked the box into his pocket and said: "Pop! It's been real! Shall we let the finances ride 'til next time and see how we even out?"

Doctor Blough blushed again. "Most reasonable idea, Mr. Sloat." He got up. "Did you want to pay for your visits each time, as your wife did?"

"Suppose we just let that be part of the pot, pop."

"The pot? Oh—eh—yes. Naturally. Since you're ahead at the moment, you mean. Of course. And you'll be back next

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week at the same time or —— Wait." He took up his appointment book. "Why don't I give you an appointment in the afternoon? At the end of the day? So we won't be interrupted?"

"I'm with you, pop. Anything you say."

As he left the doctor's office, Nick felt distinctly pleasant. It wasn't a sense of triumph. It was more a reassurance that every man had basic instincts that no amount of complicated talk could push away. If anything, Nick felt sorry for Doctor Blough. Hidden beneath all that whoop-de-do, he had the true urge of the unlucky gambler. The poor guy wasn't really hep to the way the world worked. And Ginnie had such faith in him.

When he got home, Ginnie asked him how his visit was.

"Cool, hon," he told her. "Real cool. I feel better already."

"Did he tell you how to make love lovely?"

"He didn't seem to know."

"Of course he knows!"

"Maybe he's saving it up. For an encore. Did he tell you?"

"Yes. And he sent me to Fargo y Basset's class. It's done wonders for me. Fargy came by today—about the time you were at the doctor's—and we discussed inspiration. I wish you could have heard him!"

Nick shook his head. "I guess it's better I didn't. I don't dig your pal." He gave her a hug and kissed her. "But, you think it does you good, honey, I'm glad." He released her. "How about I work the kids over at some baseball? Then we'll have a little music."

She was with it. She really did like the things he liked. And she liked him to keep the kids busy while she fixed dinner.

As he went out, peppering the air and his sons with a string of infield chatter, he felt fine. He and Ginnie got along fine. Of course Ginnie talked a lot about a lot of wild subjects. But they didn't have to discuss things to run their lives smoothly. They understood what each other needed, and they had it there on time.

When he came in and started to listen to some jazz Ginnie said: "Fargy brought me an album of records. It's called Façade. Edith Sitwell."

"Who's she?"

"A poetess. Let's listen to her instead of that old noise." Without waiting to hear what he thought of her calling the boys noise, she started the album. It was about as squirrelly a deal as he ever heard. This old gal with a fluty voice together with some boy that sounded like he did interior decorating dished up a flock of double talk against a flock of guys that sounded like they were tuning up a German band.

When it was over, Nick said, "Boy, that ain't even square! That's real nothing!"

So that led to an argument about how low-brow Nick was and how he sure did need psychiatric care.

The second time Nick went to Doctor Blough there wasn't much talking. They played gin rummy for an hour and fifteen minutes, and the doctor dropped another seventy-five dollars. Deducting forty for fees, Nick had eighty-five dollars clear. The doctor insisted on settling.

That suited Nick. The next day he made three payments on the car.

But he was puzzled about Ginnie. She kept playing this Façade thing, and it wasn't really her sort of thing. And she hadn't written anything for two weeks. Generally she had some pages to read him once or twice a week. They were always about some oddballs that kept talking about fixations. But, if Ginnie liked them, O.K. But she'd stopped.

And all of a sudden she never seemed to hear anything the first time he said it. Sometimes, even when he repeated it, she still didn't hear. It was very strange.

But Nick was not the sort to worry. He didn't know about deep-seated mental disturbances, so he didn't believe in them. When people felt out of sorts or reacted wrong, he just figured their digestion was disturbed or some other homely thing was the matter with them. If you let it alone, it would clear up.

As the weeks passed, all Ginnie was interested in was how he made out with Doctor Blough. He was making out fine, but he couldn't tell her so. He was taking the doctor for about sixty dollars a visit, including the fee. And it looked as though it would go on and on like that.

The doctor wasn't much at gin rummy. But he thought he was hot stuff. And he had a real gambler's canker. As long as he was losing, he couldn't stop.

He explained it to Nick one day. "Nick," he said—he'd called him Nick since the third visit—"Nick, the law of averages is piling up against you."

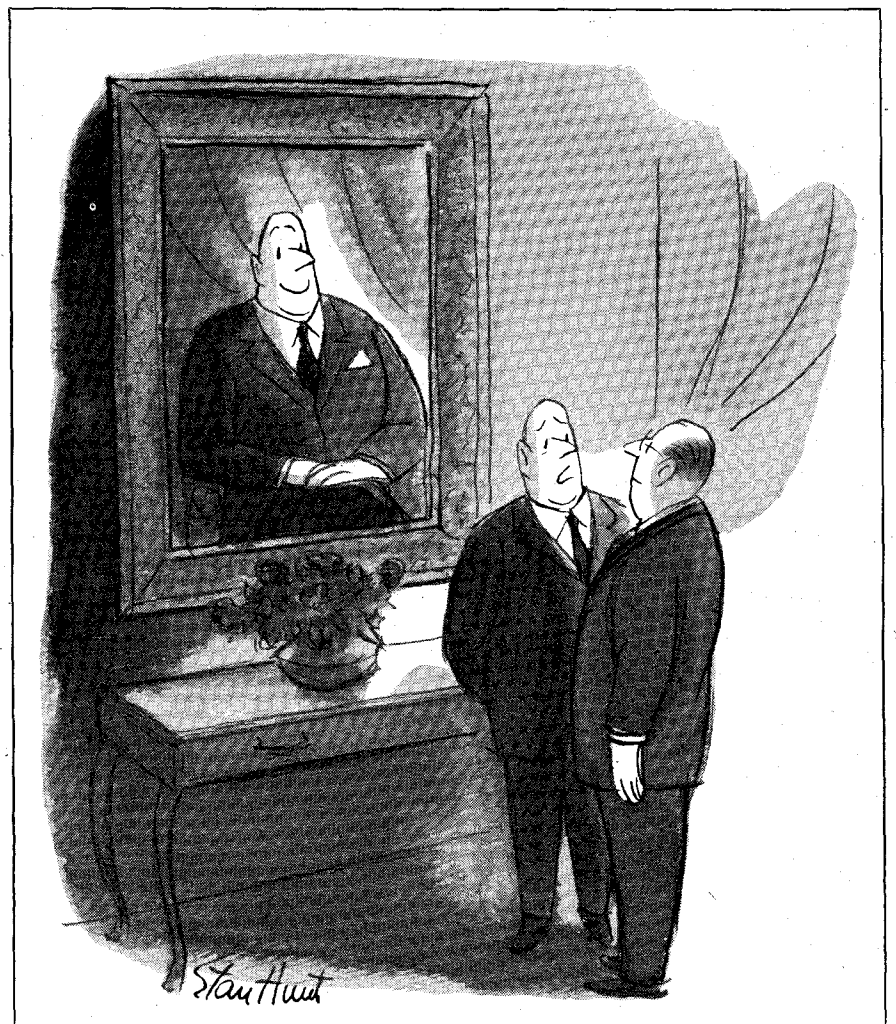
"That right, pop?" Nick said. "Gin, pop!" He spread the hand. "Let her pile!"

That evening he came home to a tense situation. He sensed it in Ginnie's manner. He saw it in the faces of the kids when he went out to play with them.

He asked Nickie, who was eleven, and Bobbie, who was nine, and Ronnie, who was seven, what was the matter. They each said, "Aw, nothing."

But they each made occasions to keep coming near him and touching him, the way people do—kids or anyone else—when they're uneasy and want to be sure they can still touch one safe thing. Later, in the house, they gave Ginnie odd looks. Their parents could do no wrong. They were sure of that. But their looks asked Ginnie if something she'd done really was right. It made Ginnie so edgy she snapped at them until bedtime.

When Nick went to tell them good night, they clung to him in a tight way that hadn't happened since they were very young.



"It was painted just before the recession."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When he went down and turned on the machine for a word from the boys, Ginnie said, "I can't stand that horrible noise!"

Slowly Nick felt a funny sort of ache. Not believing she meant it, he turned the volume down and said, "But, honey, that's our boy. That's Fats!"

"He's not my boy," she said. "Life is more than cocktails and kids and that noise."

"It is? What is life, hon? Besides being happy? And seeing the kids look happy and feel safe? And listening to the rhythm roll?"

"Life is reaching out toward goals, worth-while goals," she said. She didn't ham it up. She didn't gesture. Somebody had sold her. She was on a real jag. She pitched it to him flatfooted.

"Hon," he said, "the only worth-while goal I can find is my yearly sales quota. They keep pushing it up, but I keep making it."

Well, that set her off. She told him an hour and a half's worth of things from X. Fargo y Basset. Seemed Fargy came by these days in the afternoon while Nick was at Doctor Blough's. The best Nick could make out of all the words was, Ginnie admired Fargy's brain.

"Did he tell you how to make love lovely, hon?"

"Of course not! There wasn't anything like that. That sort of thing is for animals."

"He sure has changed. Last word he gave me, it was for people. He sold it under the table, now, instead of refrigerators."

She didn't answer. She went off to bed in a huff. She left him nested in the messily wired hi-fi set in the living room that the kids kept tousled. He played more Fats and some Krup. But the thrill wasn't there. There was only the new ache that came before dinner.

The next day he asked Jackson Saddle to lunch. He put the problem to Saddle.

"Nick," Saddle said, "Basset is a fake. He's a phony. He runs that writing class to get girl friends. He started making passes at my wife, and she quit."

"With Ginnie it's supposed to be real brainy."

Saddle nodded. "It starts that way. Pretty soon the attention skids down from the brain. I hear he comes when you're safely bottled up with the doctor. The word is that Ginnie's heading for the full treatment."

The idea didn't cheer Nick. He couldn't believe Ginnie was that silly. But how did you know about people? And, if you were wrong, you still had to trust them to come out of it themselves. You couldn't push them.

That afternoon he had another session with Doctor Blough. That meant Basset would be with Ginnie. Most guys would rush home. But that was wrong. Whether there was anything or not, Ginnie would have to defend it and make it into something. Nick thought he might ask Doctor Blough about it. But Doctor Blough didn't want to talk. He wanted to try to get even at gin rummy. He looked about as frantic as a man can get over trying to win. Nick felt he couldn't be impolite and insist on talking.

The doctor insisted on playing for two full hours. It didn't help him. Nick took him for a hundred and fifty dollars.

Finally the doctor gave up. He got up and, with shaking hands, he paid Nick in cash. "Mr. Sloat," he said, "we'd better make this our last session." He wrung his hands. "I'm afraid I permitted our investigation to get badly off the track. And really"—he got a grip on himself and laid a kindly hand on Nick's shoulder—"you don't need a psychiatrist. You're the most normal man I ever met. If there's any such thing as a normal man." He shook his head sadly. "That's probably why you seemed unbalanced to your wife. I doubt if there's a place in the world today for a normal man."

He didn't give Nick a chance to discuss Ginnie. His talk faltered into embarrassed silence and he ushered Nick out hastily.

Nick found himself on the street at dusk with a hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket. He went to a florist and bought a dozen red roses. People said red roses meant love.

To his surprise, Ginnie met him at the door and held out her arms to him. He wasn't sure how to behave. So he handed her the flowers and rolled his big head sheepishly when he saw how they sent her.

The eyes of the kids told him it was all over, and the less said, the better. He guessed Ginnie didn't like the second movement of mutual brain admiration. It must have happened pretty fast too. Because y Basset's hat was still on the chair by the door. It was nice to remember Ginnie was as strong as she was big.

He took the kids outside and told them ghost stories while Ginnie fixed dinner. Then he had a toddy with her. And, after the kids went to bed, they sat very close together on the sofa and listened to Bix and Louis Armstrong and Fats and all the others.

Finally Ginnie asked him about Doctor Blough.

Nick scratched his head. "Today he said I was O.K. So I guess our sessions are over."

"I'm glad." She nuzzled her face into his shoulder. "We can use the money to pay off the car and the refrigerator and the stove."

"Yeah," he said. He wondered how to break the news that they were already paid off. He was a little sad too. He'd kind of hoped the treatment would go on until he managed to pay off the house. But he guessed people were right about psychiatry. It sure did help straighten out your life. THE END

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The Secret of Loch Lure (Continued from Page 14)

vanished beyond the point below Castle Lure. "Home then, Jock," he said.

Jock made no move to start the outboard motor. "Sh-h-h, mon! Dinna interrupt. I'm thinkin'."

Colin McLure was a gentle fellow, humble, too easily put upon, as his mother kept remarking. But now he turned to blast the insubordinate Dunblane. Jock sat, fingers to brow, deep lost in thought. And then a smile was born and spread about and grew to be a grin that deepened every weathered wrinkle in his face.

"Man," he whispered, "I've got it, Master Colin! I've got the idea to save Glenlure!" He paused. He murmured, "You've heard of the paravane?"

Colin had heard of the paravane, a planed device that was towed submerged to cut the cables of mines at sea. He often endured the nautical reminiscences of Ex-Petty Officer Dunblane, R.N.V.R. in Mine Sweepers. He listened now.

"Impossible," he said. . . . "It couldn't work. . . . I doubt that very much. . . . It's just feasible. . . . You've got something, yes, I do believe. . . . But think of the capital outlay."

"It's a gamble," said Jock Dunblane. "If the laird canna take a risk, the laird canna save Glenlure."

"It may be a stroke of genius, Jock—worth trying anyway. Now, secrecy is vital. Lady Violet must know, but not a single word to another living soul."

"Does the laird not trust me, after all these years?" asked Jock, offended.

"You're a born gossip," said the laird. "And so are your many lady friends. Not a word to Margaret, nor to Bella. Not a hint in the bar on Saturday night. Now swear it."

Jock grumbled and swore it. They set course for the boathouse, which lay at the head of a narrow lagoon or cleft in the point below the castle. Jock Dunblane went home to eat his supper and have a second bite with Margaret, cook at the castle. Colin McLure found his mother in the garden. Lady Violet was a gardener of international renown, a woman of majestic stature, broad of beam, solid as teak, the daughter of an English duke.

"Well, darling?" she said, and looked at her shrubs, her flowers, her exotic trees, the work of a lifetime, and she soon would lose it. That morning she had said to him, "I *think* you should sell before we're finally stony-broke. But it's your decision, Colin."

"You look less woeful," she said now. "Have you decided to take the plunge?"

"A plunge of sorts," he said. "Now listen!"

Lady Violet listened. Then she shook in all her massive frame. Lady Violet with the giggles was impressive. She wiped tears away. "It's fabulous," she said. She looked admiringly at her only son. "My dear boy," Lady Violet said, "I had begun to fear that you had lost your punch."

"Mum's the word now, mum," he said.

"You bet," said mum.

Colin McLure and Jock Dunblane worked all that winter through. They were fortunate in their workshop, the boathouse. The boathouse was above water level, and it was commodious. Here, also, was electric light, brought from the castle in more prosperous times by Colin's father. Here, and most important, was seclusion. A high wire fence cut across the point from water's edge to water's edge, as fox protection, for these used to be the pheasant-rearing grounds.

Jock provided the practical experience, Colin a flair for engineering. They planned, built, tested in the deep lagoon, failed, tried again. They suffered many disappointments. But they were dogged men. The time came at last—at the bleak full moon of March—for extended trials. Jock, in the big boat, chugged laboriously across the loch at one A.M., an hour when most good Highlanders are long asleep. There was a delay. He came back less slowly, but intermittently. The moon was bright enough for inspection and adjustment, not nearly bright enough for observation from the road shore of the loch.

"Man, he worked just grand," said Jock. The enterprise had long since been accorded masculine gender—he, or him, or his.

"Jocky," Bella said later, "what mischief was you up to in the wee sma' hours this mornin' on the loch? I heard ye. Or would it have been the laird?"

Jock put his lips to Bella's ear. Her eyes grew round. He peered out of the window of Glenlure Post Office. The coast was clear. He drew an ex-liniment bottle from his pocket. It contained a pale fluid.

"Here," said Jock. "Tak a wee dram, my Scotch bluebell."

Bella did. She choked. "Grand stuff," she said. "But strong, my goodness gracious."

"Mind you, if yon stuck-up lump of a constable, Jim Tocher, was to hear ——"

"Jim's not stuck-up," said Bella stoutly. "Onyway, Jim won't hear."

Sure enough, every inhabitant of Glenlure, excepting Tocher, knew by nightfall that Jock Dunblane had a private still on the island of Lure. They knew wrong, for he had it somewhere else. But the alibi was established. No more questions would be asked, and if Constable Tocher should make inquiries about nocturnal goings-on, he would meet bland ignorance.

The spring came round, and early summer. Things remained bad, not quite so bad as the previous year. May was a good hatching month for a very small stock of grouse. The salmon ran in limited numbers. Wool and lumber prices rallied a little. "I had a letter from Doctor Craig," said Lady Violet at luncheon. "He's moderator this year, you may remember. Well, anyway, the dear old goop is doing a bicycle tour of the Highlands early in July, with his friend, the Catholic Bishop of the Hebrides, of all improbable combinations. They plan to pass here to the west. He asked, might they come to see the garden? Don't you *think we should have the prelates to* lunch?"

"Of course," he said. And then a heaven-sent thought occurred to him, in the shape of two prelates skirting Loch Lure on bicycles. "Get them without fail," he said. "At a stated hour on a certain day."

Colin's mother saw his devilish intent. "Oh, surely not!" she said. "Wouldn't that be rather much? They're both dignitaries, *even on a cycle tour.*"

"I know," he said. "It can't be helped."

The moderator and the bishop rode up the drive to Castle Lure, disputing dogma. They were old friends, having been chaplains in the 51st Highland Division, prisoners in Germany most of World War Two. They were a splendid pair of Christian men. Lady Violet marched them round the garden. They did justice to good wine and food, paid many compliments, laughed hilariously, gave thanks, and continued their cycle tour at half past two.

"I love you both so much," said Lady Violet in her forthright way, "that I shall ride a distance with you. Any objections?"

No objections. The prelates were delighted. Colin watched them ride down the drive, then strode to his vantage point, within calling distance of the boathouse, watching the road along the loch. It was a sunny afternoon, and clear. They came into view. He waited. Not yet. A little farther.

"O.K., Jock," he called.

"O.K.," acknowledged the mate of the enterprise. An electric hum now sounded in the quiet air.

"How is the fishing nowadays?" asked the moderator of Lady Violet's back. Potholes, not traffic, made it necessary to ride in Indian file.

"Appalling," she said. "There used to be excellent fly fishing round the shore. Not in the middle—which is far too deep. Bottomless, tradition says."

"To what do you attribute this deplenishment?" asked the bishop, bringing up the rear.

"Something killed them, I suppose, or something ate them." Lady Violet looked at the sunlit loch, lovely, bottomless, in-

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scrutable. Then she snatched her left hand from the handle bars and pointed. "Holy Moses! What in Jonah's name is that?"

Lady Violet fell off. The clergymen ran into her and each other. All picked themselves up, left cycles lying and stared at a monstrous apparition. It was about half a mile away. It swam from island of Lure toward Castle Point.

The moderator, who was a keen bird-watcher, had glasses with him. He focused them. "Shaggy head," he muttered. "Two big gray humps."

"Let's have a look!" The bishop reached for the glasses.

"Patience, man! The tail! The tail thrashed quite distinctly then! . . . Oh, all right, greedy, take them!"

The Bishop of the Hebrides now had the glasses. The head rose higher. The breast wave cut a deeper V. The huge loch beast, fifty feet at least from shaggy head by hump and hump to gleaming tail, swam faster and then slower, sinking into the bottomless waters of Loch Lure, and was gone. It had been visible for perhaps half a minute.

The waves dwindled, spreading out. There was a shocked silence here on the road beside the loch. The birds still sang and the sun still shone, and in a while the power of speech returned. The head—like nothing on earth. Or did it not remind the moderator of a moose he had met that year he preached in Canada? Not a bull-moose type of head, with mighty antlers, nor a cow-moose type of head, with none at all; but undoubtedly truncated horns, the bishop said. For once, the two old friends were wholly in agreement. Lady Violet said nothing.

A shadow of self-doubt assailed them. "You saw it, dear lady, didn't you?" they inquired together.

"I saw something," said the redoubtable dear lady. "There has been a legend since the dawn of time. I've always been skeptical, but now I must say ——"

They waited for a second appearance, but in vain. They untangled bicycles and rode on west. Lady Violet bade them farewell at the end of the loch.

Now it happened that Bella Graham in her garden that afternoon looked at the loch and saw the monster. Bella was the Glenlure correspondent of the Goban Times. She watched. She noticed Lady Violet and two ministers along the road. She ran to the telephone.

Thus it chanced that as the prelates reached the junction of the Goban road, they were met by a first reporter. Such a scoop could not be exclusive to a weekly paper. By evening, the moderator and the bishop had been interviewed by most of the press of Britain.

"What next?" asked Lady Violet at the close of an eventful day. She and her son and Jock Dunblane confabulated in the garden. Cars were droning round the loch. Through the open windows of the morning room, not far away, the telephone clamored persistently. "Shall I put up the garden notices? I finished painting them this afternoon."

"No," Colin said. "We mustn't jump the gun. That would be suspicious. And remember, both of you—adopt a negative attitude. Play the thing down. When they ask you, Jock, say: 'I can't say I've seen it myself.' Never say flatly that you have, and never deny the whole idea absolutely."

"Why?" asked Colin's mother.

"First, because that will whet their appetites. Second, and more important, if we lie and we do happen to be found out, the law can get us for conspiracy to deceive or some such crime. But as far as I know, there's no law against me having what beasts I like in my loch or playing what harmless games I like in my loch. I'm not asking anyone to watch. You see the point?"

"I do," his mother said. "But I have to admit that I have qualms of conscience about the clerics—such a wonderful pair of codgers. I wish we hadn't made use of them."

Colin had qualms also. But the deed was done. A leader must not falter in midstep. "The cause is good," he said. "The end therefore justifies the means. Well, I must deal with that instrument. Good night then, Jock." He strode off to the telephone.

It was a spell of fine summer weather. The holiday season had begun. The invasion columns came from west and east to meet on the north shore of the loch. It was possible for cars to pass, impossible for buses, except at certain wider places.

"Moosie of Lure," a bright reporter of the Edinburgh Herald named it, and the name caught on. But Moosie of Lure did not appear again.

"Not yet," said Colin. "We must wait."

"May I put up my notices now?" asked Lady Violet. There was no longer any question who was boss at Castle Lure.

"Yes," he said. "Jock, you take the money until I can make other arrangements."

Lady Violet's notices read:

VISIT HISTORIC CASTLE LURE
MOST SMASHING GARDEN
IN ALL SCOTLAND
CHEAP AT HALF A CROWN

There was no false modesty about Lady Violet. The people, who grew bored with watching calm Loch Lure for Moosie of Lure, paid up half crowns.

They got their money's worth. Lady Violet's conducting methods might be Draconian, but she gave a new zip to horticulture. "Quiet now! Here is a specimen of note: *Gentiana caravanserai*, one of the rarest of all gentians, almost impossible to acquire. I had to pinch this one, or its grandmama. I stole it at dead of night from the garden of a ghastly woman down in Norfolk." In a few days the garden at Castle Lure had become almost as great an attraction as the loch.

Each day the road was jammed. Each evening the disentanglement became a nightmare, not least to Jim Tocher. Colin McLure appeared before the county council. They had been bombarded by complaints from hundreds of motorists. Under Colin's attack, they melted, promised to take preliminary action now, and to widen the road before next year. "What a fire-eater that boy's become," they said.

"Wait!" Colin insisted to Jock. "Let their imaginations work."

Sure enough, Moosie of Lure was sighted four times in the next two weeks, and always in other parts of the loch. This was fortunate. Planned appearances could occur only in one stretch of the loch and in one direction, which was too dangerous to try too often.

These sightings—fancied, we suppose, but let us never forget the legend from the dawn of time—were not enough. Despite the bulldozing of extra parking and passing places on the road, attendance fell off.

Colin now took action. "Someone must get a photograph," he said. "But not too good a one." Moosie of Lure made his second authentic appearance of the season. The sun was behind the western hills. People were starting for home. One amateur photographer, using fast film and a telescopic lens, got a passable picture. He sold his amateur status and the negative for a thousand guineas. Moosie of Lure looked good, but not too good. The head, the humps, the tail—shadowy, but unquestionably there—all bore out the clerics' observation. Which quashed a canard that the moderator and the bishop had lunched too well at Castle Lure.

Things looked up again. The weather continued unusually fine. Bella Graham was making fifteen pounds a week. Colin set aside one of the parks above the road as camping ground and charged ground rental. He turned down an offer from a cycling club for one of the lodges. Colin was consolidating small success, not cashing in on it. He was treading warily toward big things.

This was the situation on the glorious twelfth of August—the start of the grouse-shooting season. There were too few birds for even one organized shoot, enough for the pot, however. Colin shot five brace of grouse over Jock's Gordon setter. They were still on the hill when a small airplane appeared from the south, or Glasgow direction. The silver plane wore floats. It circled Loch Lure, landed prettily, taxied to the shore not far from the post office, dropped one passenger and a heap of baggage, and took off.

Both planes and helicopters had visited Loch Lure in recent weeks, fortunately not on days vulnerable to aerial inspection. But this decanting of a passenger and luggage seemed surprising. Colin sent Jock to visit vermin traps, and went himself to investigate.

He passed the post office. The sign, newly painted, said: POSITIVELY NO CAMPING BY THE LOCH. TENT AND CARAVAN SITES ONE MILE ON.

This tent was a brilliant orange, rectangular, size about ten foot by seven. On both roof panels large inscriptions read: NATION GLOBE REVIEW. The tent was pitched on a grassy, idyllic spot a few feet from the water. Colin circled the tent. It was occupied; he observed and heard. There were intermittent bulgings and some sounds. Had it not been for his metamorphosis, he might have shilly-shallied, gone home, consulted mother, and sent a minion with a polite expulsory note. Now he did not hesitate. Nor was he rude. He coughed. No answer.

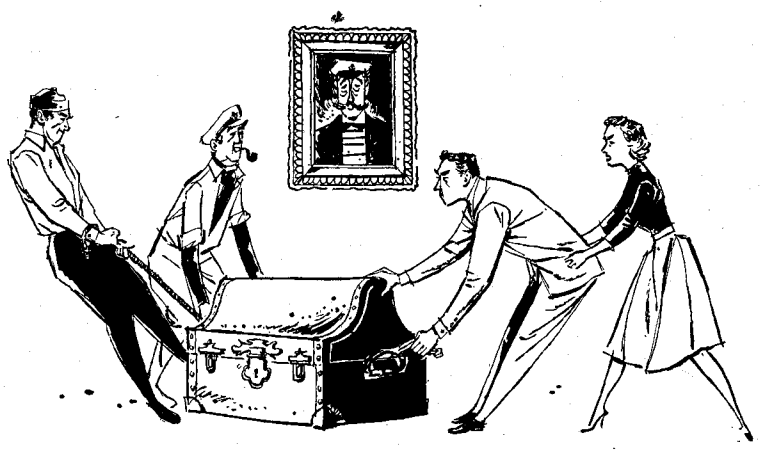
He coughed again. "Ahem," he said. "Good afternoon."

"Oh, hi!" said a voice inside. "I thought you were a cow. Hang on a shake; I'm changing."

He knew the type—some headline hag, and she was changing. His code did not permit eviction of a changing female.

The flaps were flung back and the journalist emerged. Her lower half was scarlet, her upper half was blue, no hag. She stared at him from brogues, by hose and kilt and jacket to his head, and slowly down again.

"Golly!" she said. "You certainly are cute." She turned, supple as sponge rubber, dived in, came out with a fine small camera, and said, "Hold it!" The shutter clicked. "My very first day in Scotland ever all my life," she said. "My very first real Highland man." She gazed at him with awe; then bit her lip. "You wouldn't be a movie actor on location?"



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Back in 1870, Capt. Joe Hawkins, a sailing-ship skipper, died and left a will directing that his estate be used to aid "indigent seamen." As he left only a few shares of seemingly worthless stock, nothing was done at the time. About eighty years later the stock suddenly became worth $300,000. And, against opposition, Captain Joe's heirs claimed it.

"Captain Joe had only real windjammer sailors in mind when he died," the heirs argued. "He would spin in his grave at the thought of assisting a bunch of seagoing push-button experts and mechanics who never hauled a halyard or set a topsail. To him, they just wouldn't be seamen at all. So the money should revert to us."

"It is even more certain that Captain Joe never intended to enrich some unknown descendants whom he never met," counsel for the Seamen's Friends Society replied. "His will doesn't say sailors or sailing-ship men; it says seamen. And there are plenty of seamen in need of his aid today."

If you were the judge, would you favor the heirs or the seamen?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The seamen won. The court said modern seafarers were the nearest thing to what Captain Joe had in mind, even if they couldn't correctly name every mast in a seven-masted schooner.

Based upon a 1957 Maine decision.

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"I would not," he said. "Madam ——"

"Miss," she said. "Not a madam yet. I'm Diana Traill, and now I know what you are. Only a Monarch of the Glen could call girls 'madam.' Do you have a name?"

"I am Colin McLure, of Castle Lure, Glenlure," he said a trifle stiffly. "You can't camp here."

"I can," she said. "I have. Who's stopping me?"

"I am," he said. He concentrated on the vivid toenails of Miss Traill, possibly her least disturbing aspect, but even the toenails made it hard for him to think. He therefore stared away across the loch. "The notice expressly states that camping is forbidden. There is a camping place along the glen."

"I represent the Nation Globe Review." The voice was calm and the voice was gentle. "I have a three-day assignment at this one-horse lake. I didn't come for peanuts. I'm here to take a picture of your Moosie. That's what I'm going to get."

She would not get that picture. He would see to it. Yet a shivering intuition tingled in his spine.

"I am sorry," he said. "Picnicking is permitted, but the no-camping order is rigorously enforced. I cannot make an exception in a single case." *And why is it,* he thought, *that I cannot talk like a human being?* "Furthermore," he continued, "there are no washing or—or other facilities."

"At the post office," said Miss Traill. "I've fixed all that already. Mrs. Graham is just sweet."

He glanced at the post office along the road. Bella Graham and Constable Tocher watched this scene. The glen would chuckle if the laird should fail to exert authority on one wretched woman.

"I shall be glad to help you strike the tent," he said.

"Just try it, Highland honey boy, and see how glad you'll be," Miss Traill drawled at him. "I've dealt with muscle-men before."

"I am not threatening violence," he said. "The police will evict you."

"No flat-footed cop's evicting me." Miss Traill waited in the classic jujitsu stance, wary, loose, receptive.

"Lay a finger on the Scottish law, and your three-day assignment will tend to be three months."

He turned, the better for this surprisingly fluent shot, and strode to meet Constable Tocher.

"I told the young lady," said that worthy officer. "I says to her, 'The laird makes no exceptions.' And she just laughs and she says to me, 'Laird. What kind of an animal is that?' And I says, 'Keep a civil tongue in your head, young leddy. The laird's no animal. The laird's the owner of the place.' And she says, 'Sorry, officer; no offense intended.' And she says, 'This animal's got to change to give the laird a treat.' And she shuts herself inside yon tent."

"She has committed willful trespass and refused to leave. I'm asking you to evict her."

Tocher went to carry out his duty. Cars rattled along the dreadful road and stopped at Bella Graham's. Colin waited. He heard murmured talk; there were no signs of violence.

Tocher reporting back: "Yon young leddy says she has to camp at the water's edge and be on duty day and night; it's her employer's orders, and it's the biggest weekend magazine in America. She says if she can stay, she'll be Scotland's friend and lover always, but if she has to go, she'll make the name of Scotland stink in all Ameriky." Constable Tocher removed his cap and mopped his brow and looked distressed. "Och, Master Colin, could ye not make just the one exception, and her a dollar visitor, with tears in her bonny eyes? And there's Scotland's reputation to consider."

Tourist trade was off again. It was time for another showing. But a professional photographer? What kind of telescopic lenses?

"I'll see there's no others," pleaded Tocher. "I'll just say: Special exception for the dollar drive."

What right had this woman? And yet it was a tricky situation. Make an enemy of the biggest —— Treat a valued stranger harshly? One of Colin's dreams was of a waterfall of dollars to Glenlure.

"All right," he said. "Miss Traill may stay three days, and not one moment longer. But no more exceptions, constable. That is your responsibility."

"I'll see to it," said Tocher, pacifist and diplomat.

Colin had to pass the tent, a few feet only below the road. No sign of her, but on the loch side of the tent a great telescopic lens and camera were tripoded.

"Honey!"

Colin stopped. "It's me," he said.

"I know," she said, appearing. "That's why I called out 'honey.' I'm sorry I was mean. Thank you a million for letting me stay. I'm tied to my tent, so you'll come up or over and see me sometime, won't you?"

He nodded. "Get home," he gulped, and marched away.

"Gosh," she said softly and distinctly to his back, "you're cute. You're the cutest pantless man I've ever seen."

He crossed in the boat. He tied it below the boathouse, which was locked and barred and shuttered. He walked up through the pheasant grounds. He was raising a hundred young birds for appearance, the first time for years, and he could ill afford it. Another new notice on the fence outside said: YOUNG PHEASANTS. ON NO ACCOUNT DISTURB.

"What's that garish tent?" Lady Violet demanded.

Colin explained as well as he was able.

"But how delightful! I dote on Yankee Doodles. What's she like?"

What, indeed? "Does jujitsu. Threatened me and called me 'honey.' I dunno," he mumbled. "Red-hot menace, I would say."

"Most refreshing, I would say. And anyway, we must butter up the press. I shall ask the gel to dinner. In fact, I'll go and fetch her now. Did you shoot enough young birds?"

"Yes," he said. "She's tied to her tent, she says."

"Oh, piffle," said Lady Violet, quick to reassume command. "Pluck the grouse and placate the cook." She boarded her old car and left.

Colin took a whisky and soda upstairs to change. When he came down in his evening kilt, Lady Violet and Diana Traill were demolishing martinis.

"Hullo there, honey," Diana said, staring at him with openhearted admiration.

"Hullo," he said. "I thought you weren't allowed to leave."

"I'm not," she said. "Your mother just said 'piffle,' so I came. But if Burton I. Carruthers knew, I'd be for the packsack, not the tent. He's my employer. He's the owner of the chain, a real Napoleon, only taller. We're all scared frozen stiff of him. The Chief, we call him. He's a wonderful man. 'Get me results,' he barks, 'and I'll pay you for it. Flunk and you're fired.' I love a real tough guy like that."

"So do I," said Lady Violet. "Tell me, why did he send you here? I mean, across the Atlantic seems rather far to send someone to take a photograph of a sea serpent or whatever that thing may be, if anything."

"I'm on my way to cover a very specially top-secret event at Monaco. But the Chief heard of this Moosie of Lure, and he's like all great men, he has a special quirk—or a fixation, one might call it—and his fixation is with big beasts and mysteries of every kind. That's why I'm here for these three days. Tell me, honey, what are the chances, would you say?" Miss Traill leaned back and clasped her hands behind her head. She was so languid and so different tonight, and she called him "honey." "Tell me," she said. *Tell me, honey. Look at me, honey, with my bare arms and my* —— "Dunno," he gulped; "might be arranged."

"Colin darling," said Lady Violet, "go and see if the chill is off the claret yet." He went. "Dear boy," she said, "he's had such a terrible busy time since this blasted monster came. We were a backwater always, and now suddenly out of the blue the glen is packed, and the county council being so difficult, and a thousand things to do—poor Colin has arrangements on the brain."

Dinner was excellent. After raspberries and cream, Miss Traill went out to pay compliments to Margaret, the cook.

"Such a charming girl," said Lady Violet, and leaned close to him and hissed, "Pull yourself together. You damn nearly gave the show away."

They went round the garden as the sun was setting. "It's perfect," said Diana Traill. She was a gardener, too, it seemed.

"Where did you learn, m'dear?"

"At home," she said. "Mummy is a crazy gardener, especially roses and azaleas."

"How many gardeners?" asked Lady Violet idly.

"Around six, I guess."

Colin followed dumbly. It seemed that everything his mother liked, Miss Traill liked, too, and vice versa. "I love *Euonymus alatus*—so demure."

"Yes, I adore the corky flutings of the twigs."

"I hate carnations; can't think why I grow the vapid things."

"They absolutely stink to me, like skunks."

"Those pantaloons, my dear," said Lady Violet in a while. "That halfway-down effect is most becoming, and scarlet is a color that I love. Scarlet is the kind of woman that I am or ought to be at bottom. I've simply got to have a pair."

"I'll send you some," Diana Traill said eagerly. "Soon as I get home. Just let me have your measurements. . . . Got a tape handy on you, honey?"

He shook his head. "No pocket in this sporran," he confessed. Then he went away from them, offended.

"It's been the loveliest screwy evening of my life," the tuneful voice was saying. "My ribs are aching like a badger's. Now time for beddy-byes because I'm on the job at dawn tomorrow, and no monkey business every minute all day long tomorrow. Could Colin bear to take me home or —— No, that's far too much to ask."

"Of course, Colin darling, go and get the boat and bring it to the shore below the house."

"But I'll go with him."

"No," said Lady Violet. "Brambles—you'd tear your legs to bits. Besides, I have some photographs I want to show you. Run along now, Colin darling."

Colin darling ran along. He unlocked the gate to the pheasantry, locked it behind him, and walked by dusky paths, quite brambleless. He was resentful at his mother, but he thanked the good Lord for her ready wits. His own wits seemed to be askew.

Diana sat amidships and he manned the motor. The moon was shining on Miss Traill. Her lips were moving, and he could not hear, and then he heard: "I love ——" He stopped the motor. "Ugh?" he asked.

"I love every single thing in Scotland. I love the air and I love the trees, I love the kilts and I love the knees. But of all the Scottish things I love, I love Lady Violet the best."

"My mother's English," said Colin McLure. "And it's high time she was on a diet."

"She's not too fat. She's just massive-boned and plump and perfect. Besides, how could anyone resist such good things? Oh-h, that grouse! You shouldn't grudge your mummy all the pleasures of a gracious way of life."

"I don't," he said.

"She showed me pictures of you when you were a tiny little boy. You looked so sweet," Miss Traill was murmuring by moonlight. "Just like a cuddly koala bear. You still look sweet; more like a cuddly Kodiak, I guess." She smiled at him. "You must be a rich big bear," she said, "with thirty thousand acres. Lady Violet told me."

"Rich?" he said, jerked from a land of moonlit Teddy (*Continued on Page 66*)

"I don't carry any stock, they're custom-dug."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 64*) bears and things. "I'm stony-broke," he said.

"Oh, lucky you!" she sighed. She said such brilliant, unexpected things. "It must be lovely to be stony-broke. Look at me, plain stinking, and I hate it."

He shook his head. He stared at her. Poor, poor girl with the curse of riches.

"And take Monaco. Why, even if I get what seem to be the most graceful and serenest pictures, I can't be really absolutely sure that pleasing daddy isn't back of why they print them. Only Burton I. Carruthers, only the chief is different. He's a much, much richer man than daddy. He can give me hell, and does. That's why I worship him. But those darned editors and things—I never can be certain that they're praising me for what I am, without a thought of daddy in their minds. I'm a photographer, and wedded to my camera. That's all I am; that's all I want to be." Miss Traill leaned to him, her right hand on her heart, eyes burning. "Honey, do you understand?"

He nodded.

"And that's a reason why I'm so desperate to get a picture. Because if I get a top exclusive picture of this beast, then it'll be such a terrific world-wide scoop that daddy can't enter into it. Actually, he did a tiny bit. Daddy gave me this marvelous new telephoto lens of mine. It's the only one there is in all the world. It cost fifteen thousand smackers. It can blow up a mouse at half a mile. So if it can do that for a mouse, you can imagine what it can do for Moosie." She paused, her eyes moonlit pools of fire. "That's why you've got to plain simply bust your breeches helping me."

Help her? Plain simply bust his breeches helping this blue-and-scarlet angel woman child achieve her heart's desire. But help her to do what? Colin groaned.

She stamped her foot. "I can see it in your face. You don't even want to help me."

"I do," he said. "I do. Can't promise, though."

She seemed most vexed with him. "'Can't promise, though,' indeed. It's your own darned monster in your own darned lake. You know more about its habits than anybody else. If you can think at all, you'll think of a way to help me."

The brief storm of anger passed. Miss Traill put up her arms and stretched. "My," she said, relaxing. "This Highland air is soft as cream. I can't wait to snuggle in my sleeping bag."

He turned to pull the starting cord to take her to her tent and —— "Cute sleeping bag," he muttered.

"You mumble so. It's hard enough to hear you even without that horrid popping little motor. Couldn't you row me, honey?"

"O.K.," he said. "Swap places then." He waited for her. She moved like a nimble sailor in a boat, turned beside him in the stern, and put a cool slim hand for balance not on his shoulder, as an ordinary woman might have done, but on that sensuously tactile place, the hollow of his neck.

"My," she said. "Your hair is soft, and your skin is soft, just like a little boy's. Go on then, honey; row me home."

She trailed her fingers in the water. "It's cold," she said. "But I don't feel the cold. I'm going to have a swim tomorrow morning first thing early, when I'm sleepy as a groundhog. I love swimming. Do you love swimming, honey?"

"Love swimming," he confirmed. It seemed incredible that he never swam.

"I hadn't thought, though. Is it safe with Moosie? Is he carnivorous?"

"Dunno," he said. "Might eat reeds. Might eat trout. Too big, though, to bother you in shallow water."

"Oh, good. But I tell you what I love best, and that's skin diving in deep waters. Do you love skin diving, honey?"

He sculled mutely on. Skin diving—diving in your skin. Oh, delicious, wanton thought. *They think nothing of it, I suppose,* he thought. He groaned.

"Now you sound like a tortured buffalo again," she said. "What's eating you?"

"Adam and Eve," he said. "They weren't ashamed. They must have skin-dived in their birthday suits. Damned prudish country, Scotland."

Miss Traill gave way to merriment. What a wondrous melody her laughter made on the quiet lake in the deep of night. And a stranger thing—it reminded him of three diving, laughing birds a year ago—the birds that gave Jock his great idea, the birds that brought Diana Traill. Life had been easy until this afternoon—with one clear, honorably ruthless purpose: to save the glen. But now she had come, and life was an ecstatic hell of muddled purposes. And why did she always laugh at him?

"I don't believe you like Americans," Miss Traill reproached him. "Lady Violet just adores Americans. She was telling me how once she had a flash of summer lightning with an American tycoon called Bixie. Lady Violet and I are both the same at bottom."

But that reminded him. "Please don't buy my mother scarlet trousers," he implored. "She's not at all the same as you at bottom."

Once more hiatus in the conversation. "Lady Violet and I both like bossy men, is what I meant. Honey," she said quite sadly, leaning to him, and the shore was near, "you're so darn cute I can sometimes hardly bear it, but I do just wish you had more beastliness and bite."

The shore was steep. The bow ran in and thudded on the shore. "Don't move," she said, and came along the boat to pass him, putting a cool, slim hand for balance on the hollow of his neck again. Then, swiftly, she kissed him on the lips. "Good night," she said. "Good night, my honey bear. I know you're in there rooting for me."

The tent flaps closed. An intimate small light was glowing in the tent. He rowed away, watching the shadow play across the light, stretching shadow, bending shadow, supple shadow in disrobement. The light went out. He rowed home mightily. He tossed fitfully until dawn was breaking on Argyll; then he skipped down to the gun room for the stalking glass, and up again through his slumbering seat or castle to take post at the bedroom window. *Not dignified,* he thought. *Savors a bit of Peeping Tom.*

He did not have long to wait. As the first shafts of sun streamed over the eastern hills to bless Loch Lure, so did Diana Traill emerge to bless Loch Lure. She was not skin diving. She wore a bathing suit. She dived into the loch, and swam and swam ——

"Coo-hoo!" from below. He whipped the telescope back out of sight, too late. "Good morning, darling!" she called up to him. Lady Violet was an incorrigibly early riser. "All tickety-boo at the Girl Guide camp?"

Sometimes he almost disliked his mother. She had been better lately. When he said, "Do this, mother," or "How many times do I have to tell you, mother?" his erstwhile bossy mother obeyed him with dutiful alacrity. But yesterday—only last night—an inexplicable rot set in. He put the matter right by giving Lady Violet hell at breakfast.

He was busy almost all the day with timber problems, harvest problems, tourist problems. Five times his duties chanced to take him past the orange tent. Five times he stopped to pass the time of day. Miss Traill was truly wedded to her job. The great lens stood ready, and she was ready. And then she said again, "Honey, I only have until tomorrow night. You'll get me my picture, won't you?"

Colin groaned. He wanted so much to make her happy. But blow up a mouse at half a mile! The harsh truth was that the picture must not be too good. *At dusk,* he thought. *Perhaps at dusk tomorrow.* "Traitor," a small and deadly voice was saying to him.

"Honey," she said anxiously, "you grunt and groan so much. Are you in pain? Shall I rub your back or something?"

He left her then.

"You'll come and have supper with me, won't you, just alone?" she called.

He accepted with great leap of heart. He called a meeting of Jock and Lady Violet. "Jock," he said, "interest is falling off again. Prepare tonight. We'll have a run at dusk tomorrow."

Jock looked worried. "I don't fancy the idea. Bella says yon young leddy's camera ——"

"You can't take proper pictures in the dusk, however good your camera."

"But there's tonight's preparations, and a harvest moon, and yon young lady's not a fool, I'm thinkin'. Her tent shouldn't be beside the loch, is my opeenion." Jock was being difficult.

"I am having supper with Miss Traill this evening," said Colin. "I shall make conversation at the crucial time." The meeting ended.

She gave him a gourmet's supper, cooked in part on a petrol stove. She conjured up cold Vichyssoise, a butter-juicy mushroom omelet, a softly squishy Brie, fresh peaches. Oh, it was delicious. They sat for a long time on the grass. She told him of her life, her troubles and her hopes. "I'd like to be poor like a church mouse, just like you," she said, and sighed, and said, "I'd like to have scads of babies too."

Soon now he must catch all her sight and hearing for a few brief minutes. With common or garden, ordinary girls—well, that was easy. But with this American divinity he simply did not dare.

"You're shivering," she said. "Let's go inside."

They went inside her perfumed tent. A camp bed was the only resting place. So they sat quite primly in the darkness, side by side. Miss Traill was shivering, and so was he. He heard some motorboat go chugging somewhere. She did not speak, nor did he. And then a common tumult seized them, made them one for one brief, sightless, soundless moment.

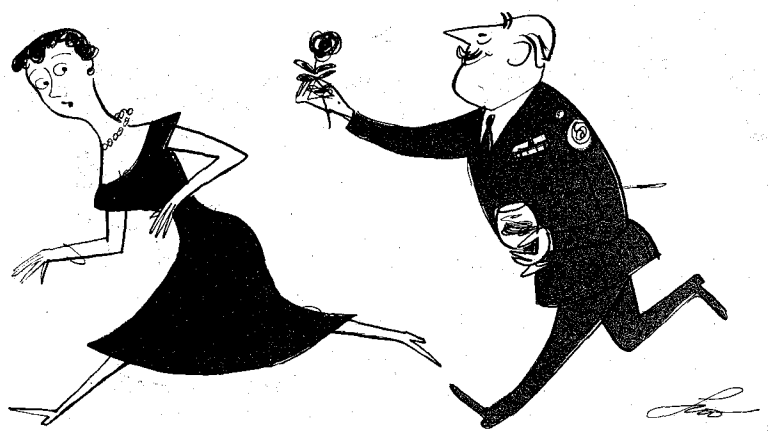
"Honey bear," she said, and pushed him to a prim sitting distance on the sleeping bag. She wore a tweed coat and skirt this chilly evening. "I guess that's Jock I've been listening to," she said. How marvelous and disconcerting is a woman's power of disembodiment, of planning menus in the middle of a game of golf. "Is he —— Or is he ——"

"Ugh?" His cerebral powers less flexible, Colin had not heard. He strove now for the power of thought.

"Is Jock going to his still? Or is he going to visit Bella?"

"Dunno. Both, possibly. Didn't know you knew." She knew so much. But what and how much did she know?

TO BE CONCLUDED



The Perfect Squelch

The major might have been able to command men, but when he attempted amorously to command women, he failed. However, he made life miserable for the young wives of the officers stationed under him in Germany. Fancying himself as a great lover, he indulged in advances which might have led to slaps for a younger man of less rank.

The wives suffered quietly until the night when a farewell dinner party was given to the major and his wife, who were returning to the United States. At the close, brandy was served and farewell remarks became in order. The major, aglow, plucked a rose from a vase. Turning to the loveliest girl present, he patted her intimately. Handing her the rose, he said, "Always remember me by this."

"Thank you, major," she replied. "And may it always stay as fresh as you are."

Elizabeth S. Hagan

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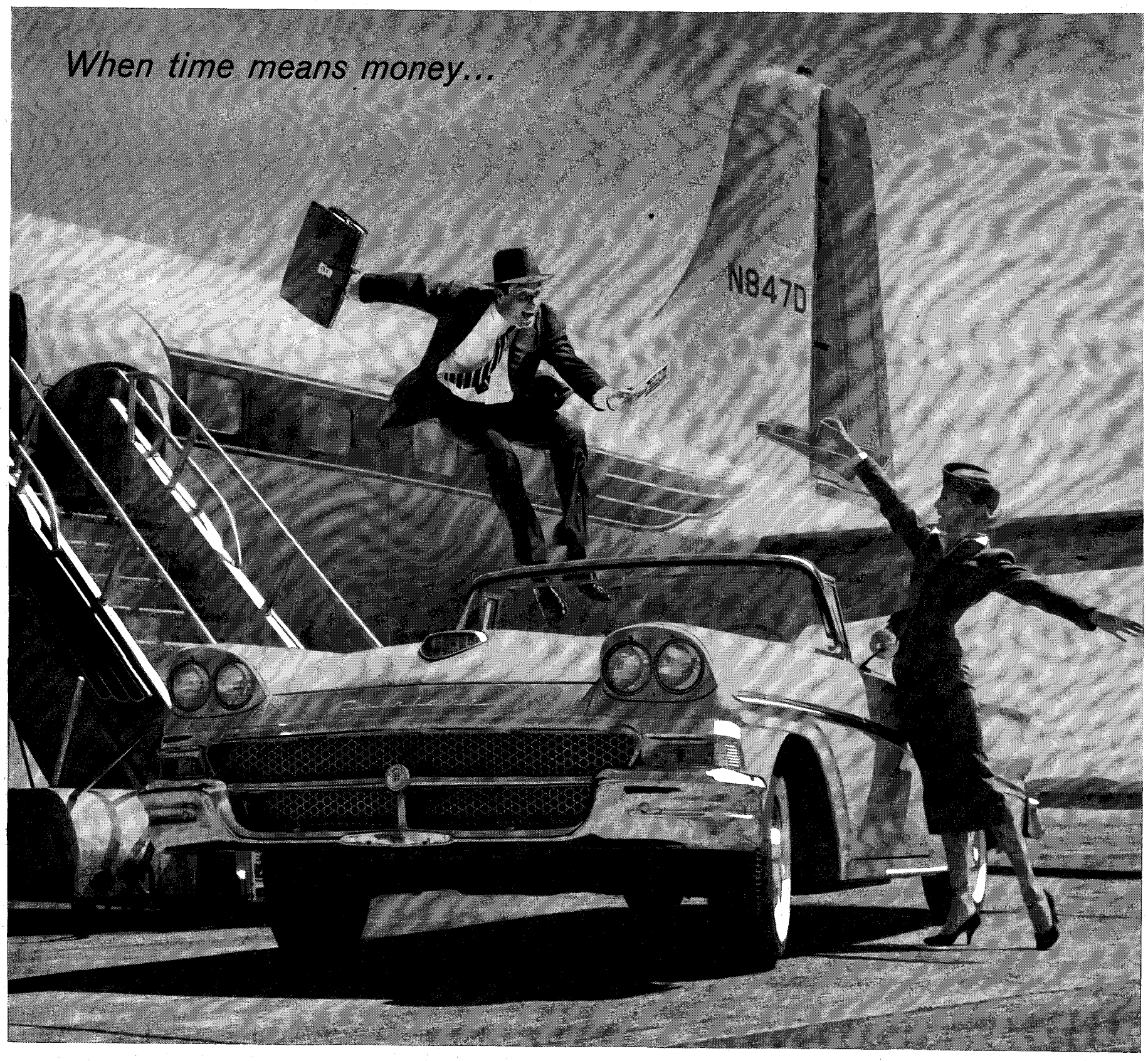

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The Apprentice Assassin

(Continued from Page 19)

have on your person the oldest vegetable in New York. Lay odds of five hundred to fifty. The stakes being held, produce this pin. The moss inside it is about a hundred million years old, and in a perfect state of preservation."

"That would be cheating!" I said. "By pure chance, looking up another word beginning with *M* in the encyclopedia, I happened to notice that the moss in moss agate isn't really a vegetable at all, but what they call a 'dendritic inclusion.'"

He snapped his supple old fingers and exclaimed, "A chance in twenty million! Take the pin for a present, and have a cup of tea." He added, "Dendritic inclusion may also mean a fossilized moss, if you want to split hairs. But you are a scrupulously honest gentleman, and the odds against meeting one in this city are in the region of a hundred to three. . . . Fania!"

Obedient to his call, there came from the back parlor the most stately and beautiful girl I had ever seen in three dimensions.

She walked as if there were balanced upon her golden head an invisible pot of water, and her great lambent gray eyes were clear as glass. She walked like a queen until she was within a yard of me, when Old Gold said, "Fania! How many times must I tell you to put your glasses on when you are in the shop?"

Then she took out of her pocket a pair of diabolically angled spectacles with ornate rims, put them on and saw me, and said, "Oh, how d'you do?"

"Tea," said the old man.

When she was gone, he said, "My grandniece, Fania. A good girl, but vain—she won't wear her glasses. There is a certain courage that comes of myopia, though. She once frightened a stickup man out of the shop by walking up to him and peering down the barrel of his pistol."

So Old Gold ran on, until I gathered that he had come to the United States in 1905 and went to work as a bookkeeper for a jeweler. By hard study he became an accountant and an actuary, which accounted for his interest in the odds for or against a specified chance. Then he proceeded to make a fortune by what others called "lucky" investments.

He was always a jump or two ahead of any slump or crash or boom. At last he retired, as he said, "to read books and listen to music."

But the fever of commerce was in his blood; he heard the ticker tape in the rhythm of Bach, and read the self-reproach of Black Friday between the lines of Hamlet. So, like a wise man, he went back to his beginnings, and opened a little jewelry shop, dealing not in precious stones but in old and quaint stuff. And in between times, he played with loaded dice, left hand against right, for imaginary stakes.

Too much reading clouds a man's perception of the human race (said Old Gold, blowing on his tea to cool it) and similarly, too much human contact takes away a man's appetite for books. Yet they used to call me "The Student" sixty years ago. . . . Who were "they?" I'll tell you later.

The last time I opened a book with real interest was ten months ago, and that was not, properly speaking, a book; it was a gem, an *objet d'art*.

And who brought it into my shop? A type to which I am allergic. More gentlemanly than a gentleman, more English than the English. This one came in, a shade too quickly, with a package under his arm. It had a newspaper folded over it.

I went on playing with my silly dice, while he put his parcel on the counter, and I said, "Yes?"

"Here is something that may interest you," he said, and took out something almost square and quite heavy, carefully wrapped in a very old piece of purple velvet. It was a book, yes—but what a book!

It was about ten inches by nine, and the covers were of pure silver about a quarter of an inch thick, hinged to the spine of the book, which was also of silver. Front cover, spine and clasp were most wonderfully engraved and inlaid in a beautiful floral pattern, with every possible variety of what fools call "semi-precious" stones, in all the colors of the rainbow and the garden.

I have never seen such workmanship, such artistry! Diamonds you can buy half price in a department store. But such craftsmanship you cannot buy.

I opened this book. It was an album such as girls used to keep in old times. On the flyleaf was an inscription.

"I see," I said, "that this was presented to the Countess Bogatyrov by the Czar Alexander the First on the occasion of her seventeenth birthday in the year 1823."

"What, you read Russian?" he asked, superciliously.

By way of a sedative I answered, "Before you were born. I can also accommodate you in Polish, Ukrainian, German, Finnish, Latin, Hebrew and Greek. Also a little Turkish."

"It has been in my family for generations," said he. "It is full of valuable autographs." And indeed it was!

Pushkin had written a verse in it To Irina; Gogol had written in it; Lermontov had contributed a gloomy sonnet; Borodin had scrawled a few bars of some tune—I cannot read music—and so forth.

And in between, carefully covered with tissue paper, certain poor old pressed flowers and locks of faded hair. Evidently this album had passed from mother to daughter through several generations, and had been much loved and cherished. I tell you, a bibliophile would have given his right hand for those pages, as I would have given mine for their covers.

But I said, "I am not a bookseller."

"The cover alone is worth something," said this fellow.

"Your name, I take it, is Bogatyrov?" I asked.

He replied proudly, "No. I am a Dolgoruki. My aunt is a Bogatyrov."

"And she gave you this album?"

"Yes."

I knew then that he was lying, as I had expected he would, because in giving away such an heirloom a woman gives away her soul and her mother's soul before her.

Furthermore, the last entry in the album was perhaps the most touching of all. It was dated 1914, and, translated, read: "For Elizaveta my undying love. Andrey."

Underneath, in a woman's hand: "He died at Tannenberg and my heart died with him."

What woman would give that away?

I am an emotional man at heart, although I have learned to mask my feelings; so I played with my dice and observed this liar without seeming to, until, as I had foreseen, he became fidgety and asked, "Well?"

"What do you want for this album?" I asked, controlling my voice, for certain memories were coming back.

Perhaps he had some vestige of conscience left, for he said, "I don't exactly want to sell it. I simply want to raise a little money on it until tomorrow."

"I am not a pawnbroker," I said. "Try Sixth Avenue."

"I did," he said, with that engaging frankness peculiar to his breed, "and the thieves wouldn't offer more than seventy-five dollars on it."

But all the while his eyes were on the dice, and I observed that the newspaper in which the album had been covered was folded back at the sporting page and that he had marked a horse called Gay Debonair.

"I need at least a hundred," he went on. "Hold the book as security and tomorrow afternoon I promise to pay you back a hundred and twenty."

"Very well," I said. "I'll let you have a hundred dollars and hold the book as security. Furthermore, I will give you a note in writing that, on receipt of a hundred dollars in cash, the book will be returned to its owner. I want no interest."

I wrote the note, took the album and gave him a hundred dollars. With the money in his hand, he swaggered and became even more objectionable than before.

"Interesting dice, those," he said. "Do you play?"

"For my own amusement, one hand against the other," I said.

"Fancy a little game?" he asked.

"I seldom gamble," I said. "But if you like . . ."

Half an hour later he was down to twenty dollars and was perspiring freely. I told him, "Stop here. The dice are against you. Take your twenty dollars and my advice. Don't put your money on Gay Debonair. Put it on The Macaroni, on the nose, to win."

"How did you know ——" he began.

"I'll see you tomorrow," I said.

Then I told Fania to take the afternoon off, locked up the album in my safe, set the burglar alarm and shut the door, and went to Tatiana's Tea Room.

Now the French have a saying to the effect that he who is not a socialist at twenty has no heart, but that he who remains a socialist at forty has no head. At the age of nineteen, in Moscow, I belonged to a tiny group called the Militant Reformists, under the leadership of a man we called The Genius.

We all had our nicknames. I, for instance, was The Student, because I read books and wore pince-nez. Then, there was The Firebrand, so called because he was always thirsting for the blood of tyrants; and The Economist, who had a scheme whereby all men might be made equal overnight; and The Theoretician, who wrote frightfully inflammatory leaflets; and a woman, The Beauty, who was supposed to be irresistible. This was in the year 1903.

She was, perhaps, the most dangerous and reckless of the lot. She was unpredictable as a homemade bomb, and as lacking in discrimination when she went off. She was the most perverse woman I ever met.

She is, still. An advocate of complete freedom of speech, she will to this day, at the age of seventy-seven, bend a frying pan over your head if you contradict her. She was the noisiest atheist and free-love talker that ever was—yet when she suspected a young man of toying with her daughter's affections, she drove him to the altar at the Russian Orthodox Church at the point of a pistol.

When she came to America she opened a vegetarian restaurant on the Lower East Side, on the ground that it was wrong to eat what she contemptuously called "flesh," but took her own meals in Joe's Steak House across the street.

She does not believe in money, but she will charge her best friend a dollar for cashing a check. Such is Tatiana of Tatiana's Tea Room. After fifty years of practice, she had not yet learned how to make a cup of tea or fry an egg, but we go there sometimes because she reminds us of the days when we were young and serious and foolish.

But I was saying, I went to Tatiana's, because I knew that there I was certain to find Ossip, who used to be called The Theoretician but is now familiarly known as Ossip the Gossip. He almost lives on the premises.

Purblind with cataracts, he gets a living by misprinting, by hand, a four-page paper in Russian entitled THE ACCUSER! Very simply, he picks up the day-before-yesterday's daily newspaper and translates the editorial. His type face was worn out thirty years ago, and in any case most of the letters are upside-down and some are missing.

At the head of each stolen editorial he prints some such headline as: IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO AGREE WITH THE FOLLOWING. His old friends buy advertising space for old times' sake.

When I found him in his old corner that afternoon, he was poring over a week-old account of a third-rate prize-fight, above which he had already written:

!!!BRUTAL SPECTACLE!!!

Recognizing me, he told me that, costs of production having gone up, if I wanted to renew my advertisement, it would cost me forty dollars for a quarter of a page.

"Circulation is rising," he said in his excited way. "I cannot control it!"

I treated him to Tatiana's Daily Special, which for the past forty years has consisted of nut loaf with sour cream. As usual, he started to reminisce, in his bantering way. I was not in the mood for humorous reminiscence, but I was patient.

"Aha!" he said, "it does my eyes good to see The Student, even though I see him, as it were, through a glass of milk. Literally and figuratively, yes, through milk, eh? No more blood, no? How times have changed!

"The Firebrand runs a chain of cafeterias and employs strikebreakers," he went on, "to subdue labor—ha-ha! The Economist is a loan shark in Pittsburgh, with a house in Florida and a thousand feet of private beach. The Genius turned out to be an agent of the secret police.

"The Student is a bloated gold merchant—'The Man Who Didn't,' I called you when you came back from the bridge with your chocolate box under your arm and your face like wax. . . . So Bogatyrov died in his bed, after all, of kidney trouble," he said.

I had known that Ossip the Gossip would come around to this subject eventually; it was supposed to be a sore point with me. And once upon a time it was.

You see, in the old days there were many secret societies in Russia—but not so secret that they didn't court publicity all over the world. The system under the Czar had its faults, and plenty of them. But by its own corruption it left a great deal of scope for all kinds of semifanatical and theoretically reasonable, but highly romantic, groups of conspirators against the existing regime.

Omar Khayyam writes of "the two-and-seventy jarring sects." We of the opposition must have had a hundred and twenty-two and seventy groups, one of the smallest of which was the Bolsheviki, and we all hated one another in an all-inclusive way, each to each, in the name of freedom. Oh, how we jarred! The Nihilists hated the Anarchists, who loathed the Anarchist-Syndicalists, who despised the Social Democrats, who scorned the Social Revolutionaries, who condemned the Bolsheviks, who detested everybody impartially.

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Now the Militant Reformists, of which I was a member, was the smallest and least significant of all the parties, and the Social Revolutionaries were, for the time being, on top of the heap because they had attracted world-wide attention to themselves by certain acts of terror, like blowing up grand dukes. They were comparatively rich, because they managed to appeal to the comic-strip instincts of comfortable people all over the world, who sent in money after every act of terror. We were poor, because all we threw were leaflets.

At last our leader, The Genius, called a midnight meeting, and said that enough was enough; the time had come to act, and not to talk. General Bogatyrov had broken up a riot with a cavalry charge in the south, and was on his way, incognito, to get another decoration.

The Genius knew everything: even the general's itinerary. At such and such a moment, he would pass in his carriage over a certain bridge. The weather being hot, the windows of the carriage would be open; it might even be an open carriage. And here was our big chance.

He—The Genius—had procured seven pounds of eighty-per-cent-nitroglycerin dynamite from Sweden, together with a one-and-a-half-second fuse and a detonator, which might be assembled into a most terrible bomb by the ingenuity of an East Prussian comrade named Ruhmkorff, The Chemist, and designed to explode on contact.

There was no nonsense about The Genius. The one who threw this bomb into General Bogatyrov's carriage was a dead man, but it would be like Jason planting the dragon's teeth: an army would spring from his bones.

We all volunteered in one voice—especially Tatiana, The Beauty. But lots were cast, and I drew the short straw.

So The Genius gave me instructions: I was to dress as a young man of property—I was a personable little fellow then, believe it or not—and wait by the bridge, with the bomb in an elegant French chocolate box under my arm.

As the carriage of General Bogatyrov passed, I was to pull the blue ribbon with which the chocolate box was tied, and throw it neatly into the carriage. Somewhat on the principle of the modern hand grenade, the tugging at the ribbon would loosen a pin, which would release a spring, which would detonate a blank cartridge, and so fire the one-and-a-half-second fuse.

The Theoretician was, in the meantime, to prepare a manifesto headed: JUSTICE WILL BE DONE BY THE MILITANT REFORMISTS!

The bomb was to be assembled by Ruhmkorff, The Chemist, and placed in my hands at the last moment of my leaving the Grusinsky Hotel, where I was staying. It was all arranged.

Nothing could go wrong. Everyone said good-by to me, and The Beauty kissed me passionately. So I took my heavy chocolate box and lounged about the bridge, waiting. My friend, I have lived nearly eighty years, but never have I lived so long as in that half hour of time!

At last I heard horses coming, and someone said, "Here he is!" First came a number of plain-clothes policemen mounted on bicycles. Then a cavalry escort. Then the carriage. It was closed, but with open windows, just as The Genius had predicted.

There sat General Bogatyrov. My fingers tightened on the ribbon of the chocolate box. Bogatyrov was eighty yards away, then sixty, then forty. . . .

"A steady pull on the ribbon," Ruhmkorff, The Chemist, had said, and I was prepared. But then I saw that the general was not alone in the carriage. Seated by him was a girl, a child with golden hair and blue eyes, dressed all in blue and carrying a little bouquet of blue flowers. You know how it is, passing through a crowd? Sometimes eyes meet by accident.

Our eyes met, the child's and mine, and she smiled and nodded. Then the carriage had passed and I found myself standing, hat in hand, my chocolate box secure under my arm and my mouth wide open.

A cigarette seller said, "Ah, she's a pretty one, the Countess Elizaveta!"

I went back to the hotel and carefully put the bomb on the washing stand where it had been assembled.

"Disconnect this," I said to Ruhmkorff. "Bogatyrov I will kill with pleasure, but I cannot make war on women and children, and there was a young girl in the carriage ——"

The Beauty sprang at me. But The Genius pulled her away, and said in his smoothest voice, "Perhaps The Student was right. Perhaps it might have done us no good, in the world at large, to kill a small girl. Better luck next time, eh? Go home and rest, Student, and be here at eleven o'clock tomorrow night for a discussion."

But by eleven o'clock the next morning I was on a train, rushing to the Polish border; for I never liked The Genius when he spoke soothingly.

So I came to America.

And, one by one, the other members of our party followed, and became more or less prosperous. But Ossip the Gossip always called me The Man Who Didn't.

"I wonder what became of her," I said, ordering more tea.

Ossip the Gossip knew all about it, as I suspected he might. "Elizaveta Bogatyrov? Ha! She put a few small ads in my ACCUSER a few years ago, in Russian and English, offering her services as an 'Expert Needlewoman and Embroideress.' She got out before Lenin's *coup d'état*, but somebody stole most of her jewels and stuff, so she was broke," he said. "She was to marry some southerner, somebody called Bostanjoglo—a major of infantry, I think."

"Andrey Bostanjoglo?" I asked.

"That's right. Killed at Tannenberg in the marshes, I heard. Plenty of money, all in Baku oil—up the spout, of course—waste paper," said he.

"How much do you charge for a small ad?"

"We-ell, it depends. Sometimes more, sometimes less." Ossip the Gossip became confidential. "Don't tell anybody, but —— You know? Times change? It was nice to be young and foolish, eh? For old times' sake, I let the old girl have a few insertions for nothing." He added, in self-defense, "To fill up the paper."

"Where is she now, then?" I asked.

"I don't know. The last I heard, she was working for some Mrs. Mink in that new block of apartments on Riverside Drive. And who is Mrs. Mink? A mink; she looks like a mink, she acts like a mink, she smells like a mink, she wears mink!"

"*Sic transit gloria mundi*," said I.

"She's dropped the Bogatyrov and calls herself Bogart now," said Ossip the Gossip. "And embroidery, my eye! The Mink likes to have a gentlewoman, a noblewoman, washing her stockings and things. It would have been better to have chucked that chocolate box, Student." He sighed.

"I must be getting back," I said.

Being tired now, I took a taxicab uptown, mentally charging it against the nephew's account, but not before I had gone back to the shop and taken the album out of the safe.

Mrs. Mink was not at home, but a lady of color told me Miss Bogart's address.

The old countess lives in a rowdy, wretched neighborhood, in two little rooms five floors up. I walked part of the way from Mrs. Mink's house.

On the way, I paused at the window of a cut-price drug store, for something had caught my eye. It was labeled, $10 VALUE! SLASHING REDUCTION! IMPRESSIVE GIFT! $3.50!

It was a box of chocolates tied with blue ribbon, an immense box which, properly filled, would have contained at least four pounds of assorted candy. I went into the shop.

The young lady said, "Of course, there's only one layer of candy, but it sure does look good."

"I'll take one," I said. "You like sweets?"

"Oh, yes, but ——"

"Keep the candy, then; I want only the box," I said, and emptied it onto the counter.

In the street, I put the album with its velvet case into the box, and with this under my arm I climbed the stairs to Miss Bogart's rooms.

She answered my knock. Looking at her, I felt, with a kind of pain in the heart, that I, too, was very old. Her eyes were still blue, but faded, and rimmed with red, as if she had been crying; and she still wore blue, also faded. Her hair was magnificent, though it was no longer golden, but of a clean silver, done in an out-of-date pompadour, and she carried herself like a queen.

"I am sorry," she said, "I am not buying anything today. I have nothing for you."

I said in Russian, "But I have something for you, madame." I presented the box, which she took in a bewildered way.

"I found it in a subway," I said. "I believe it is your property." She opened the box, saw the album and uttered such a cry as I have never heard before—an unearthly mixture of joy and pain.

"I have looked high and low," she said when she had done crying. "How did you find it? How did you know it was mine?"

Extempore, I said, "I find things out because I work for a collection agency. I collect back payments on bad debts. And I would recommend you to be more careful with your money, because I see that there are fifty dollars in five-dollar bills between two blank pages toward the back."

She looked, and there was the money. Naturally; because I had put it there.

Now she regained her composure. She took out four fives and handed them to me with an imperial gesture. "Please accept this for your trouble," she said.

I took the money humbly, and heard her say under her breath, "A chocolate box tied with blue ribbon. I seem to remember riding with grandpapa in a carriage, and there was a little man with

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funny eyes carrying just such a box, and I said to grandpapa, 'I think he was going to give me that box of chocolates; if he had, I'd have thrown him my flowers.' Or perhaps I dreamt it. What do I know?"

"Hide your property more carefully, please," I said.

"Oh, I will, I will! And thank you, thank you!"

And so I was gone.

On the way back I bought an evening newspaper. As I had predicted, The Macaroni had won in a canter at twenty to one. A dark horse. Although I am not a gambling man, I follow the horses; they keep the actuarial part of my mind alert.

Her nephew, who was, as he said, a Dolgoruki, was waiting for me on my doorstep when I opened the shop next morning. By the look of him, I could see that he had money in his pocket.

"Now," he said, flinging down the piece of writing I had given him and taking out a wallet. "Here's your hundred dollars, and an extra ten for yourself. Let's have the book, as arranged."

I said, "That? Oh, yes," and put the money in the till. Then I said, "I have written here: 'Returned to its Owner.' That has already been done; the album is in the possession of your aunt, the Countess Bogatyrov. We are all square. If you try to steal that album again, it won't travel two miles before you are apprehended. Now go."

He went because there was no argument.

Old Gold rose. "One talks," he said. But then his grandniece, Fania, called him into the shop.

"Oh!" she cried, radiant and beautiful. "That red bracelet for fifteen dollars! I sold it to a lady!"

"What red bracelet for fifteen dollars?" Old Gold asked.

She held out the slip.

He looked at it, and then said in a terrible voice, "Fania, put your glasses on!"

She did so, and began to cry and ran into the back parlor.

The slip read: $150.00.

Old Gold shrugged and said, "Easy come, easy go. . . . Good night."

The Girl Who Did Everything Wrong (Continued from Page 26)

the rear it was certainly a full house. There was an awkward silence as he swung the car out of the driveway.

To break it up, Johnny said breezily, "Well, Connie, how was the trip?"

"It was very nice, thank you."

"Is this the first time you've been in the States?" Dunc asked her.

"Yes, Mr. Andrews, the first."

Dunc was a humorist. "And now as midnight draws near," he boomed in a singsong voice, "we find ourselves in that stupendous land of skyscrapers and soaring prices, where the native young toil like ants to buy gasoline for their jalopies and dance frenziedly to the weird wailing of pop singers every Saturday night. . . . How do you like our fair country, Connie?" Silence. "Huh? Connie?"

"Oh!" She voiced a nervous little laugh. She hadn't been listening, Johnny guessed. "I—I am sure it will be wonderful when I am used to it. Of course. But at the moment it seems so big, and there are so many people!" She glanced at the traffic on the highway—fast traffic, now that the city's outskirts were behind them. "And so many automobiles! In my country we have only a few." The dark-chocolate eyes focused on Johnny's face. "Your parents have told you about my country, Mr. Farnham?"

"They sure have." Johnny glanced up into the rear-view mirror. "Connie's father is a big newspaper publisher in Manigua," he informed those on the back seat.

"It is only a little newspaper," she protested.

"O.K. Only a little newspaper." He grinned. His folks had brought home a million color slides and he'd seen pictures of the building. With the possible exception of the national palace, it was the biggest in Manigua City. *She'll probably write us off as peasants*, he told himself, thinking of the definitely unlarge guest room at the Farnham residence.

It didn't bother him much. In his book, this whole thing was a shade on the goofy side. Last summer his folks had taken a trip through the West Indies, the first time in six years his father hadn't stuck around the college to teach summer courses.

In Manigua, someone had told dad about this Señor Vecino whose hobby was collecting old maps of Latin America, and dad, being a history teacher, had wanted to see them.

He and the publisher had become friends. Mom and dad had moved out of the hotel and been guests at the Vecinos' house for a few days. As a result, Señor Vecino had decided to send his daughter here to Wendell College instead of enrolling her at the university in Manigua.

Here she was, then, arriving ten days before the start of the term, so she could, as mom put it, get to know people and not feel so strange, and it was up to Johnny and his sister, Sue, to look after her. Sue wasn't due home till tomorrow from the summer camp where she'd been teaching tennis and swimming.

Johnny turned to glance at Connie. The chocolate eyes were closed now and her hands were tightly clenched in her lap. *Dear me*, he thought, *I do hope we're not bored.* But maybe she was tired. Manigua, after all, was a long way off.

Connie's eyes opened again when he stopped the car at Dunc's house and the gang piled out. She thanked them for coming to the airport to meet her. She said she hoped to see them all again. Her tone of voice said she didn't mean a word of it. Johnny drove off.

"This is the college," he said, turning in through the old stone gateposts. Then, as the campus road unwound behind them, "There's the girls' dorm, where you'll be living when the whistle blows. That's the new gym we're building. Down there is the football field."

She sat woodenly on the seat, turning her head as though she were scared. He was pretty sure she wasn't scared. Not by any shoestring setup like Wendell. More likely she was disappointed.

"We think it's pretty nice," he muttered, scowling.

"I—I'm sure you do."

"Even if it isn't big."

"Isn't big? Oh."

"Anyway, here's Casa Farnham in all its glory." He swung into his own driveway, noting with relief that the porch light was on, meaning his folks had got home from their meeting.

She sat gazing at the house until he walked around and opened her door. He was glad when the house door opened and his folks appeared. While they were hurrying down the porch steps to greet her, he got her suitcase out of the car trunk and carried it inside.

His parents led her into the living room, which mom had spent the morning putting straight, and sat her on the sofa and fussed over her. They were so sorry they hadn't been at the airport, they said. This meeting had come up unexpectedly, a thing they just couldn't get out of. Of course, Johnny had explained the situation and apologized for them. They had managed to break away early. They'd been here quite a while, waiting.

"Your plane must have got in late," dad said.

Johnny took in a breath and clenched his hands. *Here it comes, boy.*

"Yes, it did," he heard Connie saying.

He looked at her, puzzled. She wasn't looking at him. Maybe the plane had got in late. Maybe she hadn't been sitting there long. Still, the airport had been almost deserted.

Food was mentioned. The girl said she wasn't hungry, thank you, she was just tired; and mom said, "Of course, darling," and took her upstairs. Johnny's dad lit a pipe and settled back in his favorite chair, gazing at Johnny with a slight smile.

"Well, boy, what do you think of her?"

"She's O.K., I guess."

"Do I sense a certain reluctance to pass judgment?"

"Heck, I don't have to judge her, do I?" Johnny said. "It's up to her to decide whether or not she likes us."

At eight the next morning Johnny was up and dressed—in chinos, a suitably soiled sweat shirt and ancient sneaks. Wendell College was building a new gym, and Johnny had spent the summer, which was not yet over, as unskilled labor on the contractor's payroll.

His mother and father were having breakfast when he went downstairs. They were having it in the dining room. A place was set for Connie, but the girl from Manigua was not in evidence.

"The *señorita* sleeps?" Johnny asked, helping himself to scrambled eggs, toast, sausage and bacon.

"We haven't heard a sound," mom said. "She'll be really tired this morning."

"Wonder what time she gets up at home."

They didn't dig it. His father said matter-of-factly, "School in Manigua begins at eight."

"I meant ——" But Johnny let it drop. He'd be late if he got involved in idle chatter. "See you," he said, and went down the hall twirling a doughnut on an upthrust finger, remembering to close the door quietly lest he disturb the princess' slumber.

A straight line being the shortest distance, his route to the gym bisected a couple of yards and shaved the girls' dorm. In front of the dorm stood a figure in yellow, looking as though it had grown up out of the grass like a long-stemmed dandelion. This unexpected figure was gazing at the old gray building as though it depressed her. Probably it did. The girls who lived in it called it the Bastille.

Johnny halted with a frown. "Hey," he said. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh—good morning, Mr. Farnham," she replied.

He looked at her in bewilderment. That dress, those shoes, stockings—she looked as though she were going out to dinner or something. "I thought you were still in bed," he said.

"Well, everyone was asleep so I—I decided to go for a walk. Are you taking a walk too?"

"Me? I'm on my way to work!"

"Oh."

"Sorry I can't stay and talk. Gotta go. Late already." He turned away, stopped, turned back. "By the way, don't let the Bastille get you down. This place, I mean. It's not so bad inside."

"I was only thinking how—how long it must have been here," she said as he turned away again.

For Pete's sake, Johnny thought, *if you want to call a thing old and ugly, go ahead and call it that. You're entitled to your opinion. Just don't be so darned polite.*

He always went home for lunch. Today when he got there, Sue was home. Dad had evidently just brought her up from the station. The place looked as it always did when she came home from anywhere: the hall full of suitcases, clothes and junk all over everything.

She was talking and you couldn't get a word in. Sue was five-feet-three, blond as butter, a whiz with a tennis racket, a fish in water, and had a tongue that stopped vibrating only when she slept. She was trying to unpack, sort out her gear and narrate the unabridged story of her summer's activities all at the same time. And doing it. (*Continued on Page 72*)

Guest

By Margery S. Stewart

When my son
Opened the door to his
world,
There was a shout of
laughter all around,
And that was the language
of his sphere.
Horses flung slim black
bodies
Down fierce hills,
Eagles swooped in
cloudless heavens,
And there were caves
abounding.
Butterflies were large as
planes,
And planes were small as
boys.
Tigers growled sociably at
heel.
I forgot. I said,
"It's time for dinner."
Instantly
I was cast into the
darkness
Of my own estate. . . .
Tell me,
Sellers of cars, houses, furs,
What do you have as
lovely
As the black ponies?
Or the islands where
pirates are?

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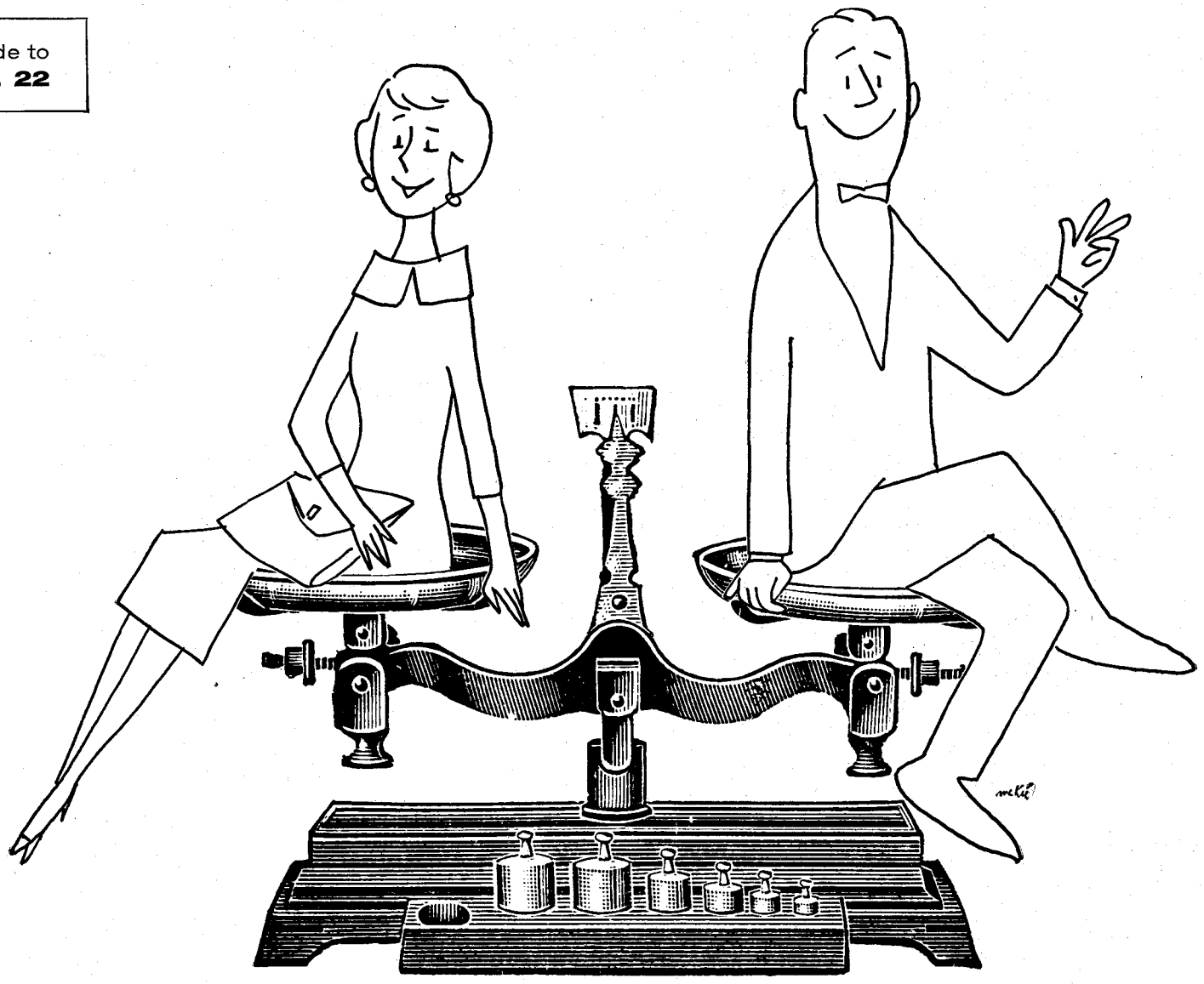
A man's guide to women: **No. 22**



THE DOUBLE U.S. STANDARD OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

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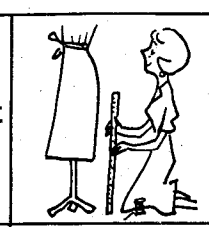
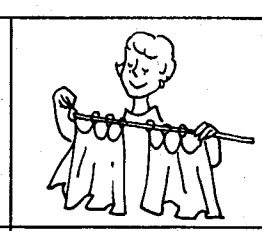
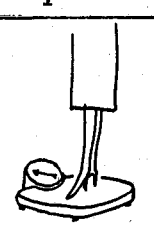
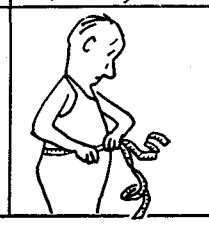
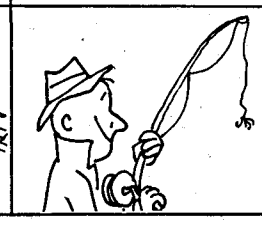
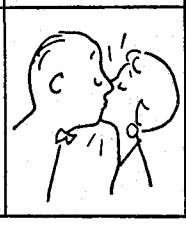
In fact, we've recently noticed that men and women use weights and measures differently. The U. S. is on a *double* standard, as follows:

	inch	*yard*	*rod*	*ounce*	*quart*	*peck*	*pound*
FEMALE							
MALE							

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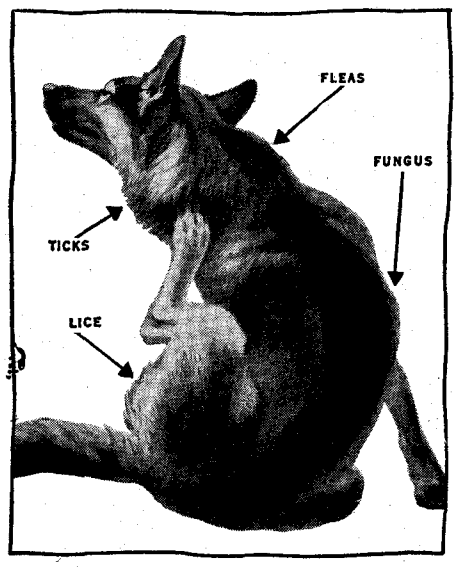

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(*Continued from Page 70*) "What do you think, daddy? Forty-three of my fifty kids passed their Red Cross swimming test! Isn't that wonderful? No other counselor had anywhere near as many! . . . Do you swim, Connie? . . . You do? Wonderful! We'll have a beach party before school starts. Golly, there's so much to do! . . . I have to buy some new clothes, mom; I'm absolutely naked. . . . Oh! My racket! Where's my tennis racket? . . . I took it upstairs? I did? Are you sure? . . . Do you play tennis, Connie? . . . You do? . . . Why, that's great! We'll have to play before —— Daddy, I just adored the bracelet with the voodoo designs that you sent from Haiti."

Bong! Bong! Johnny had slipped past the uproar into the kitchen, obtained a frying pan and was beating it against his knee for silence. His sister put her hands on her hips. "You stop that, you big ape!"

"I want my lunch."

His mother said, "Well, don't just stand there demanding it. It's on the stove."

Johnny glanced at the girl from Manigua. She stood there in her dandelion dress, looking as though she'd been dropped into a cageful of wild animals and was afraid one of them would spring at her. He felt a little sorry for her. There were times, after all, when the Farnham family was not wholly representative of the average American household. Someone should have warned her. He had an idea that in the home she came from, the servants looked after such things as unpacking, and confusion was in bad taste.

Several days passed before Johnny, with his job and all, had a chance to talk to Sue alone. The opportunity for an exchange of views came on a Thursday evening. The city stores were open Thursday evenings. Mom and dad drove in to do some shopping, and Connie went along to see what the city looked like.

Sue was washing the supper dishes, Johnny drying them. "Well," Johnny said, "what do you think of our Latin-American lass?"

"I like her, I guess," Sue said, frowning. "But I don't think she likes us."

"We're peasants, you mean?"

"Something like that. She acts so—so superior, or something. It's always 'Thank you so much' or 'How kind of you' when you do anything for her, as if she were talking to one of her servants. She can play tennis, though," Sue added brightly.

"Yeah? She beat you, you mean?"

"Me? Well, I like that! But she could make the team if she tried hard. She says she doesn't want to. Can you fathom that? I'm the captain and I'm asking her—I'm practically on my knees, begging her—and she says no."

"What do you two do all day while I'm slaving at the gym?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Mom said she ought to meet people, so I took her around. Then I got a key from Mrs. Marshall and showed her the dorm. Then we played tennis twice. Other than that, nothing. She reads."

"Reads? What, for Pete's sake?"

"Search me. She'll say, 'Excuse me now, please. I think I should spend some time with my books,' and for the next two-three hours that'll be the end of her."

"Bored," Johnny said, nodding.

"She could be practicing her tennis, darn it. We need another good player."

There were parties over the weekend. Friday evening the girl from Manigua permitted herself to be dragged to a brawl at Claire Anderson's and, after getting over a certain shyness, appeared to have a good time. Johnny could see room for improvement, though. Dunc Andrews' album of Latin-American music, for instance. Dunc had practically gone bankrupt financing that album. But you could see Connie didn't go for it.

"It is very nicely played," she said. Then, after a moment of silence out of respect for the dead: "But I do wish you could hear some of our other music."

O.K., Johnny thought. So American bands didn't play Latin music the way the natives did. He would have let it go at that, but Claire said innocently, "Do you play anything, Connie?"

"Well, the piano, a little."

"Pop tunes?"

"Pop? Your popular songs, you mean? I am not sure, but if you would like me to try—that is, if you have the music ——"

She wasn't very good, Johnny reluctantly had to admit. She could read music all right, but just didn't dig the beat. It was too bad. With Bruce Wakefield beating a mean set of skins, and Ernie Moss and Irma Vernon practically holding a conversation with trumpet and trombone, an educated piano would have drawn Miss Consuela Vecino right into the fold. Those characters were just aching to get up a combo, and a piano was what they needed. But Connie would never do. After she'd played three or four numbers, the thing sort of ran down and the others put away their instruments.

Johnny danced with her. She could dance all right. As a matter of fact, he thought she must be floating, and looked down at her feet a couple of times to be sure she wasn't. But she didn't seem to enjoy it.

"You got the blues tonight, Connie?" he asked, really concerned.

"Blues, Johnny?" He and his sister were "Johnny" and "Sue" with her now—and about time. The others still got the full treatment.

"I mean are you feeling low? In the dumps? Unhappy?"

"Oh, no!" And she seemed to mean it; she really did. But the following night, Saturday, when Sue announced they were due at Gig Warrendon's house, she asked to be excused.

"I should do some reading this evening," she said. "I am so far behind. Please, you will forgive me?"

"She finds the peasants unamusing," Johnny said to Sue as they went down the walk together. Then he frowned. For some puzzling reason, he no longer found it funny to be thought unamusing.

On Monday afternoon she turned up at the gym. She could have picked a better day to watch the peasants at their labors. Johnny was gathering up debris, placing same in a wheelbarrow and wheeling it to a spot where it would be burned. The day was hot, and on Johnny a blend of grime and perspiration didn't look honest; it looked like Halloween.

She stood there watching from four-thirty to quitting time, undoubtedly glad she was a rich man's daughter. When his work was done, Johnny walked over to her. Remembering the night at the airport, he offered his arm with a flourish. It was a most unsanitary arm.

She took it with a smile. He walked her homeward. They passed a large white house where a middle-aged man in shirt sleeves stood on a stepladder, taking down some porch screens. *Aha,* Johnny thought. Without warning, he turned from the sidewalk and marched his companion across the lawn.

The man looked down at them. He, like Johnny, was soiled, though not so thoroughly. "Hi, Doctor Holloway," Johnny said.

"Hello, Johnny. How are you?"

"Fine, sir, thank you. Doctor Holloway, I'd like you to meet one of our new frosh, a girl from Manigua, Consuela Vecino. . . . Connie, this is Doctor Holloway"—and Johnny carefully delivered his punch line—"the college president."

The man on the ladder wiped a hand on his trousers and leaned down to offer it. Connie took it. Not right away, though. She had to come unshocked first and get her mouth closed. Johnny could see it required quite an effort.

As they resumed their homeward journey, she said in a wondering voice, with a shake of her head, "It is so hard for me to understand your country."

"Is it? Why?"

"The way everyone works at—at anything, as if it were not to be ashamed of."

"That's bad?" Johnny demanded.

"No, no! I think it is good. But in my country it is not done."

"You're in trouble."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Point made, Johnny decided with a grin. Suddenly he felt forgiving and generous. "Heck, you've been helping mom and Sue around the house. Dishes and stuff."

"Me? But, of course."

What do you mean, of course? Johnny thought. *You just got through telling me* —— But what she meant, he supposed, was that here in America she was trying to be American.

He finished his labors at the gym on Wednesday, and Sue had cooked up a beach party for the following day. In the morning Johnny came downstairs tingling with anticipation, wondering what Connie Vecino would look like in a swim suit. He wouldn't find out until they actually got to the shore, of course. College regulations called for "outer garments" on the way to and from.

Connie's outer garments consisted of black toreador pants and a neat yellow-and-black-striped halter top, considerably more elegant than Sue's jeans and sweat shirt; but then, Sue was notoriously sloppy. When the gang was all together on the beach, Connie didn't look out of place. Other girls were equally dazzling. At least, their clothes were.

She seemed to enjoy the picnic. She ate her share of the food, even the burned frankfurters, joined in all the games and laughed a lot. When Dunc Andrews said, "Well, who's for getting wet?" she looked happily at the water and was as quick as anyone else to start peeling. Johnny, stepping out of his chinos, wondered if she could swim as well as she did certain other things.

Abruptly he stopped wondering. The striped top and black toreador pants lay on the sand, and the gang—the whole gang—was staring at Connie in a state of shock. She caught on fast. She fell back a step and put a hand to her face, looked at what the other girls had on; then took a frightened glance at her own gorgeous self and began to tremble. Johnny was afraid she would tremble right out of the two red handkerchiefs she was wearing. He took a hesitant step toward her.

She didn't wait. With a stricken "Oh!" she snatched up her clothes and ran. When he caught up to her, she was at the car, struggling into her sweater and pants, and sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Now listen," Johnny said, reaching for her.

"Please!" she sobbed. "Oh, please take me back to the house!"

He had to take her back. On the way he tried to tell her it didn't matter. "How could you know what the gals here would be wearing?" he said. "If that's what they wear in Manigua, you had a perfect right to think ——"

She wouldn't listen. Still weeping when they got to the house, she ran straight up to her room. Johnny heaved a sigh and went looking for mom, then had to return to the beach. No matter how low he felt, Sue and some of the others were counting on him for transportation.

He had a miserable time the rest of the afternoon. When he got home, Connie was still in her room and mom was in the kitchen, getting supper.

"Stop worrying," mom told him. "The girl will be all right when she gets over her embarrassment. She had mail from home this afternoon. That will cheer her up."

Johnny felt better. He was even able to remember how Connie had looked in the red suit, and the recollection made his heart beat faster. When she came down for supper, he held her chair and drew a nod of approval from his father.

But Connie, seating herself, looked down at her plate and said in a small voice, "I have something to tell you. I am going home."

The family exchanged horrified glances. "Home!" mom said at last.

"I—I must, Mrs. Farnham."

"But good grief, Connie"—Johnny was half out of his chair, leaning over the table—"the gang didn't mean anything this afternoon! They were just ——"

"They were just startled, honey," Sue said tenderly. "Oh, come on now. You don't really mean ——"

"Be quiet, please," dad said.

They looked at him. When he spoke in that tone, he was Professor Farnham and people usually paid attention.

"There is more to this, I think, than a bathing suit," he said, frowning. "I have been watching and listening for some time. Now, with your permission, I should like to offer a few observations."

He placed his hands flat on the table. He looked at them all.

"There has been a feeling among certain immature members of this group—and their friends—to think of Connie as being somewhat—ah—different from the rest of us. They think so because she uses the English tongue in a way they have seldom heard young people use it." He frowned at Sue and Johnny. "She learned her English from books, you see. It is—shall we say?—uncorrupted, and therefore all but unintelligible to you."

The girl from Manigua said nothing.

"Again," Professor Farnham went on, "this young lady suffers—and I use the word advisedly—from a sense of propriety that has been misunderstood. You, Susan, think it small of her not to aspire to a place on your tennis team. Her reason is simple. You are the captain of the team, and if she plays she will displace you. She can beat the pants off you, my girl. She's the junior champion of Manigua."

"I seem to recall a snide remark too," Professor Farnham continued, "about her 'showing off' at the piano and being less than a wow at it. I wasn't present, but if it happened at Claire Anderson's house I can imagine what occurred. Connie does play the piano, kids. She has played with symphony orchestras in Latin America. One of the compositions she plays is a concerto she wrote herself."

"Good grief," Johnny whispered, gazing at the girl.

"Now, young lady," dad said, turning to Connie, "let's hear no more talk about your going home."

Connie had sat through it all with her head bowed. Now she raised it. Tears streamed down her cheeks. She rose from her chair, looked at them all, put her hands to her face and ran from the room. They heard her running up the stairs. Her door closed.

Mom went after her. Professor Farnham looked at Sue and Johnny, and dazedly shook his head. "I don't understand," he said helplessly.

Johnny understood. They had hurt the girl; now they had to make it up to her. He climbed the stairs, knocked on her door and said, "Connie? Can I talk to you, please?" She didn't answer.

She didn't answer Sue either. Mom was the only one who got in, and after spending an hour with her, mom came downstairs trying not to cry. She had her arms full of books. She dropped them on the living-room sofa. "It isn't anything we've done," she said in an empty voice. "The poor girl has to go home."

"Why?" dad said. "Why?"

"That letter she got this afternoon. It was from her father. You remember what he said about politics in Manigua when we were there? How he was afraid the new president would be a dictator and smash all opposition? Well, it's happened. His little newspaper has been seized. There's no money for Connie's schooling."

The others sat and looked at her. Johnny, scowling, said hoarsely, "No money? Little newspaper? But you said Connie's father was loaded!"

"Was what?" dad said, sighing.

"Rich! Wealthy! You brought home pictures of the building ——"

"He isn't rich, Johnny. I didn't say he was. He has only a small office in the building. They had to scrimp to send Connie here."

"And tomorrow morning she has to go back," mom said. "They made her reservations there, and sent her the ticket. There's just nothing we can do."

It was like a wake. They sat staring at one another, not speaking, not even moving. Finally Johnny picked up one of the books. It was one of his own. They were all books that he and Sue had used when they were freshmen.

"These are what she's been reading?"

Mom nodded. "She's been studying. She wanted so much to get good marks. Just yesterday I graded some exams she took. All A's."

Johnny went outside and sat on the porch steps.

It was up to Johnny to drive her to the airport in the morning; dad had registration chores to attend to. When mom knocked on his door at eight, he had been awake for three hours. He dressed and went downstairs, dragging his feet. He hadn't realized a man could be so miserable. Connie's suitcase was in the hall by the front door.

"She went out," mom told him. "She wouldn't eat any breakfast. You'd better go find her, Johnny."

He guessed where he would find her, and took the car. She was standing there where she had stood that other morning, in front of the old Bastille. Not in the yellow dress, though. She wore the traveling outfit he had first seen her in. She didn't turn when the car stopped at the curb. Maybe she didn't hear it.

He sat behind the wheel, chewing his lip and waiting for her to turn and see him. It was a beautiful morning—the lousiest beautiful morning he had ever known. The dorm was in use now. Some of the windows were open. He heard girls' voices and a sound of laughter. In the background, a piano. Someone thumping out college songs.

He couldn't wait any longer. He was going crazy waiting. He got out of the car and walked up to Connie. "Hi, kid," he said. What else was there to say?

She turned toward him. She was all through crying. If she'd had some tears left it might have been better; her face wouldn't have looked so lifeless. He found her hand and held it, and the sound of laughter came again over the beat of the piano. It was rotten piano playing.

Piano, Johnny thought. *Hey!*

He looked at the girl beside him. "Connie! Good grief!"

"What—what is it, Johnny?"

"Come with me!"

He all but pulled her arm off rushing her to the car, and nearly tipped the car over making the turn at the old gym where the new students were registering. His father sat at a table just inside the door, with stacks of forms in front of him. Students were already in line.

"Dad! Dad!" Johnny was through the line like a fullback, hauling the girl from Manigua after him. "Dad, that music scholarship! They didn't find anyone good enough this year! It's still open for anyone with good grades who can qualify! It would take care of everything!"

Professor Farnham looked at Connie and stood up as though his chair had exploded under him. He took in a breath, swelled like a balloon, and let out a most undignified roar, "Holy smoke, you're right, Johnny! God bless you!"

The line of new students stared, goggle-eyed, but Johnny paid no attention. There was only one new student he was interested in. He said, "Sure, I'll take her over to see Doctor Holloway. Sure, dad, right away. Sure." Only then was he able to duck away from the hand that was thumping his shoulders.

He turned to Connie. Grinning, he put her arm through his. This time he didn't feel like an usher at a wedding. He had a bigger and better feeling.

... ...

Heat Raves on the Airwaves

Shatter, you fiend, the
hope-filled dawn
Still fresh until I turn you
on;
Shout it, you instrument of
torture:
"Today will be another
scorcher."

Laurence Eisenlohr

... ...

This Dirt is Worth Millions (Continued from Page 31)

Minister down, would be unhesitatingly Jim Crowed in the Deep South. Dealing with them involves a mutual disregard of racial and political differences and it has involved the bauxite companies in many side lines, even the sight-seeing business. Tourist hotels encourage guests to visit Reynolds' open-cut mines. Day and night, great steel buckets carrying 2400 pounds of ore apiece make twelve-mile trips on an overhead cable tramway to shipside. The mining is done by huge machines—scoops, power shovels, draglines—jockeyed by Jamaicans whose virtuosity would gladden the heart of Alexander Botts.

The scene more or less fits visitors' preconception of strip mining, but they are surprised by Reynolds' herds of beef cattle grazing in the mining area. Company guides can cope with most questions:

What is bauxite anyway?

It's a shotgun term for any aluminum ore worth mining, derived from Les Baux, the French town where it was first worked. Depending on origin, some is red, some tan, some dirty white, but it all ends up as pots, pans, wrapping foil, roofing,

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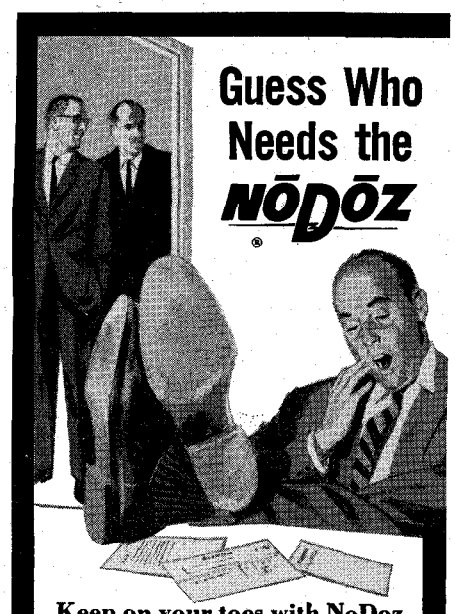

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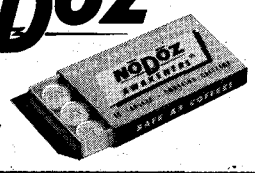

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GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

airplane skin and, these days, cans and power lines.

Do you just leave those big red holes in the ground?

No, we replace divots. A year ago the field where those steers are grazing was a twenty-acre hole.

Does cattle ranching pay the company?

No.

Then why do it?

Wise guides let that one roll to the outfield as impossible to field in one sentence. But the full story makes its own sense:

In the 1930's, Sir Alfred D'Costa, a local business leader, bought in several cattle ranches in north-central Jamaica. All were in poor shape, partly because they lay in an area of poor soil and scanty water. It's a lovely country of shaggy green limestone knobs overhanging valleys without visible drainage—no streams at the bottom where streams should be. Rainfall quickly sinks through the porous limestone into a vast system of deep caves. Much of Western Jamaica is like that. Some of this "cockpit country" provided wonderful hide-outs for runaway slaves in the old days.

Here and there the thin topsoil lies not on limestone or clay, but on a fiery-red dirt filling the hollows of the pitted limestone. Some such deposits of bauxite stretch for miles, with depths down to 150 feet; some are mere pockmarks with the cubic content of a one-car garage. Most geologists think the stuff is the remains of water-leached limestone. Others figure it began as volcanic material spread by an eruption.

Whatever its origin, the Jamaicans' only use for it was to mix it with lime as mortar for a local type of masonry called "Spanish wall." For Sir Alfred, whose lands overlay masses of it, it was calamitous. Advanced agricultural methods—deeper plowing, fertilizing, changing crops—got him the same scrawny results that had handicapped his predecessors. Early in World War II he asked government experts what curse lay on his holdings. The answer: Bauxite!

Tests made in 1938 had shown that much of this widespread red dirt contained over 40 per cent aluminum oxide. That meant soil of low fertility. Considered as aluminum ore, of course, the stuff had points. It was low in silica—an advantage to refiners—and easily mined, with practically no "overburden" to remove. But little had been done; the ore's high iron content made it low grade compared to the richness of South American bauxites. It was hardly worth working, in terms of 1938.

This, however, was 1942. War industry needed aluminum, and German submarines were sinking too many long-haul bauxite ships out of South America. Now that the matter had come up again, geologists were sent to prowl the cockpit pastures. Their test borings showed bauxite of minable quality up to perhaps 5,000,000 tons—say 350 shiploads, only three days' sail from Gulf ports. This moved the Jamaican government to declare all bauxite mineral rights Crown property.

Dutch and Canadian interests took options in the likeliest spots, but a mainland trial run of a 2500-ton test shipment was disappointing. Aluminum was there in paying amounts, but the admixture of finely divided iron oxide clogged the filters used in turning bauxite into alumina, the material which is later smelted into aluminum with heavy jolts of electricity. The experts gave up. So did the Dutch option holders.

The Canadians stayed. Dr. D. A. Bryn Davies, a spade-bearded Welsh geologist who did much to maintain the Canadian interest, now runs Alumina Jamaica—AlJam for short—Aluminium Limited's local subsidiary. Then Reynolds Metals got wind of it all, sent experts to Jamaica, and launched a campaign to convince Washington that Jamaica's red dirt was important. With some help from the Korean crisis—and more from willingness to risk solution of the filter problem—Reynolds got Marshall Plan backing and began to buy Jamaican lands, including Sir Alfred's sterile acres. Reynolds, AlJam and Kaiser now own some 160,000 acres. Total proved ore reserves exceed 350,000,000 tons—seventy times the first estimate.

Both the Canadians and Reynolds licked the filter problem in good time.

"It cost us a million dollars to get the answer," says William S. Cole, the Maine Yankee who manages the Reynolds Jamaica Mines. "But the hardest part was getting others to believe we had it." Neither AlJam nor Reynolds knows just how the other turned the trick. Both processes involved increased heat and pressure and subtler filtering and settling methods. If anybody ever talks, the two separately devised processes may prove virtually the same. That may also apply to the process used by Kaiser, which came in three years later and now sends about a shipload a day of bauxite to a plant at Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

The royalties and taxes making up the government's cut from bauxite started low, but jumped sharply last year under renegotiation conducted by Norman W. Manley, Chief Minister. This tall, easy-mannered Jamaican, a former Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, trained in London's Inns of Court, is the most formidable courtroom lawyer in the West Indies and probably the only chief of state in the world who ever ran the hundred yards in ten seconds flat. His son, Michael, leader of the labor union with which bauxite mining deals, once equaled his father's sprint record and is getting into the same class for savvy.

Like many Jamaicans, Manley was uneasy at first about absentee foreign ownership of big chunks of the island, a feeling still expressed in local mutterings about how "bauxite owns a third of Jamaica." (The actual total bought up is one sixteenth.) There was understandable dread that, as had happened elsewhere, Jamaican politicians would start playing footsie with interlopers. Manley's bargaining victory pretty well quelled such suspicions. It also convinced his Jamaica People's National Party, a West Indian godchild of Britain's Labour Party, that bauxite could pay for local improvements.

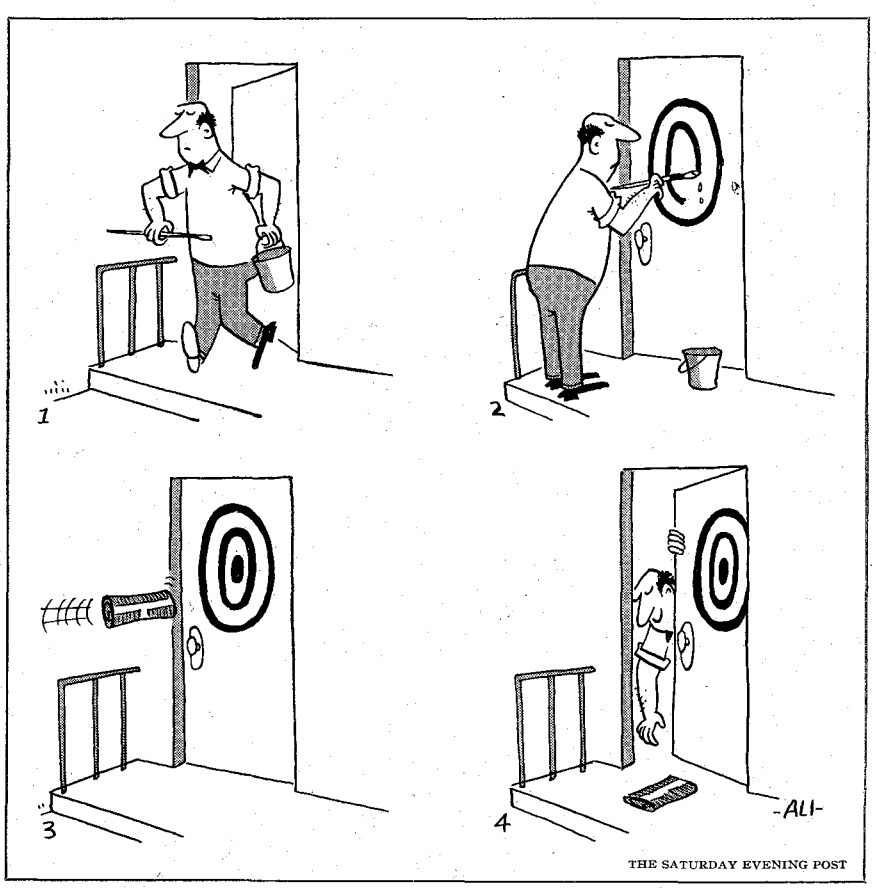
On the new basis the bauxite miners will soon pay the government $14,000,000 to $15,000,000 a year, a quarter of anticipated public revenue. Such a sum makes a huge difference to a poor country in planning more roads, better schools and expanded public-health work. Besides, bauxite mining has created over 4000 new jobs, mostly skilled or semiskilled, paying more than anything ever dreamed of for such work thereabouts.

Other employers feared lest such pay scales rip the Jamaican wage picture apart, but the Manleys, father and son, saw that coming, and have walled off bauxite wages from direct influence on union demands in other industries. The companies, equally cautious, pay only going rates to their agricultural help. The Jamaican sugar industry, once greatly alarmed, now joins the bauxite outfits in a mutual training program for skilled labor. Manley expects that the pull of bauxite wages will have a healthy effect on island wage levels in the long run.

The companies do not all sing out of the same book. The American outfits ship their bauxite out pretty much as is. AlJam puts it through the first processing on the spot to make it into alumina, a spooky-white powder. Gondolas, built with aluminum bodies to save weight, trundle this fairyland stuff over the government railroad to Port Esquivel on the South Shore. Thence ships take it to Aluminium Limited's great smelting plant at Kitimat in the Canadian Far West.

The leftover sludge is called "red mud." This iron-rich goop is poured into mined-out pits; years from now—but as yet nobody knows how many—it will be settled enough for rehabilitation with topsoil.

The AlJam alumina plant, six miles from a hill town named Mandeville, provides jobs for hundreds of Jamaicans, extending into such posts as safety director and laboratory chief. A sister plant now building in the center of the island will employ hundreds more. And the



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plant investments mean that AlJam pays the government three times as much per ton of bauxite mined as comes from just digging it up and shipping it unprocessed. Hence Manley would love to persuade Reynolds and Kaiser to follow AlJam's example.

They have reasons for holding out. Fuel oil for extracting plants costs less on the mainland. The Defense Department has ideas about location of alumina plants and about stock-piling—for which bauxite is better suited than alumina. Against that background Jamaicans keep the question stubbornly alive.

"Every month or so," says Reynolds' Cole, "somebody from the government says to me: 'Mr. Cole, have you people ever thought of making alumina here in Jamaica?'" But the issue is not used as a club. It remains a gentlemen's agreement to disagree on a complex subject, while keeping that red dirt moving.

In a land where, until recently, a skilled man hoped to own a bicycle, four in five AlJam employees now come to work by car pools, using their own cars—and not all jalopies either. Mandeville, lying between AlJam's workings and Kaiser's, was once a haven for retired couples surrounded by citrus and cattle ranches. As the shopping center of the bauxite boom, the area now glistens with new stores and has tripled its population to 11,000. The new hospital wing was built with a joint loan from AlJam and Kaiser.

High and low, Jamaicans are understandably on the lookout for race discrimination in American hiring policies. Evidently, it doesn't exist. If there were substantial cause of complaint, Manley's party could never publicly praise all three companies, as it has done, nor would the opposition neglect such an issue. The personnel director of one American outfit and the forestry expert of the other are local men, which indicates that Jamaicans will be allowed to go as far as training and mother wit will carry them.

Local labor presents special problems. Too many want jobs on bulldozers and power shovels because such work carries most prestige; too few want training to repair unglamorous pumps at equivalent or better pay. Safety goggles appeal more as badges of rank than as precautions against blindness. Previous training leaves lots of gaps. But efficiency per man-hour is steadily rising.

"Give our men ten years' more experience," says one bauxite big shot, "and they'll be up to mainland standards."

From the start, however, the magic word "bauxite" struck one sour note. The companies bought little good food-growing land and much "ruinate"—the local word for land allowed to go wild. But in overpopulated, underfed Jamaica even barely usable land is important. When bought, many of these acres were producing, however skimpily, beef, citrus fruits, coconuts, yams, cassava and bananas. Drop all that out of production and the Jamaican dinner pail, already light enough, would be lighter still.

The British Colonial Office gets credit for suggesting that Malaya had safeguarded food production by requiring strip miners to restore productivity in worked-out areas or pay heavy fines. Jamaica quickly passed laws to the same effect. Reynolds and AlJam, already concerned about this issue, have gone beyond legal requirements; Kaiser has followed their example.

When the last truckload of bauxite has rumbled away, an abandoned mine looks as if a blockbuster had gone off in a gravel pit. But healing is at hand. A year ago the bulldozer crews stripping off the top soil carefully piled it round the rim of the mining area. Now the 'dozers reappear, fill the deeper wounds with clay and limestone chunks, and respread the precious topsoil. Then a tractor hauls a disk harrow round and round to prepare for seeding with high-nourishment grasses, and a work gang lays limestone dikes to check rain erosion.

Six months later the ugly crater has become a gently sloped funnel of pasture, supporting up to one cow per acre. Removal of the aluminum-heavy red dirt actually steps up potential fertility. That means eventual higher food production on some 20,000 Jamaican acres.

To raise the quality of the scrubby cattle acquired along with the land, Reynolds and AlJam pay up to $3000 apiece for blue-blooded breeding animals—pearl-gray Brahmans from Florida with humps between their shoulders and bred-in resistance to tropical heat; scores of the famous part-Brahman Santa Gertrudis breed; chunky, soot-black Aberdeen Angus; shiny-coated Red Polled—all promising more and better beef per acre.

Results are already evident. Jamaica is the only tropical isle of my acquaintance where eating local beef is not, in Owen Wister's phrase, "like slinging your teeth over a hammock." Jamaicans who ate beef twice a year in pre-bauxite days now grumble if it can't be had once a week.

Only a seventh of company land is underlain by bauxite in pockets big enough to mine. But the rest—200 square miles scattered over Western Jamaica—must be kept at work too. Hence AlJam and Reynolds cattle graze all over the landscape as well as in rehabilitated pits. Tracts too steep or too sterile for grass are reforested with government-supplied seedlings. The resulting stands of native timber, plus such exotics as eucalyptus from Australia and Caribbean pine from Haiti, are already paying their way as water conservers.

One thing has led to another in the Reynolds operation. To move its expanding herds of cattle, the company has set up a packing plant that delivers quality beef to the general market and the North Shore hotels. Then, to get maximum use out of the plant, Reynolds took to raising hogs, chickens and turkeys, and fetched in Suffolk rams from Texas to upgrade local sheep. Then it became plain that in this broken-up limestone country the sure-footed mule is a better cow pony than the horse. So now they are breeding mules.

AlJam is up to the ears in citrus fruits. Much AlJam land was already in oranges, grapefruit and a delicious tangerine-orange cross called "ortanique," marketed mostly in Britain. Reynolds tinkers with quick-frozen mangoes. Kaiser does no ranching itself, but leases cattle lands to Jamaicans, and experiments with tobacco and cocoa.

No sizable side line has broken even, so far, yet all are obviously good for public relations. In timber-poor Jamaica, reforestation probably will show a profit eventually. On the verge of paying off is Kaiser's scheme to grow quantities of cassava for starch, which is used in the settling tanks of the Baton Rouge alumina refinery. Kaiser is already in railroading with twelve miles of right of way, hauling bauxite to Port Kaiser, the South Shore loading port.

To exploit holdings on the other side of the island, Kaiser plans a second port on the North Shore at Discovery Bay, where Columbus first landed in 1494. Reynolds' port layout had already caused anguished outcries from North Shore resort interests. Spokesmen deplored the all-night lighting, and complained that the red dust created by loading was literally getting in people's hair. The prospect of another huge loading layout on the same lovely coast stirred up a lively row.

Reynolds has mollified the neighbors by showing that the prevailing trade wind blows the dust of loading not on Ocho Rios village, but onto the company's own shore property. They have landscaped the highway where it bisects the plant, and promised to paint the whole shooting match green. In defending its new port project, Kaiser took viewers with alarm to Port Kaiser to see how little dust is actually created by new loading methods.

Manley helped by coming to Discovery Bay to make a reassuring speech, which was preceded by a demonstration of hundreds of Jamaican voters shouting "We want bauxite!" The demonstration may not have been utterly spontaneous, but it showed how popular bauxite mining is with the Jamaican man in the street. Every Jamaican voter whom I spoke to was convinced that bauxite wages benefit thousands, whereas tourist dollars, as they saw it, stick in the hands of a few. Economics textbooks might modify that view, but the Jamaican electorate contains few economists.

In acquiring the site of the second port, Kaiser fell heir to a good bathing beach, which gave ideas to C. P. Swett, chief of Kaiser's property-management division. He prettied it up with a string of thatched picnic shelters, a slide for kids and a refreshment bar. The scheme already takes in a thousand small-change admissions weekly. In bauxite work you never can tell. Swett's last berth was with a firm building dams in Afghanistan, and here he is now, running an amusement park.

The special nature of Kaiser's lands has created a tangle of odd activities, some of them calling for tact. AlJam and Reynolds bought mostly large ranches from a few owners; they could start digging as they saw fit. Kaiser got areas where small-holding families were scattered on or between the bauxite pockets. The rules said that mining had to wait until the farmers were moved where they'd be as well off or better.

The usual deal resettles such a family on better land with a new house priced for less than Kaiser paid for the old place. Much of Swett's work consists of laying out new communities—putting in roads, building houses, schools and churches, providing water, even creating graveyards for reburial of ancestors. The resettlers take it all coolly; the Jamaican seldom gets demonstrative, unless it's politics or a suspicion that somebody is discriminating against him.

For resettlement purposes Kaiser recently had the happy thought of using prefab houses, with matching privies, of its own corrugated-aluminum sheeting. Jamaicans looked askance at the things; judging by corrugated roofing, they said, metal houses would be insufferably hot.

Tenants who have been persuaded to try them, now spread the word that aluminum walls and roofs reflect heat to keep interiors nice and cool. Besides, Kaiser let it be known that, whereas Jamaica-style resettlement houses cost only $1400 apiece, the aluminum jobs cost up to twice as much. Since Jamaicans are as conscious of price-tag prestige as anybody, resistance ebbed.

Going to bat for the hard-pressed Jamaican peasant has been Manley's specialty ever since he entered politics twenty years ago. It means much when his recent reports as Minister of Development say:

"The companies have done an impressive job in the agricultural field. Their policy as to agricultural tenants has been enlightened and beneficial. Their resettlement programs have been well conceived and efficiently carried out."

At present rates of mining, it will take forty to fifty years to exhaust paying ores. By then Jamaica will have many more roads and schools, great new forests on otherwise useless land, and much higher food production. Thousands of men will have been trained for modern industry—a fair exchange for 350,000,000 tons of red dirt. This is a case of enlightened self-interest, justifying Manley in telling his constituents that Jamaica really can eat her cake and have it too.

Colossus on Broadway

(Continued from Page 28)

of a much larger $205,000,000 New York City slum-clearance-and-redevelopment project which will include new parks and apartment buildings and probably educational buildings. A group of property owners opposed to certain parts of the larger project—but not to Lincoln Center—unsuccessfully challenged it in the lower courts. After repeated appeals, the United States Supreme Court finally declined to interfere with the lower-court decision on June ninth of this year. Since then, other litigation has been instigated but Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts has proceeded in the belief that its plans will not be seriously delayed regardless of the length or outcome of such legal controversy. The fund-raising campaign, under direction of Clarence Francis, former chairman of General Foods Corporation, has gained momentum steadily this year and the center has formally acquired title to an eleven-acre site near New York City's famous Central Park and negotiations are currently under way for nearly three acres more. In the next few years, it is confidently hoped to establish there:

1. A spectacularly modern opera house with 3800 "good" seats, all the newest stage improvements, an orchestra pit that can be raised or lowered by elevator, and a television studio for special performances. The balconies will be "hung" away from the walls to improve acoustics and the building will be double-shelled to prevent the audience from hearing the shriek of a taxicab in the street or the rumble of an airplane overhead.

2. A 2800-seat symphonic concert hall that will take full advantage of all proved innovations to achieve acoustical perfection. It will also be possible to convert the hall for pop concerts by installing tables at which refreshments can be served.

3. A 2500-seat theater for ballet, operetta and other dance groups, which, for the first time in America, will be provided with a home comparable to state-supported organizations in other countries.

4. A theater seating about 1400 persons for repertory (*Continued on Page 77*)

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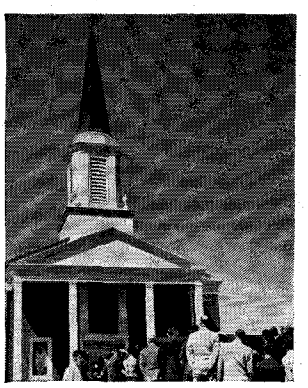
Over 20 billion dollars was spent for home furnishings last year. On the way are TV screens that hang on the wall, windows that close when it rains, blankets that cool, solar-power radios and many other exciting products for better living.

SCHOOLS

College enrollment is expected to double by 1970. High schools will require three times as much space—and three times the number of teachers to meet demand. Bigger and better school buildings are required—and we must have them *soon!*



CHURCHES AND COMMUNITY CENTERS

More *and bigger* families require more churches. Religion is growing in America. More space and entertainment facilities are needed for community centers and organizations.

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(*Continued from Page 75*) dramatic presentations, for recitals and for small or intimate operas that lose some of their effectiveness when presented in large auditoriums.

5. An unprecedented educational center for advanced students in the performing arts. The school will be designed to foster development of recognized talent and creative ability, to encourage experimentation and to establish a unique laboratory in which student and professional musicians, dancers, actors, playwrights, conductors, composers and technicians will mutually benefit by close association and collaboration.

6. A library and museum for research and study of everything in the performing arts from ancient musical instruments to recordings of modern productions.

"Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts is the most exciting vision as well as the largest civic project ever undertaken anywhere on a private philanthropic basis," one distinguished authority said recently. "There are always plenty of troubles between planning and achievement. But success of this project could make America the recognized cultural capital of the world and be a major factor in destroying the myth that this is a land devoted only to crass commercialism. More important, it can assume leadership in making the best in the performing arts available to the many instead of the few."

These are high-sounding and perhaps high-brow words. Neither Rockefeller nor his associates in Lincoln Center speak so extravagantly of their objectives. Yet, some such aim lies behind the many months of hard work and down-to-earth planning that more than a score of distinguished professional and businessmen have put into the project. There are, sponsors of the center believe, millions of Americans with more leisure than ever before and with greater interest in opera, ballet, drama and symphonic concerts. These entertainment groups are not and probably will not be clearly profitable fields for commercial enterprise, but audiences are steadily increasing, and Lincoln Center is based on the theory that, in the future, grand opera must be for the masses and not merely for the "carriage trade."

The "performing arts" is a stilted name that might cover almost any living performance—except possibly a singing-dog act—but at Lincoln Center it will mean entertainment only on a high level by the best artists. The opera house, for example, will be the new home of the Metropolitan Opera Association, and the concert hall will house the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. Similarly distinguished groups—not yet selected—will be based in the repertory and ballet theaters, and still other recognized American and foreign companies will be invited for limited engagements to keep the great complex of air-conditioned auditoriums operating the year around.

But this concentration of famous companies in a handsome and modern Manhattan setting is only part of the vision behind Lincoln Center.

"There isn't much point in merely repotting the Met or the Philharmonic," Rockefeller once pointed out. "There must be an entirely new concept that will provide a creative stimulus."

To encourage creative work, the center contemplates a ten-year program costing about $1,000,000 a year to facilitate experimentation in new forms, presentation of contemporary works and revival of significant but less popular classics. Such activities are essential to cultural progress although they are normally beyond the means of established organizations such as the Metropolitan Opera Association. But the most revolutionary feature of the long-range planning of sponsors—and of Rockefeller, in particular—is educational. The school for advanced students in all of the performing arts will be created by reorganization of the Juilliard School of Music under direction of William Schuman, a leading symphonic composer and an experienced administrator.

The several hundred students in the school will be selected by the faculty strictly on the basis of talent. Most of them presumably will be graduates of other schools in the United States or abroad, and will range in age from about eighteen to twenty-eight years. The purpose of their studies at the center will be to bridge the gap between academic training and the beginning of a professional career. There will be no definite period of attendance and no "graduation," but there will be a specialized course of study and work under leading instructors that might be compared to the internship of a medical-school graduate before he becomes a practicing physician. The school will have its own small theater and concert hall, so that students will have opportunity to create, produce and perform.

A still greater stimulus to creative work is expected to come from the close association of students or young "interns" with famous professionals appearing at the center. The students will attend rehearsals of the professional companies in order to become familiar with all stages of producing an opera or a play. They will be able to study different techniques and to consult with top professionals in their fields. But this collaboration between the school and professional groups will not be a one-way street. The professionals are confidently expected to profit, too, by their proximity to the most promising young artists in their fields and by exposure to the creativeness of youth. Out of such a cross-fertilization of ideas among the performing arts and among students and professionals will develop, it is believed, the creative atmosphere so essential to great cultural progress.

And, in Rockefeller's mind, the bringing in of young people and young ideas may well be the center's most important contribution to the future.

This rather dazzling concept of Lincoln Center represents a remarkable break with the past, but it is by no means a one-man idea or a Rockefeller project. On the contrary, it is a civic undertaking—the product of many minds and of a strange series of circumstances dating back more than a quarter of a century. Yet, it is unlikely that it would have been developed to its present significance if it had not been for Rockefeller and a bit of ancient Rockefeller family history.

Back in the 1920's, Rockefeller's father made a deal in behalf of a group of opera patrons to acquire a new opera-house site in mid-Manhattan. The 1929 stock-market collapse prompted other patrons to withdraw from the project and left him holding property on which he was losing more than $3,000,000 a year. Hiding his chagrin and perhaps his resentment, he proceeded to build Rockefeller Center, and never again became involved in the problems of grand opera.

Those problems, however, continued as a major civic headache for the next twenty-five years. Various attempts were made by New York City planner Robert Moses to get the Metropolitan Opera Association's board of directors to agree on other sites. But some influential board members had firmly set opinions about the traditions of grand opera. Moses himself is notorious for his own strong opinions and his low boiling point. The result of these negotiations was a series of spectacular explosions, but no new opera house. As the years rolled by, opera lovers with only modest incomes began to fear they would never live to attend a performance, except in seats behind a pillar or in a balcony so high against the roof that they could not even see the stage.

But, in 1955, the long series of delays and frustrations was turned into a lucky break for music lovers. Moses advised the opera board—its personnel had now changed somewhat—that still another site was available in connection with the $205,000,000 development, known as the Lincoln Square project, just north of Columbus Circle. By chance, the owners of Carnegie Hall decided at the same time to demolish that famous building and the Philharmonic-Symphony had to start looking for a new home. The idea of establishing the opera and the symphony on the same site was discussed by several directors of the two organizations and, by a kind of spontaneous combustion, became a vague plan for a music center that might include the ballet.

Sponsors of the proposal were well aware that opera, the symphony and the ballet normally existed only by the grace of funds from sources other than the box office. In a European country they might have turned to the government for a subsidy to carry out their plan. But in New York they knew they would have to raise the money, and they would have to find someone with special qualifications to do it.

The greatest worry a woman has these days is that her new sack dress will fit.

H. N. FERGUSON

There are a lot of dreams that never get off the ground, and this might have been one of them except for the fact that Rockefeller happened to attend a meeting of the Council on Foreign Relations at a resort in the Pocono Mountains in the autumn of 1955 and ran into his wartime friend, Charles M. Spofford, a lawyer who was chairman of the opera board and an enthusiastic backer of the music-center idea. Even if he had tried, Spofford could not have picked a better time to talk to Rockefeller about the project. The eldest grandson of the world's first billionaire has a dozen jobs, ranging from chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation to president of the Japan Society. He is a cautious, thorough and unhurried worker and, normally, he would have had his schedule filled for months with duties that could not be laid aside.

But again chance played its part. Rockefeller's career had been devoted to philanthropy, but it was unavoidable that to a great extent he should be overshadowed by his father's philanthropies. He had been his father's agent, he had served on government boards and commissions, headed charity campaigns and helped administer distribution of hundreds of millions of dollars for the betterment of mankind. It was a career of which anyone could be proud, but it had certain disadvantages. Usually, it required him to remain a little remote, a little separated from the actual work at hand. Except for his work in the Japan Society, he had not been able to plunge with zest and enthusiasm into personal projects as his younger brothers had plunged into almost everything from diplomacy to farming. For some time, Rockefeller had been studying a number of proposals for developing projects in which he had a particular personal interest and in which he wanted to take a more active personal role, but for one reason or another none of them had jelled satisfactorily. As a result, when Spofford happened to meet him in the Poconos, he was more or less free to devote his energy and experience to something new.

His talks with Spofford led him to certain conclusions. The opera was in a state of transition. It had outgrown the era of catering to rich patrons who owned boxes in the Golden Horseshoe, and a new approach was necessary to take advantage of a broader public interest. By chance, both the opera and the symphony had to find new homes. By good fortune, Moses was the kind of city planner who got things done in a big way. And New York was perhaps the only city in the world with a big enough audience to make possible the kind of cultural center that was in the back of Rockefeller's mind. The site was available.

"The circumstances may never again be so favorable," Spofford concluded. "I think it's the chance of a lifetime."

Rockefeller began to think so too. He accepted an invitation to become a member of a joint committee formed by the Metropolitan Opera Association and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony to study the possibilities.

"I enjoy music, but I have no special background for it," Rockefeller remarked later, "unless you count a few years in which my parents unsuccessfully encouraged me to become familiar with a violin. But I believe there is a steadily increasing interest in this country in good music, opera, ballet and theater, perhaps because people are better educated, have greater leisure and enjoy vastly improved methods of communication. Children today are exposed to music from a very early age and they know and understand it far better than when I was a boy. Encouragement of this trend can contribute to the welfare of America.

"In addition, it can be of great importance in our relations with other nations. In travel abroad, I have often observed the interest of ordinary peoples in artistic and cultural achievement. Even the poorest homes in Japan, for example, always have some artistic feature—perhaps only a flower arrangement or a vase—that emphasizes their aspiration to cultural progress. They respect nations that encourage such progress. The disturbing thing is that many foreigners mistakenly believe Americans are concerned only with material achievement. They admire our technology, but look elsewhere for cultural leadership, despite the fact that New York is perhaps the greatest cultural center in the world today. This has been a handicap in our relations with other peoples and, for that reason, it is my hope that Lincoln Center may become a symbol before the world of America's cultural development."

The joint committee of which Rockefeller became a member held only one meeting, but it was an important one. Rockefeller had already begun to toy with the idea of expanding the music-center proposal to include other performing arts, and educational facilities. He knew, for example, that it would be more likely to attract financial aid from big foundations if training of students was included. He believed the broadest feasible approach was likely to be the most successful. After a few hours' discussion, the joint committee agreed to dissolve itself and set up a larger exploratory committee to establish a definite objective. Rockefeller was elected chairman of the exploratory committee.

The next eighteen months may have been the busiest and most exciting of

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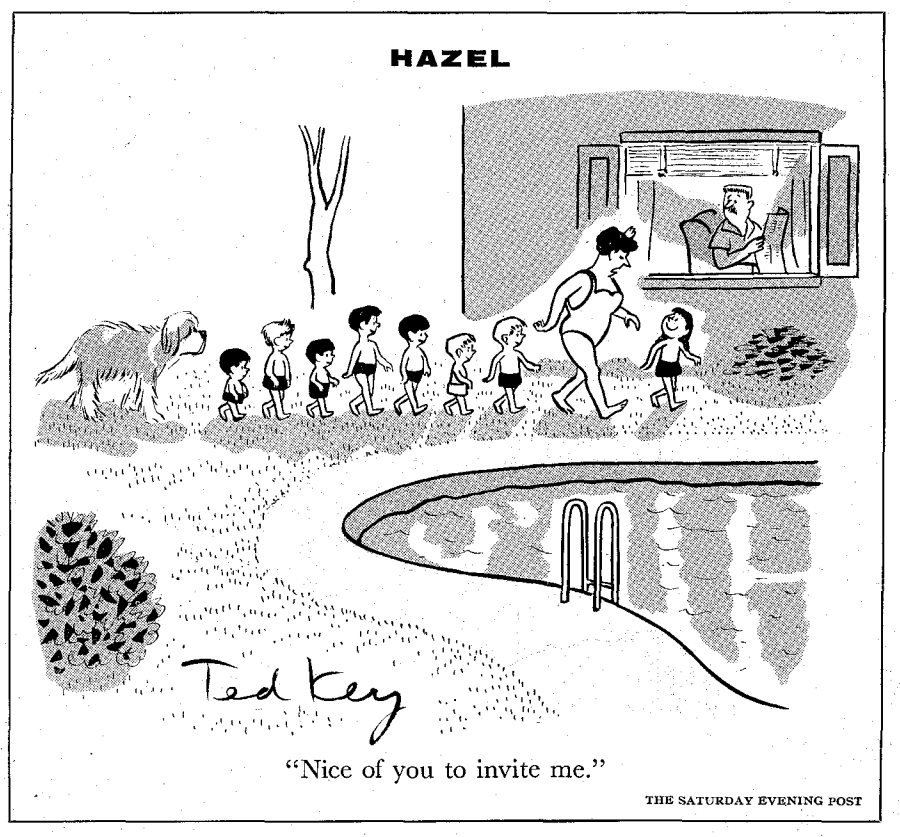
Rockefeller's career. It was typical of his methods that almost the first thing he did was go up to 65th Street and Broadway and pace off the site that Moses had allotted to the opera and symphony. He knew immediately that it wasn't large enough and, later, he persuaded Moses to expand it to three city blocks. He knew virtually nothing about show business, but he began learning in a hurry by cramming like a schoolboy facing final examinations. His tutors were tops in their fields, and they kept him busy from early morning until late at night. He might consult Elia Kazan or Joshua Logan on problems of the drama at breakfast; discuss the ballet with Lincoln Kirstein or choreographer George Balanchine at luncheon; go into the trials and tribulations of composers with Aaron Copland in the afternoon; learn about the headaches of repertory from Cheryl Crawford; and spend an evening talking grand opera with Rudolf Bing.

With Wallace K. Harrison, one of the architects of the United Nations buildings, and Anthony A. Bliss, president of the Metropolitan Opera Association, he toured the famous musical and theatrical centers of Europe, studying the methods and facilities of La Scala Opera House in Milan, the Comédie Française in Paris, Sadler's Wells in London, and a half dozen postwar German opera houses that have attracted wide attention for their technical improvements. A group of European architects and acoustical experts—Alvar Aalto, of Finland; Sven Markeius, of Sweden; Walther Unruh, of Germany—also were brought to New York to confer with American designers.

Rockefeller and his committee wanted to take advantage of the latest technical developments abroad, but the basic concept of Lincoln Center was American and their most important consultations were with men and women who had had experience in similar projects in the United States. Many of the basic policies to be pursued were discussed at a two-day seminar attended by educators, composers, architects, critics, producers, labor leaders and patrons of the arts from widely scattered parts of the country. James D. Zellerbach discussed the problems of the San Francisco Arts Center; Samuel R. Rosenbaum related experiences of the Philadelphia Orchestra board; Charles R. P. Farnsley told of the development of a cultural center at Louisville, Kentucky; Mrs. Helen M. Thompson, of Charleston, West Virginia, who is executive secretary of the American Symphony Orchestra League, emphasized the need for a center at which trainee conductors could get professional experience. A second similar seminar in the summer of 1956 was devoted to the need for developing educational facilities to carry young artists across the gap between technical training and professional performance.

As a further contribution to planning, the entire staff of the Metropolitan Opera Company was asked to make suggestions for what would be needed in an "ideal" opera house. The result was a forty-page memorandum covering everything from convenient storage space for sets to a heated swimming pool for exercise between rehearsals. All thought of an "ideal" house was quickly dropped when architects estimated that it would cost almost $50,000,000 to carry out the suggested plans.

After a few months in his new job, Rockefeller still couldn't carry a tune, but his skull was crammed with an amazing collection of statistical information on the performing arts. Once every two weeks, he sat down with the exploratory committee to discuss progress and plan the next steps. These meetings could have been exceedingly difficult. In the past, it had often proved impossible to achieve a meeting of minds among representatives of a single group such as the opera. The meetings of the exploratory committee, however, brought together a score of distinguished men long accustomed to individual leadership—Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., president of Steuben Glass, Inc.; Devereux C. Josephs, chairman of the board of the New York Life Insurance Company; David M. Keiser, chairman of the board of Guantanamo Sugar Company; Robert E. Blum, president of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; Irving S. Olds, lawyer; George D. Stoddard, dean of education at New York University; C. D. Jackson, vice president of Time, Inc. Furthermore, in their relations with Lincoln Center each of these men represented a different immediate interest. It would not have been surprising if their discussions had covered everything and got nowhere.



"Nice of you to invite me."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Yet, from the beginning, the sessions set some kind of record for speed and collaboration and hard work. There were, of course, many differences of opinion, but these usually melted rapidly before the general enthusiasm of the group for the broad concept of Lincoln Center. Some of the busiest men in New York accepted and eagerly executed assignments that required them to devote a large part of their time to the project. They attended meetings faithfully, and there were comparatively few flares of temperament.

"The only problem I see," commented one member who is familiar with the explosiveness of show business, "is that we're all too damn polite to each other."

Rockefeller proved to be a surprisingly effective chairman. Once he had taken on the job, he had no intention of failing. Other members of the committee marveled at his enthusiastic persistence, and joked about the regularity with which he broke into their evenings with long conversations over the telephone about new ideas or unexpected developments. His reports were models of painstaking study of the problems involved. He was an excellent listener, insisting that everybody be heard. He was skilled at tossing up new schemes to be examined and tested and he seemed instinctively to know the right time to push for a definite decision or to drop a subject until a more favorable moment. But, above all, he was persistent. He insisted on keeping the committee's sights high and the discussion on the main track.

"John is expert at what might be called soft persuasion," one participant in the meetings said. "He seldom tries to force through an idea. He can wait. But he keeps coming back and coming back to the important points. He's an able conciliator and knows how to bring widely divergent aims into a solid framework. I suppose it is natural to assume that the Rockefeller name and prestige and money were not forgotten when he was elected chairman. They're important. But now most of us wonder whether we could ever have found anybody else with the ability and the stubborn determination to carry through the job."

Rockefeller sometimes was almost too skillful for his own good at the art of "soft persuasion." He was the chief advocate of expanding the original music-center plan to include all of the performing arts. There were certain disadvantages—the danger of overloading the traffic pattern, for instance—and Rockefeller did not try to press his idea. He did, however, keep bringing it up at favorable times, and early in the summer of 1956 he decided that circumstances were right for a decision. At the next meeting he brought up the question again and called for a vote. But his idea already had been sold.

"Vote on what?" the committee members asked almost in unison. "We thought that was decided. Everybody's agreed to go ahead with all of the performing arts. There's no reason to vote."

So, without even taking a vote, the exploratory committee went out of existence and Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Inc., was born in June of 1956, with Rockefeller as president.

The next stage of work—carrying out the plan—plunged Rockefeller into complicated negotiations with Federal and city officials, particularly planning commissioner Moses. Nobody has ever accused Moses of being a patient or conciliatory negotiator. He has probably done more for New York planning, and enjoyed more rough-and-ready controversies in doing it, than any other figure in the city's history. He wanted to get the plans for Lincoln Center "frozen" as soon as possible, and his approach was one of "Let's get going; you can't wait or the whole thing will die on its feet."

To a certain extent, the directors of Lincoln Center welcomed the emphasis on speed, because the new concert hall must be completed by 1960 or the Philharmonic-Symphony will be homeless. But there also were many reasons for moving cautiously on the over-all plan until the countless details of architecture and financing could be worked out. It took a great deal of Rockefeller's "soft persuasion" to keep them on an even keel during the winter of 1956–57, but, over the long run, his quiet, painstaking persistence seemed to complement the efforts of the fast-moving, fast-talking and temperamental Moses. They worked together with a minimum of friction, which was essential to success of the project.

The detailed blueprint for building and operating Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts probably will not be completed until after the site has been cleared. But basically Lincoln Center, Inc., will act as a kind of management company for technical operation and policy making in the center as a whole. Each participating group, such as the Metropolitan Opera Association, will collaborate, but will remain completely autonomous in handling its own affairs, and will be responsible for its own deficits.

In a campaign within the next year, the sponsors hope to raise about $75,000,000 to pay for the center and to provide a fund of perhaps $20,000,000 that would be used in a long-term program to assist the school, to present contemporary works and to encourage experimentation in the performing arts. About half the total sum has already been raised. If these hopes are fully realized, the center will be debt free, and rents paid by nonprofit organizations using the auditoriums presumably will be comparatively modest. It is also believed that by combining maintenance and other services—ticket sales for all auditoriums at a big central box office, for example—there will be considerable savings in the cost of operation of various units in the center. In addition to the Metropolitan Opera Association and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, the center expects eventually to have a resident ballet company and repertory company. All these groups will make their auditoriums available to guest companies selected by the center's management during months outside of their own regular seasons, thus keeping the stages busy throughout the year.

The half dozen buildings in the center will be clustered around a large central plaza and flanked by city parks. An underground garage, with facilities for parking 700 automobiles, will have moving stairs running to the lobbies of the auditoriums and there will be an underground connection with the subway system.

A great deal of hard work remains to be done before Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts can become a reality, but progress has been surprisingly rapid since the day in 1955 when it was only a dream. Three years does not necessarily make anybody an expert in the entertainment field, and nobody has yet reported seeing Rockefeller strolling down Broadway, singing "Show business is my business." But when, on behalf of the board of directors, he put his signature to the agreement to buy and develop eleven acres touching on Broadway at West 65th Street, Rockefeller became one of the top figures in the world of the performing arts.

"It's a great challenge," he summed up recently with a slow smile. "But it's a lot of fun too." THE END

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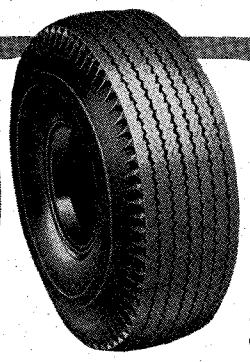

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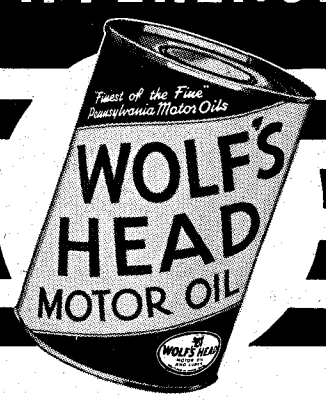

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Keeping Posted

Actor Niven, and from the left: Barbara Kremer, Pat Schneider, Constance Bossard, Nancy Kressler, Claire Essig, Patty Savage, Carolyn Jacoby.

David Niven and Ralph Knight.

Mr. Niven and Les Girls

When **David Niven** and his collaborator **Dean Jennings,** of page 11, recently visited the Post editorial rooms, the actor posed for picture-taking hemmed in by Post females, as you can see. The ladies decided that "charming" was the word for Niven, and later he returned the compliment in referring to them. Jennings had to leave before Niven did to catch a train, and he just made it. "I was sorry David didn't get the train, because I knew he had a theater date in New York. But when I entered the parlor car, there he sat, not a hair out of order, serenely reading a new copy of the Post. He must have crossed that Philadelphia traffic by balloon."

Niven's visit included a call at the Keeping Posted office, during which a painful operation was performed on the editor who has written this page (also the comments about the cover on page 3) for lo, these past nine years. The editor is a dedicated believer in having other people's pictures taken, but is allergic to the muzzles of cameras himself. However, he was overpowered and shot several times. Most of the resulting photographs turned out with the actor perfectly clear and the editor fuzzy, as if trembling.

Tales of the Authors

Joe Alex Morris, page 28, has written a number of articles for the Post about the famous Rockefeller brothers or about institutions in which the philanthropists are interested, and on each occasion he has received a shower of letters asking his help in getting the Rockefellers to finance dubious business schemes. Answering no to all of these folks has been quite a chore. So now as Morris writes about New York's great Lincoln Center entertainment project—originated by John D. Rockefeller 3rd—Morris hopes that people won't think he can get them tryouts at the Met or jobs in Broadway shows or any of the other performing arts. He says that the only entertainer for whom he can or will do little favors is Mme. Kitchy-bo, who perches on his shoulder in the nearby picture. Boy, can *she* hog the center of the stage.

Senior editor **Jack Alexander,** page 16, relates that Howard Johnson, the famous restaurateur, quit school in Wollaston, Mass., when he finished the eighth grade, and went to work. He never returned to school. But last month Johnson received an honorary doctor-of-laws degree from the University of Massachusetts—his first degree of any kind and naturally one of which he is immensely proud.

Hugh Cave of page 26 writes from Warwick, R.I., "We're hoping to spend next winter in the Caribbean again, hunting up new stories." His Post stories with a Haitian setting attest to the good hunting he's had there before.

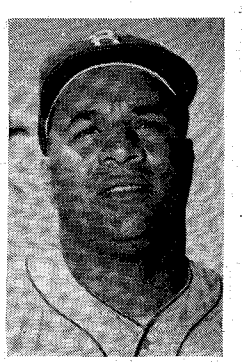
Charles A. Stearns has worked at many different occupations in many parts of the world, but he keeps going back to Southern Illinois; he notes that Southern Illinoisans, where'er they roam, are apt to do that. With him, Centralia is *the* town. This young man, whose first story in the Post is on page 29, is a late-at-night type of writer, and while he gropes for ideas he insists on playing a guitar. He thinks this is at least partly the reason why he is still a bachelor.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I'll Walk Again"

By ROY CAMPANELLA

The Dodgers' great catcher, paralyzed in an auto accident, describes his agonizing struggle for recovery.



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